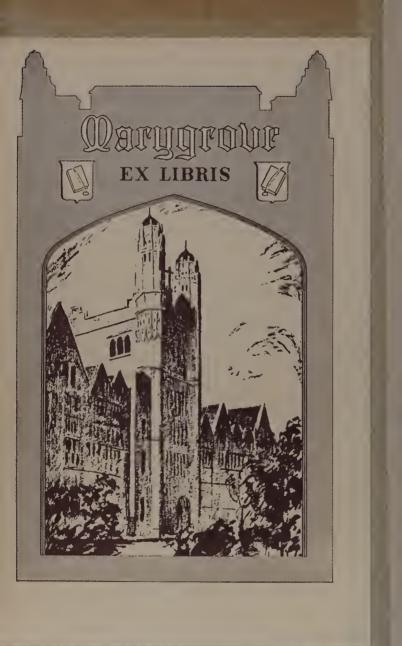
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CHARLES LAMB

Merrill's English Terts

(27

BY

#### CHARLES LAMB

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY J. H. CASTLEMAN, A.M., TEACHER OF ENGLISH IN THE MCKIN-LEY HIGH SCHOOL, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI



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#### EDITOR'S PREFACE

In preparing this edition of *The Essays of Elia* for school use it has been the editor's aim to offer such information in the introduction and notes as he believes necessary to a thorough understanding and appreciation of the text. It is hoped that the brief account of the author's life, and especially the critical estimates given, will induce the reader to inquire more deeply into his career; to aid in this a bibliography has been appended. It is the purpose of the notes to explain the mythological, historical, and biographical references found in the work, as well as to define the more difficult words.

J. H. C.

Nov. 15, 1907.

# PUBLISHERS' NOTE

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#### A BRIEF LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB

Charles Lamb, essayist, critic, poet, was born in London, England, February 10, 1775. He was the youngest of three ehildren John, his brother, whom he mentions occasionally in his writings, being twelve years, and Mary, his sister, so closely associated with him in his literary work, ten years his senior. His family were in poor circumstances. John Lamb, his father, occupied the humble office of clerk and servant to a Mr. Salt, one of the benchers of the Inner Temple, which paid him a very meager salary.

At the age of seven, Charles entered the public schools, where he remained but a few months, going from there to Christ's Hospital, to which he received an appointment through the assistance of Mr. Salt. Here he spent the next seven years, devoting his time to the study of Greek and Latin in which he made rapid progress. He was a favorite both with his teachers and fellow-students, his gentle manners winning him a place in the hearts of all. It was while here that he made Coleridge's acquaintance,— an acquaintance which was to develop into an intimacy that has had few parallels and which was to exercise a great influence upon his life.

In 1789 he withdrew from school to accept a position as elerk in the South Sea House, where he remained until 1792, when he secured a place in the accountant's office of the East India Company. Heavy responsibilities now devolved upon him. Both his father's and mother's health failed, and it fell to him to provide for them and his sister,—a burden which he willingly assumed. But a terrible tragedy was soon to blight his happiness. His sister, who had inherited a tendency to insanity from their father's people, suddenly became violently insane and killed their mother. He consented to her removal to an asylum, but on the return of her reason a few months later, secured her release on the condition that he aet as her guardian. From this time until his death, he tenderly eared for her, renouncing all thoughts of marriage that he might give her his undivided attention. Shortly after the tragedy, their father died leaving him and his sister alone. At intervals, when she suffered relapses, he took her back to the asylum, only to liberate her on her recovery to health. In the midst of all this sorrow, to which were added fears for his own sanity, "his cheerful and loving nature saved him from bitterness and despair." Fortunately for him and for the world, he turned to literature for consolation.

Lamb began his literary career as a writer of verse. Ĩn 1797 Coleridge complimented him by including several of his poems in a volume of his poetry which appeared that year,a previous work by the same author contained a number of his sonnets,--- and a little later in company with Charles Lloyd, an obseure writer, he published a book of blank verse. He soon discovered, however, that poetry yielded seanty financial returns, and as he felt the necessity of adding to his small income, he turned his attention to prose. His first production in this field was a short romance under the title. "A Tale of Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret." It attracted considerable comment and was widely read. Alfred Ainger, one of Lamb's biographers, in discussing it, says: "This 'miniature romanee' is perhaps better known after the essays of Elia than any of Lamb's writings. . . . It is redolent of his native sweetness of heart, delieacy of feeling, and undefinable charm of style." Shelley also spoke highly of it: "What a lovely thing is his Rosamund Gray!" he wrote in a letter to Leigh Hunt. "How much knowledge of the sweetest and deepest part of our nature in it! When I think of such a mind as Lamb's, when I see how unnoticed remain things of such exquisite and complete perfection, what should I hope for myself, if I had not higher objects in view than fame?"

Lamb's next work was a five-act tragedy, entitled John Woodvil, which was published in 1802 after it had been rejected as unsuitable for the stage. It was modeled after the drama of the pre-Shakespearian period and reflected the many weaknesses of the plays of that time. As a result, it met with severe criticism, Jeffrey of the Edinburgh Review espeeially denouncing it. Mr. Ainger, in summing up his just estimate of it, writes: "The one feature of importance in the little drama is that it here and there imitates with much skill, the imagery and the rhythm of a family of dramatists whom the world has been content entirely to forget for nearly two centuries." Mr. H-, a farce, written in 1806, met with a similar reception, failing on its first performance.

In the midst of these discouragements, Lamb struggled resolutely on, and with the help of his sister, soon achieved suecess. Through the assistance of Hazlitt, the critic, he secured a contract to write up the plots of Shakespeare's plays for a series of books for children, which was being published by William Godwin. Mary joined with him in the work, she preparing the comedies, while he handled the tragedies. In 1897 the results of their labors appeared under the name of Tales from Shakespeare and received a cordial welcome. The first edition was exhausted in a month and was rapidly followed by others. The critics, as well as the public in general, read the stories with delight and commented favorably upon them. "One of the most useful and agreeable companions to the understanding of Shakespeare which has ever been produced," said the London Quarterly Review. "The youthful reader who is about to taste the charms of our great bard is strongly recommended to prepare himself by first reading these elegant tales, which in a short compass, and adopting, as much as possible, the language of the great original, give each plot and story in a most impressive manner. Even those who are familiar with every line of the original

will be delighted with the pleasing and compendious way in which the story of each play is here presented to them."

After following the Tales from Shakespeare with a child's version of the adventures of Ulysses, Lamb turned his attention to the early English dramatists. In 1808 he published his Specimens of English Dramatic Poets contemporary with Shakespeare, consisting of a number of scenes from the plays of such writers as Marlowc. Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Peelc, Middleton, Webster, and Massinger, to which critical notes were appended. The selections chosen illustrate well the diseriminating sense which Lamb possessed, while the criticisms mark him as a critic of the highest order. In his Preface he states the purpose of the book: "The kind of extracts which I have sought after have been, not so much passages of wit and humor - though the old plays are rich in such as scenes of passion, sometimes of the deepest quality, interesting situations, serious descriptions, that which is more nearly allied to poetry than to wit, and to tragic rather than comic poetry. The plays which I have made choice of have been, with few exceptions, those which treat of human life and manners, rather than masques and Arcadian Pastorals, with their train of abstractions, unimpassioned deities, passionate mortals, Claius, and Medorus, and Amintas, and Amaryllis. My leading design has been to illustrate what may be called the moral sense of our ancestors. To show in what manner they felt when they placed themselves by the power of imagination in trying situations, in the conflicts of duty and passion, or the strife of contending duties; what sort of loves and enmittics theirs were; how their griefs were tempered, and their full-swoln joys abated; how much of Shakespeare shines in the great men, his contemporaries, and how far in his divine mind and manner he surpassed them and all mankind."

A period of comparative inactivity followed the appearance of this work. But in 1820 Lamb resumed his pen, this time to give to the world his masterpieces, the inimitable *Essays*  of Elia. These essays were published for the most part in the London Magazine, nearly all of them appearing between the years of 1820 and 1823. While the subjects, generally speaking, are of a commonplace nature, they are treated in such a pleasing manner that they attract all thinking persons. Overflowing with sprightly humor, advising with kindly criticism, abounding with thoughtful reflections on the joys and sorrows of life, they revea Lamb's character and genius far more than any of his other productions. In style they have been aptly compared to Addison's essays, having the quaint humor, the diversity of subjects, the rambling thoughts, and the happy choice of words characteristic of those earlier classics. DeQuincey pronounced them "the most delightful section among Lamb's works." (For critical opinion see pages 19-21, Introduction.)

As already suggested, the reader will find Lamb's character clearly delineated in his essays. Like Coleridge, Burns, De Quincey, and many other men of genius, he had his weaknesses; but these were far out-weighed by his noble qualities. Nature handicapped him with an impediment of speech and a disposition to exceeding shyness, and fate burdened him with poverty and an insane sister, but his genial optimism and masculine strength triumphed over all obstacles. Those who knew him best loved him devotedly and sought every opportunity to be in his presence. They pierced the veil of irony with which he concealed his real self and saw behind it a man with a heart filled with sympathy and love for humanity who longed to be of service to the world. Coleridge called him the "gentle hearted Charles," and to those who study closely into his life and writings, the epithet is a most felici tous summary of his charming nature.

Lamb's personal appearance is best described by his great admirer Talfourd: "Methinks I see him before me now, as he appeared then, and as he continued with searcely any perceptible alteration to me, during the twenty years of intimacy which followed, and were closed by his death. A light frame,

#### LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB

so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, elad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression the most noble and sweet. His black hair eurled erispy about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expession, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose, slightly eurved, and delieately earved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed upon the shoulders and gave importance and even dignity to a diminutive and shadowy stem. Who shall describe his eountenance, eatch its quivering sweetness, and fix it forever in words? There are none, alas, to answer the vain desire of friendship. Deep thought, striving with humor; the lines of suffering wreathed into cordial mirth; and a smile of painful sweetness, present an image to the mind it can as little describe as lose. His personal appearance and manuer are not unfitly characterized by what he himself says in one of his letters to Manning, of Braham, 'a compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel.""

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# CRITICAL OPINIONS ON LAMB AS A MAN AND A WRITER

Charles Lamb was eminently a genial writer; Diekens is not more so. Amidst all the quips and sports of humor all the exaggerations of fun — all the lieensed riot of wit, you never lose sight of the kindly, loving, honest, enjoying nature of the writer. So distinctly is this personality impressed, and so lovable the personality, that few have read his works without forming an attachment to the man: in this also resembling Diekens.— British Quarterly Review for May, 1848.

As his fame, so was his genius. It was as fit for thought as eould be, and equally as unfit for action; and this rendered him melancholy, apprehensive, humorous, and willing to make the best of everything as it was, both from tenderness of heart and abhorrenee of alteration. His understanding was too great to admit an absurdity, his frame was not strong enough to deliver it from a fear. His sensibility to strong contrasts was the foundation of his humor, which was that of a wit at once melaneholy and willing to be pleased. He would beard a superstition and shudder at the old phantasm while he did it. One could have imagined him eracking a jest in the teeth of a ghost, and then melting into thin air himself out of a sympathy with the awful. His humor and his knowledge both. were those of Hamlet, of Molière, of Carlén, who shook a eity with laughter, and, in order to divert his melancholy, was recommended to go and hear himself. Yet he extracted a real pleasure out of his jokes, because good-heartedness retains that privilege when it fails in everything else. I should say he condescended to be a punster if condescension had been a word befitting wisdom like his. Being told that somebody had lampooned him, he said, "Very well, I'll Lamb-pun him." His puns were admirable, and often contained as deep things as the wisdom of some who have greater names. . . . Willing

to see society go on as it did, because he despaired of seeing it otherwise, but not at all agreeing in his interior with the common notions of erime and punishment, he "dumbfoundered" a long tirade one evening by taking the pipe out of his mouth, and asking the speaker, "whether he meant to say that a thief was not a good man?"— Autobiography of Leigh Hunt.

There is a fine tone of chiaro-oscuro, a moral perspective, in his writings. He delights to dwell on that which is fresh to the eye of memory; he yearns after and covets what soothes the frailty of human nature. That touches him most nearly which is withdrawn to a certain distance, which verges on the borders of oblivion; that piques and provokes his fancy most which is hid from a superficial glance. That which, though gone by, is still remembered, is in his view more genuine, and has given more "vital signs that it will live," than a thing of yesterday, that may be forgotten to-morrow. Death has in this sense the spirit of life in it, and the shadowy has to our author something substantial in it. Ideas savor most of reality in his mind; or rather his imagination loiters on the edge of each, and a page of his writings recalls to our faney the stranger on the grate, fluttering in its dusky tenuity, with its idle superstition and hospitable welcome. . . . He disdains all the vulgar artifices of authorship, all the eant of criticism, and helps to notoriety. He has no grand swelling theories to attract the visionary and the enthusiast, no passing fancy to allure the thoughtless and the vain. He evades the present, he mocks the future. His affections revert to and settle on the past, but then even this must have something personal and local in it to interest him deeply and thoroughly; he pitches his tent in the suburbs of existing manners; brings down the account of character to the few straggling remains of the last generation; seldom ventures beyond the hills of mortality, and occupies that nice point between egotism and disinterested humanity .- Hazlitt on Lamb in "The Spirit of the Age."

In appraising an essayist, the personal equation is bound to be considered, for, no matter how fine his periods, unless an essavist is a man and a brother, we will have none of him. Logically this may be wrong, but there it is. Had Lamb written only half as well as he did, his personality would still probably give him first place among our essayists; yet, as it happens, he might elaim the place for eraftmanship too. ' When compared with Bacon, Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, or Maeaulay, his greatest companions in the essay, it is Lamb's richness that startles us: above all, his interest. Each of the writers named could perhaps do something better than Lamb, but Lamb as a whole is better company than all. His range is not wider than theirs, but his humor is more winning, his sanity more sweet and reasonable, his prose more fascinating. He might, perhaps, have been more richly endowed with the sense of form, but that is perhaps least important of an essayist's gifts. The essaymore almost than any literary product - reflects its writer's mind, and the tangential progressions and abrupt eonclusions of some of Lamb's discussions are emineutly characteristic of their author. A good essay, more than a novel, a poem, a play, or a treatise, is personality translated into print: between the lines must gleam attractive features or we remain cold.- E. V. Lucas, Introduction to the Essays of Elia. Lamb's criticism partook largely of the spirit of Coleridge, -entering, with a most learned spirit of human dealing, into the dramatic being of the characters of the play, and bringing out, with an incomparable delicacy and accuracy of touch, their places of contact and mutual repulsion. The true point of view Lamb always seized with unerring precision, and this led him, with equal success, to detect the real center, whether a character or an event, round which the orb of the drama revolved. Hence he was one of the most original of critics, and threw more and newer light upon the genuine meaning of some of the great masterpieces of the theater than any other man; and yet we do not remember a single instance in

#### CRITICAL OPINIONS

which any of his positions have been gainsaid. Like all critics who have a real insight into their subject, Lamb helps you, in a few words, to a principle — a master-key — by which you may werk out the details of the investigation yourself. You are not merely amused with a brilliant description of a character or passage, but become a discerning judge in the light of your own perceptions and convictions.— Quarterly Review for July, 1835.

## CRITICAL OPINIONS ON THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

The "Essays of Elia," on which alone Lamb's claim to a name in literature can be founded, were almost all published during the last fourteen years of his life. He was then in the maturity of his powers, and he poured forth his original thoughts and quaint fancies with a richness and variety which no other essayist has ever rivalled. He had every qualification for an essayist. He had learnt English from the best teachers - the old writers; and he had been an apt scholar, - not accumulating merely, but assimilating what he learnt. His early style is often antiquated; but in the "Essays of Elia," there is no trace of an excessive or servile adherence to the manner of his models. Few writers, indeed, have had a more real command of English than Lamb had. 'He was not restrained or impeded by the exigencies of the language; he rather controlled it, and molded it, so to speak, to his purposes. It might be possible, by a careful study and imitation of Addison or Goldsmith, to form a good independent style of composition. Their English is flexible; it can adapt itself, without much difficulty to the peculiarities of other minds. It is not so with Charles Lamb's writings. His style is rigid, and cannot be copied or adapted. It is Elia's English. To imitate it would be mere mimiery. Sometimes it almost seems as if the impediment in Lamb's speech had influenced his style. His sentences are often very short, with frequent and long panses; but brilliant, suggestive. His ideas succeed each other with wonderful richness and profusion: they seem to spring perfect from the brain. But these curt and broken sentences are merely used by Elia as means to produce a desired effect. The pauses were the "halting-stones and resting places" of his wit. There were no "ligaments" that bound him when the pen was in his hand. No one could write more sweet or flowing English than he. - Extracts from

Introduction to the Essays of Elia, published by George Bell and Sons.

The prose essays, under the signature of Elia, form the most delightful sec 'on among Lamb's works. They traverse a peculiar field of observation, sequestered from general interest; and they are composed in a spirit too delicate and unobtrusive to catch the ear of the noisy crowd, clamoring for strong sensations. But this retiring delicacy itself, the pensiveness checkered by gleams of the fanciful, and the humor that is touched with cross-lights of pathos, together with the picturesque quaintness of the objects casually described, whether men, or things, or usages, and in the rear of all this, the constant recurrence to ancient recollections and to decaying forms of household life, as things retiring before the tumult of new and revolutionary generations; these traits in combination communicate to the papers a grace and strength of originality, which nothing in any literature approaches, whether for degree or kind of excellence, except the most felicitous papers of Addison, such as those on Sir Roger de Coverley, and some others in the same vein of composition. They resemble Addision's papers also in the diction, which is natural and idiomatic, even to carelessness. They are equally faithful to the truth of nature; and in this only, they differ remarkably - that the sketches of Elia reflects the stamp and impress of the writer's own character, whereas in all those of Addison, the personal peculiarities of the delineator are nearly quiescent .- Thomas DeQuincey, Charles Lamb in Biographical Essays.

Elia refreshes our whole man. We read it not for the style, all but faultless, not for the sentiment, humor, or pathos, not for the manly thought, the genuine philosophy, the moral sense, wonderfully delicate and true, not for the admirable criticism, but for all these richly intermingled. Lamb is generally regarded as one of a school or clique, and yet if there is a writer who is himself and no other, it is he. Conceits he has in abundance; but then they are honest, natural parts

#### CRITICAL OPINIONS

of the man, alive with his own spirit, oftentimes more quaint in the expression than odd in the essence, and a conceit which is genuine has a relish to which the most approved commonplaces can make no pretense. However peculiar, he is always human and of course sure in the end of the sympathy of a healthy reader. The Prince of Essayists, he has above all his order "planted a fixed foot" among our home affections.-W. H. Furness, Christian Examiner for January, 1838.

" Elia " is never verbose, yet never incomplete. You are not wearied because he says too much nor dissatisfied because he savs too little. In this inimitable sense of proportion, this fitness of adjustment between thought and expression, the prose of "Elia" reminds us of the verse of Horace. Nor is the Essayist without some other resemblance to the Poet - in the amenity which accompanies his satire; in his sportive view of things grave, the grave morality he deduces from things sportive; his equal sympathy for rural and for town life; his constant good-fellowship, and his lenient philosophy. Here, indeed, all similitude ccases: the modern essayist advances no pretension to the aneient poet's wide survey of the social varieties of mankind; to his seizure of those large and catholic types of human nature which are familiarly recognizable in every polished community, every civilized time; still less to that intense sympathy in the life and movement of the world around him which renders the utterance of his individual emotion the vivid illustration of the character and history of his age. Yet "Elia" secures a charm of his own in the very narrowness of the range to which he limits his genius. For thus the interest he creates becomes more intimate and household .- Bulwer-Lytton on "Charles Lamb and some of his Companions."

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Literary Reminiscences, Hood. Literary Landmarks of London, Hutton. My Friends and Acquaintances, Patmore. Early Recollections of Coleridge, Cottle. Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, Southey, C. C. Noctes Ambrosianae, Wilson.

#### CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF LAMB'S WORKS

Sonnets (Published in "Poems on Various Subjects" by Coleridge), 1796. Poems (Published in volume with poetical works of Coleridge and Lloyd), 1797. Blank verse by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb, 1798. A Tale of Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret, 1798. John Woodvil. a Tragedy, 1802. Mrs. Leicester's School and other stories, 1807. Tales from Shakespeare, 1807. The Adventures of Ulysses, 1808. Specimens of English Dramatic Poets contemporary with Shakespeare, 1808. Poetry for Children, 1809. Prince Dorns (a poetical version of an ancient tale), 1811. The Works of Charles Lamb (2 vols.), 1818. Essays of Elia (first series), 1823. Album Verses, with a few others, 1830. Satan in Search of a Wife, 1831. The Last Essays of Elia, 1833.

# THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

## THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE

READER, in thy passage from the Bank <sup>3</sup>—where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself)—to the Flower Pot,<sup>4</sup> to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewell,<sup>5</sup> or some other thy suburban retreat northerly, didst thou never observe a melaneholy looking, handsome, briek and stone edifice to the left—where Threadneedle Street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I dare say thou hast often admired its magnificent portals ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with eloisters, and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out—a desolation something like Balclutha's.\*<sup>6</sup>

This was once a house of trade,—a center of busy interests. The throng of merehants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately portieos; imposing staircases; offices roomy as the state apartments in

\*" I passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate." OSSIAN.

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palaces-deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, door-kcepers-directors seated in form on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend) at long worm-eaten tables, that have been mallogany, with tarnished giltleather coverings, supporting massy silver inkstands long since dry;--the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors, of Queene Anne,<sup>1</sup> and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty;<sup>2</sup>—huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated ;-- dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams,-and soundings of the Bay of Panama !- The long passages hung with buckets, appended, in idle row, to walls, whose substance might defy any, short of the last, conflagration :---with vast ranges of cellarage under all, where dollars and pieces of eight once lay, an "unsunned heap," 3 for Mammon<sup>4</sup> to have solated his solitary heart withal,-long since dissipated, or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous BUBBLE.<sup>5</sup>

Such is the SOUTH-SEA HOUSE. At least, such it was forty years ago, when I knew it,—a magnificent relic! What alterations may have been made in it since, I have had no opportunities of verifying. Time, I take for granted, has not freshened it. No wind has resuscitated the face of the sleeping waters. A thicker crust by this time stagnates upon it. The moths, that were then battening upon its obsolete ledgers and day-books, have rested from their depredations, but other light generations have succeeded, making fine fretwork among their single and double entries. Layers of dust have accumulated (a superfœtation of dirt!) upon the old layers, that seldom used to be disturbed, save by some curious finger, now and then, inquisitive to explore the mode of book-keeping in Queen Anne's reign; or, with less hallowed euriosity, seeking to unveil some of the mysteries of that tremendous HOAX, whose extent the petty peculators of our day look back upon with the same expression of ineredulous admiration, and hopeless ambition of rivalry, as would become the puny face of modern conspiracy contemplating the Titan<sup>1</sup> size of Vaux's superhuman plot.<sup>2</sup>

Peace to the manes of the BUBBLE! Silence and destitution are upon thy walls, proud house, for a memorial!

Situated as thou art, in the very heart of stirring and living commerce,—amid the fret and fever of speculation—with the Bank and the 'Change, and the India-house about thee, in the hey-dey of present prosperity, with their important faces, as it were, insulting thee, their *poor neighbor out of business* to the idle and merely contemplative,—to such as me, old house! there is a charm in thy quiet:—a ecssation—a coolness from business—an indolence almost cloistral—which is delightful! With what reverence have I paced thy great bare rooms and courts at eventide! They spoke of the past:—the shade of some dead accountant, with visionary pen in car,

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would flit by me, stiff as in life. Living accounts and accountants puzzle me. I have no skill in figuring. But thy great dead tomes, which scarce three degenerate clerks of the present day could lift from their enshrining shelves-with their old fantastic flourishes and decorative rubric interlacings-their sums in triple columniations, set down with formal superfinity of eighers-with pious sentences at the beginning, without which our religious ancestors never ventured to open a book of business, or bill of lading -the costly vellum covers of some of them almost persuading us that we are got into some better library,-are very agreeable and edifying spectacles. I can look upon these defunet dragons with complacency. Thy heavy, odd-shaped\_ivory-handled penknives (our ancestors had everything on a larger scale than we have hearts for) are as good as anything from Herenlaneum.<sup>1</sup> The pounce-boxes of our days have gone retrograde.

The very clerks which I remember in the South-Sea House—I speak of forty years back—had an air very different from those in the public offices that I have had to do with since. They partook of the genius of the place!

They were mostly (for the establishment did not admit of superfluous salaries) bachelors. Generally (for they had not much to do) persons of a curious and speculative turn of mind. Old-fashioned, for a reason mentioned before. Humorists, for they were of all descriptions; and, not having been brought together in early life (which has a tendency to assimilate the members of corporate bodies to each other), but for the most part, placed in this house in ripe or middle age, they necessarily carried into it their separate habits and oddities, unqualified, if I may so speak, as into a common stock. Hence they formed a sort of Noah's ark. Odd fishes. A laymonastery. Domestic retainers in a great house, kept more for show than use. Yet pleasant fellows, full of chat—and not a few among them had arrived at considerable proficiency on the German flute.

The cashier at that time was one Evans,<sup>1</sup> a Cambro-Briton.<sup>2</sup> He had something of the cholerie complexion of his countrymen stamped on his visage, but was a worthy sensible man at bottom. He wore his hair, to the last, powdered and frizzed out, in the fashion which I remember to have seen in caricatures of what were termed, in my young days, Maccaronics.3 He was the last of that race of beaux. Melaneholy as a gib-eat over his counter all the forenoon, I think I see him, making up his eash (as they call it) with tremulous fingers, as if he feared every one about him was a defaulter; in his hypochondry ready to imagine himself one; haunted, at least, with the idea of the possibility of his becoming one: his tristful visage clearing up a little over his roast neek of veal at Anderton's at two (where his pieture still hangs, taken a little before his death by desire of the master of the coffee-honse, which he had frequented for the last five-and-twenty years), but not attaining the

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meridian of its animation till evening brought on the hour of tea and visiting. The simultaneous sound of his well-known rap at the door with the stroke of the eloek announcing six, was a topic of never-failing mirth in the families which this dear old bachelor gladdened with his presence. Then was his forte, his glorified hour! How would he chirp, and expand, over a muffin! How would he dilate into seeret history! His eountryman, Pennant 1 himself, in partieular, could not be more eloquent than he in relation to old and new London-the site of old theaters, ehurehes, streets gone to decay-where Rosamond's pond<sup>2</sup> stood-the Mulberry Gardens<sup>3</sup>-and the Conduit in Cheap 4---with many a pleasant aneedote, derived from paternal tradition, of those grotesque figures which Hogarth has immortalized in his picture of Noon,<sup>5</sup>-the worthy deseendants of those heroic confessors, who, flying to this country, from the wrath of Louis the Fourteenth and his dragoons,<sup>6</sup> kept alive the flame of pure religion in the sheltering obscurities of Hog Lane, and the vicinity of the Seven Dials!"

Deputy, under Evans, was Thomas Tame.<sup>8</sup> He had the air and stoop of a nobleman. You would have taken him for one, had you met him in one of the passages leading to Westminster Hall.<sup>9</sup> By stoop, I mean that gentle bending of the body forwards, which, in great men, must be supposed to be the effect of an habitual eondescending attention to the applications of their inferiors. While he held you in converse, you felt strained to the height in the eolloquy.

The eonference over, you were at leisure to smile at the comparative insignificance of the pretensions which had just awed you. His intellect was of the shallowest order. It did not reach to a saw or a proverb. His mind was in its original state of white paper.<sup>1</sup> A sueking babe might have posed him. What was it then? Was he rich? Alas, no! Thomas Tame was very poor. Both he and his wife looked outwardly gentlefolks, when I fear all was not well at all times within. She had a neat meager person, which it was evident she had not sinned in over-pampering; but in its veins was noble blood. She traced her descent, by some labyrinth of relationship, which I never thoroughly understood,-much less ean explain with any heraldie eertainty at this time of day,-to the illustrious but unfortunate house of Derwentwater.<sup>2</sup> This was the secret of Thomas's stoop. This was the thought-the sentiment-the bright solitary star of your lives,—ye mild and happy pair,-which eleered you in the night of intellect, and in the obseurity of your station! This was to you instead of riehes, instead of rank, instead of glittering attainments: and it was worth them altogether. You insulted none with it; but, while you wore it as a piece of defensive armor only, no insult likewise could reach you through it. Decus et solamen.3

Of quite another stamp was the then accountant, John Tipp.<sup>4</sup> He neither pretended to high blood, nor in good truth cared one fig about the matter. He "thought an accountant the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest accountant in it." Yet John was not without his hobby. The fiddle relieved his vacant honrs. He sang, certainly, with other notes than to the Orphean lyre.1 He did, indeed, scream and scrape most abominably. His fine suite of official rooms in Threadneedle Street, which, without anything very substantial appended to them, were enough to enlarge a man's notions of himself that lived in them, (I know not who is the occupier of them now) resounded fortnightly to the notes of a concert of "sweet breasts" as our anecstors would have called them, culled from club-rooms and orehestras-chorus singers-first and second violoncellos-double basses-and elarionets-who ate his cold mutton, and drank his punch, and praised his ear. He sate like Lord Midas<sup>2</sup> among them. But at the desk Tipp was quite another sort of creature. Thence all ideas, that were purely ornamental, were banished. You could not speak of anything romantic without rebuke. Politics were excluded. A newspaper was thought too refined and abstracted. The whole duty of man consisted in writing off dividend warrants. The striking of the annual balance in the company's books (which, perhaps, differed from the balance of last year in the sum of £25, 1s. 6d.) occupied his days and nights for a month previous. Not that Tipp was blind to the deadness of things (as they call them in the city) in his beloved house, or did not sigh for a return of the old stirring days

when South Sea hopes were young-(he was indeed equal to the wielding of any the most intricate accounts of the most flourishing company in these or those days) :---but to a genuine accountant the difference of proceeds is as nothing. The fractional farthing is as dear to his heart as the thousands which stand before it. He is the true actor, who, whether his part be a prince or a peasant, must act it with like intensity. With Tipp, form was everything. His life was formal. His actions seemed ruled with a ruler. His pen was not less erring than his heart. He made the best executor in the world: he was plagued with incessant executorships accordingly, which excited his spleen and soothed his vanity in equal ratios. He would swear (for Tipp swore) at the little orphans, whose rights he would guard with a tenacity like the grasp of the dying hand, that commended their interests to his protection. With all this there was about him a sort of timidity-(his few enemies used to give it a worse name)-a something which in reverence to the dead, we will place, if you please, a little on this side of the heroic. Nature certainly had been pleased to endow John Tipp with a sufficient measure of the principle of self-preservation. There is a cowardice which we do not despise, because it has nothing base or treacherous in its elements; it betrays itself, not you: it is mere temperament; the absence of the romantic and the enterprising; it sees a lion in the way, and will not, with Fortinbras,1 "greatly find

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quarrel in a straw, "<sup>1</sup> when some supposed honor is at stake. Tipp never mounted the box of a stage-coach in his life; or leaned against the rails of a balcony; or walked upon the ridge of a parapet; or looked down a precipice; or let off a gun; or went upon a water-party; or would willingly let you go if he could have helped it: neither was it recorded of him, that for lucre, or for intimidation, he ever forsook friend or principle.

Whom next shall we summon from the dusty dead,<sup>2</sup> in whom common qualities become uncommon? Can I forget thee, Henry Man,<sup>a</sup> the wit, the polished man of letters, the author, of the Sonth-Sea House? who never enteredst thy office in a morning or quittedst it in mid-day (what didst thou in an office?) without some quirk that left a sting! Thy gibes and thy jokes are now extinct, or survive but in two forgotten volumes, which I had the good fortune to rescue from a stall in Barbican,<sup>4</sup> not three days ago, and found thee terse, fresh, epigrammatie, as alive. Thy wit is a little gone by in these fastidious days—thy topics are staled by the "new-born gauds" <sup>5</sup> of the time: but great thon used to be in Public Ledgers, and in Chronicles,<sup>6</sup> upon Chatham, and Shelburne, and Rockingham, and Howe, and Burgovne, and Clinton,<sup> $\tau$ </sup> and the war which ended in the tearing from Great Britain her rebellious colonies, and Keppel, and Wilkes, and Sawbridge, and Bull, and Dunning, and Pratt, and Richmond<sup>8</sup> and such small politics.

A little less facetions, and a great deal more ob-

streperous, was fine rattling, rattleheaded Plumer.<sup>1</sup> He was descended,-not in a right line, reader (for his lineal pretensions, like his personal, favored a little of the sinister bend)-from the Plumers of Hertfordshire. So tradition gave him out; and certain family features not a little sanctioned the opinion. Certainly old Walter Plumer (his reputed author) had been a rake in his days, and visited much in Italy, and had seen the world. He was uncle, bachelor-uncle, to the fine old whig still living,<sup>2</sup> who has represented the county in so many successive parliaments, and has a fine old mansion near Ware. Walter flourished in George the Second's days,<sup>3</sup> and was the same who was summoned before the House of Commons about a business of franks, with the old Duchess of Marlborough. You may read of it in Johnson's "Life of Cave." 4 Cave came off cleverly in that business. It is certain our Plumer did nothing to discountenance the rumor. He rather seemed pleased whenever it was, with all gentleness, insinuated. But, besides his family pretensions, Plumer was an engaging fellow, and sang gloriously.----

Not so sweetly sang Plumer as thou sangest, mild, childlike, pastoral M—<sup>5</sup>; a flute's breathing less divinely whispering than thy Areadian melodies,<sup>6</sup> when, in tones worthy of Arden, thou didst ehant that song sung by Amiens to the banished Duke,<sup>7</sup> which proclaims the winter wind more lenient than for a man to be ungrateful. Thy sire was old surly M——, the unapproachable churchwarden of Bishopsgate. He knew not what he did, when he begat thee, hike spring, gentle offspring of blustering winter: only unfortunate in thy ending, which should have been mild, conciliatory, swan-like.——

Much remains to sing. Many fantastic shapes rise up, but they must be mine in private:—already I have fooled the reader to the top of his bent;—else could I omit that strange creature Woollet, who existed in trying the question, and *bought litigations?* and still stranger, inimitable, solemn Hepworth, from whose gravity Newton<sup>1</sup> might have deduced the law of gravitation. How profoundly would he nib a pen —with what deliberation would he wet a wafer!

But it is time to close—night's wheels are rattling fast over me—it is proper to have done with this solemn mockery.

Reader, what if I have been playing with thee all this while—peradventure the very *names*, which I have summoned up before thee, are fantastic insubstantial—like Henry Pimperuel, and old John Naps of Greece: <sup>2</sup>——

Be satisfied that something answering to them has had a being. Their importance is from the past.

# OXFORD IN THE VACATION

CASTING a preparatory glance at the bottom of this article—as the wary connoisseur in prints, with cursory eye (which, while it reads, seems as though it reads not), never fails to consult the *quis sculpsit*<sup>4</sup>

in the eorner, before he pronounces some rare picce to be a Vivares, or a Woollet <sup>1</sup>—methinks I hear you exclaim, Reader, *who is Elia*?

Because in my last I tried to divert the with some half-forgotten humors of some old elerks defunet, in an old house of business, long since gone to decay, doubtless you have already set me down in your mind as one of the selfsame college——a votary of the desk —a notehed and cropt serivener—one that sucks his sustenance, as certain siek people are said to do, through a quill.

Well, I do agnize something of the sort. I confess that it is my humor, my fancy-in the forepart of the day, when the mind of your man of letters requires some relaxation-(and none better than such as at first sight scens most abhorrent from his beloved studies)-to while away some good hours of my time in the contemplation of indigos, cottons, raw silks, piece-goods, flowered or otherwise. In the first place \* \* \* and then it sends you home with such increased appetite to your books \* \* \* not to say, that your outside sheets, and waste wrappers of foolscap, do receive into them, most kindly and naturally, the impression of sonnets, epigrams, essays -so that the very parings of a counting-house are, in some sort, the settings up of an author. The enfranchised quill, that has plodded all the morning among the eart rucks of figures and ciphers, frisks and curvets so at its ease over the flowery carpetground of a midnight dissertation.-It feels its promotion. \* \* \* \* \* So that you see, upon the whole, the literary dignity of *Elia* is very little, if at all, compromised in the condeseension.

Not that, in my anxious detail of the many commodities incidental to the life of a public office, I would be thought blind to certain flaws, which a cunning carper might be able to pick in this Joseph's vest. And here I must have leave, in the fulness of my soul, to regret the abolition, and doing-away-with altogether, of those consolatory interstices, and sprinklings of freedom, through the four seasons,—the *redletter days*,<sup>1</sup> now become, to all intents and purposes, *dcad-letter days*. There was Paul, and Stephen, and Barnabas—

Andrew and John, men famous in old times 2

—we were used to keep all their days holy, as long back as I was at school at Christ's.<sup>3</sup> I remember their effigies, by the same token, in the old *Basket* Prayer Book.<sup>4</sup> There hung Peter in his uneasy posture <sup>5</sup> holy Bartlemy in the tronblesome act of flaying,<sup>6</sup> after the famous Marsyas by Spagnoletti <sup>7</sup>—I honored them all, and could almost have wept the defalcation of Iscariot—so much did we love to keep holy memories sacred:—only methought I a little grudged at the coalition of the *better Jude*<sup>8</sup> with Simon clubbing (as it were) their sanctities together, to make up one poor gaudy-day between them—as an economy unworthy of the dispensation.

These were bright visitations in a scholar's and a

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good as an almanae in those days. I could have told you such a saint's-day falls out next week, or the week after. Peradventure the Epiphany,<sup>2</sup> by some periodical infelicity, would, once in six years, merge in a Sabbath. Now am I little better than one of the profane. Let me not be thought to arraign the wisdom of my civil superiors, who have judged the further observation of these holy tides to be papistical, superstitious. Only in a enstom of such long standing, methinks, if their Holinesses the Bishops had, in decency, been first sounded-but I am wading out of my depths. I am not the man to deeide the limits of civil and ecclesiastical authority-I am plain Elia-no Selden, nor Arehbishop Usher<sup>3</sup>though at present in the thick of their books, here in the heart of learning, under the shadow of the mighty Bodley.<sup>4</sup>

I can here play the gentleman, enact the student. To such a one as myself, who has been defranded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant, to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation, too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours*. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and faney myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad cundem.*<sup>5</sup> I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for *me*. In moods of humility I can be a Sizar, or a Servitor. When the peaeoek vein rises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver moments, I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed I do not think I am nuch unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or curtsy, as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favors the notion. Only in Christ Church's reverend quadrangle I can be content to pass for nothing short of a Seraphic Doctor.

The walks at these times are so much one's own, the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen!<sup>1</sup> The halls deserted, and with open doors, inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a devoir to some Founder, or noble or royal Benefactress (that should have been ours) whose portrait seems to smile upon their over-looked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own. Then, to take a peep in by the way at the butteries, and sculleries; redolent of antique hospitality: the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fireplaces, cordial recesses; ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago; and spits which have cooked for Chaneer!<sup>2</sup> Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the Cook goes forth a Maneiple.

Antiquity! thou wondrous eharm, where art thou? that, being nothing, art every thing! When thou *wert*, thou wert not antiquity—then thon wert nothing, but hadst a remoter *antiquity*, as thou called'st it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, *modern*! What mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half Januses<sup>1</sup>\* are we, that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we for ever revert! the mighty future is as nothing, being everything! the past is everything, being nothing!

What were thy *dark ages?* Surely the sun rose as brightly then as now, and man got him to his work in the morning. Why is it that we can never hear mention of them without an accompanying feeling, as though a palpable obscure had dimmed the face of things, and that our ancestors wandered to and fro groping!

Above all thy rarities, old Oxenford,<sup>2</sup> what do most arride and solace me, are thy repositories of moldering learning, thy shelves-----

What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers that have bequeathed their labors to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage; and the odor of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those sciential apples which grew amid the happy orchard.

Still less have I curiosity to disturb the elder repose of MSS. Those *varia lectiones*<sup>3</sup> so tempting to the more crudite palates, do but disturb and unsettle my faith. I am no Herculanean raker.<sup>4</sup> The credit of

\* Januses of one face .-- SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

## THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

the three witnesses might have slept unimpeached for me. I leave these curiosities to Porson, and to G. D.<sup>1</sup>—whom, by the way, I found busy as a moth over some rotten archive, rummaged out of some seldom-explored press, in a nook at Oriel.<sup>2</sup> With long poring, he is grown almost into a book. He stood as passive as one by the side of the old shelves. I longed to new-coat him in Russia, and assign him his place. He might have mustered for a tall Scapula.<sup>3</sup>

D. is assiduous in his visits to these seats of learning. No inconsiderable portion of his moderate fortune, I apprehend, is consumed in journeys between them and Clifford's Inn <sup>4</sup>—where, like a dove on the asp's nest, he has long taken up his unconscious abode, amid an incongruous assembly of attorneys, attorneys' clerks, apparitors, promoters, vermin of the law, among whom he sits, ''in cahn and sinless peace.'' The fangs of the law pierce him not—the winds of litigation blow over his humble chambers—the hard sheriff's officer moves his hat as he passes—legal nor illegal discourtesy touches him—none thinks of offering violence or injustice to him—you would as soon ''strike an abstract idea.''

D. has been engaged, he tells me, through a course of laborious years, in an investigation into all curious matter connected with the two Universities; and has lately hit upon a MS. collection of charters, relative to C——, by which he hopes to settle some disputed points—particularly that long controversy between them as to priority of foundation. The ardor with which he engages in these liberal pursuits, I am afraid, has not met with all the encouragement it deserved, either here, or at C—. Your eaputs and heads of eolleges, eare less than anybody else about these questions.—Contented to suck the milky fountains of their Alma Maters, without inquiring into the venerable gentlewomen's years, they rather hold such euriosities to be impertinent—unreverend. They have their good glebe lands *in manu*,<sup>1</sup> and eare not much to rake into the title-deeds. I gather at least so much from other sources, for D. is not a man to eomplain.

D. started like an unbroke heifer, when I interrupted him. A priori it was not very probable that we should have met in Oriel. But D. would have done the same, had I accosted him on the sudden in his own walks in Clifford's Inn, or in the Temple.<sup>2</sup> In addition to a provoking shortsightedness (the effeet of late studies and watchings at the midnight oil) D. is the most absent of men. He made a call the other morning at our friend M.'s<sup>3</sup> in Bedford Square; and, finding nobody at home, was ushered into the hall, where, asking for pen and ink, with great exactitude of purpose he enters me his name in the book-which ordinarily lies about in such places, to record the failures of the untimely or unfortunate visitor-and takes his leave with many ceremonies, and professions of regret. Some two or three hours after, his walking destinies returned him into the same neighborhood again, and again the quiet

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image of the fire-side circle at M.'s——Mrs. M. presiding at it like a Queen Lar,<sup>1</sup> with pretty A. S.<sup>2</sup> at her side——striking irresistibly on his faney, he makes another call (forgetting that they were "eertainly not to return from the country before that day week") and disappointed a second time, inquires for pen and paper as before: again the book is brought, and in the line just above that in which he is about to print his second name (his re-seript) his first name (scarce dry) looks out upon him like another Sosia,<sup>3</sup> or as if a man should suddenly encounter his own duplicate!—The effect may be conecived. D. made many a good resolution against any such lapses in future. I hope he will not keep them too rigorously.

For with G. D.—to be absent from the body, is sometimes (not to speak it profanely) to be present with the Lord. At the very time when, personally encountering thee, he passes on with no recognition —or, being stopped, starts like a thing surprised at that moment, reader, he is on Mount Tabor—or Parnassus 4—or co-sphered with Plato—or, with Harrington,<sup>5</sup> framing "immortal commonwealths"—devising some plan of amelioration to thy country, or thy species—peradventure meditating some individual kindness or courtesy, to be done to *thee thyself*, the returning consciousness of which made him to start so guiltily at thy obtruded personal presence.

D. is delightful anywhere, but he is at the best in

such places as these. He eares not much for Bath. He is out of his element at Buxton, at Searborough, or Harrowgate. The Cam and the Isis<sup>1</sup> are to him "better than all the waters of Damaseus."<sup>2</sup> On the Muses' hill he is happy, and good, as one of the Shepherds on the Deleetable Mountains;<sup>3</sup> and when he goes about with you to show you the halls and colleges, you think you have with you the Interpreter at the House Beautiful.<sup>4</sup>

# CHIRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE AND THIRTY YEARS AGO

IN Mr. Lamb's "Works," <sup>6</sup> published a year or two sinee, I find a magnificent enlogy on my old school,\* such as it was, or now appears to him to have been, between the years 1782 and 1789.<sup>7</sup> It happens, very oddly, that my own standing at Christ's was nearly corresponding with his; and, with all gratitude to him for his enthusiasm for the eloisters, I think he has contrived to bring together whatever can be said in praise of them, dropping all the other side of the argument most ingenionsly.

I remember L. at school; and can well recollect that he had some peculiar advantages, which I and others of his schoolfellows had not. His friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction, which was

\* Recollections of Christ's Hospital.

denied to us. The present worthy sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple can explain how that happened. Ife had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were battening upon our quarter of a penny loafour crug-moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from. Our Monday's milk porritch, blue and tasteless, and the pease soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of "extraordinary bread and butter," from the hot-loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant-(we had three banyan to four meat days in the week)-was endeared to his palate with a lump of double-refined, and a smaek of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly) or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our half-pickled Sundays, or quite fresh boiled beef on Thursdays (strong as caro equina),<sup>1</sup> with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the brothour seanty mutton erags on Fridays-and rather more savory, but grudging, portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays (the only dish which excited our appetites, and disappointed our stomachs, in almost equal proportion)-he had his hot plate of roast yeal, or the more tempting griskin (exoties unknown to our palates), cooked in the paternal kitchen (a great thing), and brought him daily by his maid or aunt! I remember the good old relative (in whom love forbade pride) squatting down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters. diselosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens ministered to the Tishbite);<sup>1</sup> and the contending passions of L. at the unfolding. There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought, and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it; and, at top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest of the passions !) predominant, breaking down of the stony fences of shame, and awkwardness, and a troubling over-conseiousness.

I was a poor friendless boy. My parents, and those who should eare for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, which they could reckon upon being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thonght them few enough! and one after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates.

O, the eruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those nnfledged years! How, in my dreams, would my native town (far in the west) come back, with its church, and trees, and faces! How I would wake weeping, and in the angnish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire!<sup>2</sup>

To this late hour of my life, I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those whole-day-leaves, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out, for the live-long day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to, or none. I remember those bathing excursions to the New River, which L. recalls with such relish, better, I think, than he can-for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not much care for such waterpastimes :-- How merrily we would sally forth into the fields; and strip under the first warmth of the sun; and wanton like young dace in the streams; getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were penniless (our seanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying-while the cattle, and the birds, and the fishes, were at feed about us, and we had nothing to satisfy our eravings-the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty, setting a keener edge upon them !-- How faint and languid, finally we would return, towards nightfall, to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant, that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired!

It was worse in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets objectless—shivering at cold windows of print-shops, to extract a little amusement; or haply, as a last resort, in the hope of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times repeated visit (where our individual faces should be as well known to the warden as those of his own charges) to the Lions in the Tower <sup>1</sup>—to whose levee, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive title to admission.

L.'s governor<sup>2</sup> (so we ealled the patron who presented us to the foundation) lived in a manuer under his paternal roof. Any eomplaint which he had to make was sure of being attended to. This was understood at Christ's, and was an effectual screen to him against the severity of masters, or worse tyranny of the monitors. The oppressions of these young brutes are heart-siekening to eall to recollection. I have been ealled out of my bed, and waked for the purpose, in the eoldest winter nights-and this not onee, but night after night-in my shirt, to receive the diseipline of a leathern thong, with eleven other sufferers, because it pleased my callow overseer, when there has been any talking heard after we were gone to bed, to make the six last beds in the domitory, where the youngest ehildren of us slept, answerable for an offense they neither dared to commit, nor had the power to hinder .--- The same exeerable tyrauny drove the younger part of us from the fires, when our feet were perishing with snow; and under the eruellest penalties, forbade the indulgence of a drink of water, when we lay in sleepless summer nights, fevered with the season, and the day's sports.

There was one II—,<sup>3</sup> who, I learned, in after days, was seen explaining some maturer offense in the hulks. (Do I flatter myself in faneying that this might be the planter of that name, who suffered—

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at Nevis,1 I think, or St. Kitts,2----some few years since? My friend Tobin was the benevolent instrument of bringing him to the gallows.) This petty Nero<sup>3</sup> aetually branded a boy, who had offended him, with a red-hot iron; and nearly starved forty of us, with exacting contributions, to the one half of our bread, to pamper a young ass, which, incredible as it may seem, with the connivance of the nurse's daughter (a young flame of his) he had contrived to smuggle in, and keep upon the leads of the ward, as they ealled our dormitories. This game went on for better than a week, till the foolish beast, not able to fare well but he must ery roast meat-happier than Caligula's minion,4 could he have kept his own counsel-but, foolisher, alas! than any of his species in the fables-waxing fat, and kieking, in the fulness of bread, one unlucky minute would needs proclaim his good fortune to the world below; and, laying out his simple throat, blew such a ram's horn blast, as (toppling down the walls of his own Jerieho) set eoneealment any longer at defiance. The elient was dismissed, with eertain attentions, to Smithfield; but I never understood that the patron underwent any eensure on the occasion. This was in the stewardship of L.'s admired Perry.

Under the same *facile* administration, ean L. have forgotten the cool impunity with which the nurses used to carry away openly, in open platters, for their own tables, one out of two of every hot joint, which the careful matron had been seeing scrupulously weighed out for our dinners? These things were daily practiced in that magnificent apartment, which L. (grown connoisseur since, we presume) praises so highly for the grand paintings "by Verrio,<sup>1</sup> and others," with which it is "hung round and adorned." But the sight of sleek, well-fed blne-coat boys <sup>2</sup> in pietures was, at that time, I believe, little eonsolatory to him, or us, the living ones, who saw the better part of our provisions carried away before our faces by harpies; and ourselves reduced (with the Trojan in the hall of Dido)

" To feed our mind with idle portraiture." 3

L. has recorded the repugnance of the school to gags, or the fat of fresh beef boiled; and sets it down to some superstition. But these unctuous morsels are never grateful to young palates (children are universally fat-haters) and in strong, coarse, boiled meats, unsalted, are detestable. A gag-cater in our time was equivalent to a goule, and held in equal detestation. ——suffered under the imputation.

"\_\_\_\_"Twas said, He ate strange flesh," 4

- He was observed, after dinner, carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table (not many, nor very ehoice fragments, you may credit me)—and, in an especial manner, these disreputable morsels, which he would eonvey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bed-side. None saw when he ate

them. It was runored that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported, that, on leave-days, he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue eheck handkerehief, full of something. This then must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would play with him. He was excommunicated; put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment, which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his school-fellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose, to enter a large worn-out building, such as there exist specimens of in Chaneery Lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism with open door, and a common staircase. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly elad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Mr. Hathaway, the then steward (for this happened a little after my time), with that patient sagaeity

which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter, before he proceeded to sentence. The result was, that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of ----, an honest couple come to decay,-whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy; and that this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds!---The governors on this occasion, much to their honor, voted a present relief to the family of -----, and presented him with a silver medal. The lesson which the steward read upon RASH JUDGMENT, on the occasion of publicly delivering the medal to -----, I believe, would not be lost upon his auditory .-- I had left school then, but I well remember -----. He was a tall shambling youth, with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard he did not do quite so well by himself, as he had done by the old folks.

I was a hypochondriac lad; and the sight of a boy in fetters, upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes, was not exactly fitted to assuage the natural terrors of initiation. I was of tender years, barely turned of seven; and had only read of such things in books, or seen them but in dreams. I was told he had *run away*. This was the punishment for the first offense.—As a novice I was soon after taken to see the dungeons. These were little, square, Bed-

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lam<sup>1</sup> cells, where a boy could just lie at length upon straw and a blanket-a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted—with a peep of light, let in askance, from a prison-orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter who brought him his bread and water-who might not speak to him :-or of the beadle, who came twice a week to eall him out to receive his periodical chastisement, which was almost welcome, because it separated him for a brief interval from solitude:---and here he was shut up by himself of nights, out of the reach of any sound. to suffer whatever horrors the weak nerves, and superstition incident to his time of life, might subject him to.\* This was the penalty for the second offense .- Wouldst thou like, reader, to see what became of him in the next degree?

The culprit, who had been a third time an offender, and whose expulsion was at this time deemed irreversible, was brought forth, as at some solemn *auto da fé*,<sup>2</sup> arrayed in uncouth and most appalling attire—all trace of his late "watchet weeds" carefully effaced, he was exposed in a jacket, resembling those which London lamplighters formerly delighted in, with a cap of the same. The effect of this divestiture

\* One or two instances of lunacy, or attempted suicide, accordingly, at length convinced the governors of the impolicy of this part of the sentence, and the midnight torture to the spirits was dispensed with.— This fancy of dungeons for children was a spront of Howard's brain; for which (saving the reverence due to Holy Paul). methinks, I could willingly spit upon his statue. was such as the ingenious devisers of it could have anticipated. With his pale and frighted features, it was as if some of those disfigurements in Dante 1 had seized upon him. In this disguisement he was brought into the hall (L.'s favorite state-room), where awaited him the whole number of his schoolfellows, whose joint lessons and sports he was thenceforth to share no more; the awful presence of the steward, to be seen for the last time; of the executioner beadle, elad in his state robe for the oceasion; and of two faces more, of direr import, because never but in these extremities visible. These were governors; two of whom, by choice, or charter, were always accustomed to officiate at these Ultima Supplicia,2 not to mitigate (so at least we understood it), but to enforce the uttermost stripe. Old Bamber Gaseoigne, and Peter Aubert, I remember, were colleagues on one oceasion, when the beadle turning rather pale, a glass of brandy was ordered to prepare him for the mysteries. The seourging was, after the old Roman fashion, long and stately. The lictor accompanied the eriminal quite round the hall. We were generally too faint with attending to the previous disgusting circumstances, to make accurate report with our eyes of the degree of corporal suffering inflicted. Report, of eourse, gave out the back knotty and livid. After scourging, he was made over, in his San Benito,3 to his friends, if he had any (but commonly such poor runagates were friendless), or to his parish officer, who, to enhance the effect of the seene, had his station allotted to him on the outside of the hall gate.

These solemn pageantries were not played off so often as to spoil the general mirth of the community. We had plenty of exercise and recreation after school hours; and, for myself, I must confess, that I was never happier, than in them. The Upper and Lower Grammar Schools were held in the same room; and an imaginary line only divided their bounds. Their character was as different as that of the inhabitants on the two sides of the Pyrenees.1 The Rev. James Boyer was the Upper Master: but the Rev. Matthew Field presided over that portion of the apartment, of which I had the good fortune to be a member. We lived a life as careless as birds. We talked and did just what we pleased, and nobody molested us. We carried an accidence, or a grammar, for form; but, for any trouble it gave us, we might take two years in getting through the verbs deponent, and another two in forgetting all that we had learned about them. There was now and then the formality of saying a lesson, but if you had not learned it, a brush across the shoulders (just enough to disturb a fly) was the sole remonstrance. Field never used the rod; and in truth he wielded the cane with no great good will -holding it "like a daneer." It looked in his hands rather like an emblem than an instrument of authority; and an emblem, too, he was ashamed of. He was a good easy man, that did not care to ruffle his own peace, nor perhaps set any great consideration upon the value of juvenile time. He came among us, now

and then, but often stayed away whole days from us; and when he came, it made no difference to us-he had his private room to retire to, the short time he stayed, to be out of the sound of our noise. Our mirth and uproar went on. We had classics of our own, without being beholden to "insolent Greece or haughty Rome,"<sup>1</sup> that passed current among us-Peter Wilkins<sup>2</sup>-the Adventures of the Hon, Capt. Robert Boyle-the Fortunate Blue Coat Boy-and the like. Or we cultivated a turn for mechanic or scientific operation; making little sun-dials of paper; or weaving those ingenious parentheses, called catcradles; or making dry peas to dance upon the end of a tin pipe; or studying the art military over that laudable game "French and English," and a hundred other such devices to pass away the time-mixing the useful with the agreeable-as would have made the souls of Rousseau and John Locke 3 chuckle to have seen us.

Matthew Field belonged to that class of modest divines who affect to mix in equal proportion the gentleman, the scholar, and the Christian; but, I know not how, the first ingredient is generally found to be the predominating dose in the composition. He was engaged in gay parties, or with his courtly bow at some episcopal levée, when he should have been attending upon us. He had for many years the classical charge of a hundred children, during the four or five first years of their education; and his very highest form seldom proceeding further than two or three of

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the introductory fables of Phædrus.<sup>1</sup> How things were suffered to go on thus, I cannot guess. Boyer, who was the proper person to have remedied these abuses, always affected, perhaps felt, a delieacy in interfering in a province not strictly his own. I have not been without my suspicions, that he was not altogether displeased at the contrast we presented to his end of the school. We were a sort of Helots<sup>2</sup> to his young Spartans. He would sometimes, with ironic deference, send to borrow a rod of the Under Master, and then, with Sardonie grin, observe to one of his upper boys, "how neat and fresh the twigs looked." While his pale students were battering their brains over Xenophon and Plato,3 with a silence as deep as that enjoined by the Samite,4 we were enjoying ourselves at our ease in our little Goshen.<sup>5</sup> We saw a little into the secrets of his discipline, and the prospect did but the more reconcile us to our lot. His thunders rolled innocuous for us; his storms came near, but never touched us; contrary to Gideon's miracle,<sup>6</sup> while all around us were drenched, our fleeee was dry.\* His boys turned out the better scholars; we, I suspect, have the advantage in temper. His pupils eannot speak of him without something of terror allaying their gratitude: the remembrance of Field eomes back with all the soothing images of indolence, and summer slumbers, and work like play, and innocent idleness, and Elysian exemptions, and life itself a "playing holiday."

\* Cowley.

Though sufficiently removed from the jurisdiction of Boyer, we were near enough (as I have said) to understand a little of his system. We oceasionally heard sounds of the Ululantes,1 and caught glanees of Tartarus.<sup>2</sup> B. was a rabid pedant. His English style was cramped to barbarism. His Easter anthems (for his duty obliged him to those periodical flights) were grating as serannel pipes.\* 3-IIe would laugh, ay, and heartily, but then it must be at Flaecus's quibble about Rex 4- or at the tristis severitas in vultu, or inspicere in patinas, of Terence <sup>5</sup>-thin jests, which at their first broaching could hardly have had vis enough to move a Roman musele .-- He had two wigs, both pedantic, but of different omen. The onc serene, smiling, fresh powdered, betokening a mild day. The other, an old discolored, unkempt, angry eaxon, denoting frequent and bloody execution. Woe to the school, when he made his morning appearance in his passy, or passionate wig. No comet expounded surer. J. B. had a heavy hand. I have known him double his knotty fist at a poor trembling child (the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips) with a "Sirrah, do you presume to set your wits at me?"--

\* In this and every thing B. was the antipodes of his coadjutor. While the former was digging his brains for crude anthems, worth a pig-nut, F. would be recreating his gentlemanly fanely in the more flowery walks of the Muses. A little dramatic effusion of his, under the name of Vertunnus and Pomoua, is not yet forgotten by the chroniclers of that sort of literature. It was accepted by Garrick, but the town did not give it their sanction.— B. used to say of it, in a way of half-compliment, half-irony, that it was too classical for representation.

Nothing was more common than to see him make a headlong entry into the schoolroom, from his inner recess, or library, and, with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, "Od's my life, Sirrah" (his favorite adjuration), "I have a great mind to whip you,"-then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, tling back into his lair-and, after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context) drive headlong ont again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some Devil's Litany, with the expletory yell -- "and I will too."-In his gentler moods, when the rabidus furor 1 was assnaged, he had resort to an ingenious method, peculiar, for what I have heard, to himself, of whipping the boy, and reading the Debates, at the same time; a paragraph, and a lash between; which in those times, when parliamentary oratory was most at a height and flourishing in these realms, was not calculated to impress the patient with a veneration for the diffuser graces of rhetoric.

Once, and but once, the uplifted rod was known to fall ineffectual from his hand—when droll squinting W—— having been caught putting the inside of the master's desk to a use for which the architect had elearly not designed it, to justify himself, with great simplicity averred, that he did not know that the thing had been forewarned. This exquisite irrecognition of any law antecedent to the oral or declaratory struck so irresistibly upon the fancy of all who heard

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it (the pedagogue himself not excepted) that remission was unavoidable.

L. has given eredit to B.'s great merits as an instructor. Coleridge, in his literary life, has pronounced a more intelligible and ample enconium on them. The author of the Country Spectator <sup>1</sup> doubts not to compare him with the ablest teachers of antiquity. Perhaps we cannot dismiss him better than with the pious ejaculation of C.—when he heard that his old master was on his death-bed—"Poor J. B.! may all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings, with no bottoms to reproach his sublunary infirmities."

Under him were many good and sound scholars bred.-First Greeian of my time was Lancelot Pepys Stevens, kindest of boys and men, since Co-grammarmaster (and inseparable companion) with Dr. T----e.<sup>2</sup> What an edifying speetacle did this brace of friends present to those who remembered the antisocialities of their predecessors !-- You never met the one by chance in the street without a wonder, which was quickly dissipated by the almost immediate subappearance of the other. Generally arm in arm, these kindly coadjutors lightened for each other the toilsome duties of their profession, and when, in advanced age, one found it convenient to retire, the other was not long in discovering that it suited him to lay down the fasces also. Oh, it is pleasant, as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty, which at thirteen helped it to turn over the Cicero De

Amicitia,<sup>1</sup> or some tale of Antique Friendship, which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate! -Co-Greeian with S. was Th--,<sup>2</sup> who has since executed with ability various diplomatic functions at the Northern courts. Th---- was a tall, dark, saturnine youth, sparing of speech, with raven locks. -Thomas Fanshaw Middleton followed him (now Bishop of Calcutta) a scholar and a gentleman in his teens. He has the reputation of an excellent eritie; and is author (besides the Country Spectator) of a Treatise on the Greek Article, against Sharpe-M. is said to bear his miter high in India, where the regni novitas<sup>3</sup> (I dare say) sufficiently justifies the bearing. A humility quite as primitive as that of Jewel or Hooker \* might not be exactly fitted to impress the minds of those Anglo-Asiatic dioecsans with a reverence for home institutions, and the ehurch which those fathers watered. The manners of M. at school, though firm, were mild, and unassuming.-Next to M. (if not senior to him) was Richards, author of the Aboriginal Britons, the most spirited of the Oxford Prize Poems; a pale, studious Greeian .--Then followed poor S-\_\_\_,<sup>5</sup> ill-fated M-\_\_\_!<sup>6</sup> of these the Muse is silent.

> Finding some of Edward's race Unhappy, pass their annals by.<sup>7</sup>

Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a hery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned— Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Mētaphysician, Bard — How have I seen the easual passer through the Cloisters stand still, entraneed with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young Mirandula),<sup>1</sup> to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jambhiehus, or Plotinus<sup>2</sup> (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophie draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar<sup>3</sup>——while the walls of the old Grey Friars reeehoed to the accents of the inspired charity-boy! Many were the "wit-combats" (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller) between him and C. V. Le G-,4 "which two I behold like a Spanish great gallion, and an English man-of-war; Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. C. V. L., with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, eould turn with all tides, taek about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Nor shalt thou, their eompeer, be quickly forgotten, Allen, with the eordial smile, and still more cordial laugh, with which thou wert wont to make the old Cloisters shake, in thy eognition of some poignant jest of theirs; or the anticipation of some more material, and, peradventure, practical one, of thine own. Extinet are those smiles, with that beautiful countenance, with which (for thou wert the *Nircus formosus*<sup>5</sup> of the school), in the days of thy maturer waggery, thou didst disarm the wrath of infuriated town-dansel, who, incensed by provoking pineh, turning tigress-like round, suddenly converted by thy angel-look, exchanged the half-formed terrible "bl-----," for a gentler greeting---"bless thy handsome face!"

Next follow two, who ought to be now alive, and the friends of Elia—the junior Le G—— and F——;<sup>1</sup> who impelled, the former by a roving temper, the latter by too quick a sense of neglect—ill capable of enduring the slights poor Sizars are sometimes subject to in our seats of learning—exchanged their Alma Mater for the eamp; perishing, one by climate, and one on the plains of Salamanea:<sup>2</sup>—Le G—— sanguine, volatile, sweet-natured: F—— dogged, faithful, anticipative of insult, warm-hearted, with something of the old Roman height about him.

Fine, frank-hearted Fr—,<sup>3</sup> the present master of Hertford, with Marmadnke T—,<sup>4</sup> mildest of Missionaries—and both my good friends still—elose the catalogue of Grecians in my time.

# THE TWO RACES OF MEN

THE human species, according to the best theory 1 can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, the men who borrow, and the men who lend. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothie and Celtie tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites," <sup>6</sup> flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate as the great race, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. "He shall serve his brethren." There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean and suspicious; <sup>1</sup> contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manner of the other.

Observe who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages—Aleibiades—Falstaff—Sir Riehard Steele our late incomparable Brinsley <sup>2</sup>—what a family likeness in all four!

What a eareless, even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest,—taking no more thought than lilics! What contempt for money—accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum!*<sup>3</sup> or rather, what a noble simplification of language (beyond Tooke),<sup>4</sup> resolving these supposed opposites into one elear, intelligible pronoun adjective!—What near approaches doth he make to the primitive *community*, to the extent of one-half of the primeiple at least!—

He is the true taxer who "ealleth all the world up to be taxed;" and the distance is as vast between him and *one of us*, as subsisted betwixt the Augustan Majesty and the poorest obolary Jew that paid it tribute-pittance at Jerusalem!—His exactions, too,

### THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

have such a cheerful, voluntary air! So far removed from your sour parochial or state-gatherers,-those ink-horn varlets, who carry their want of welcome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas, or his Feast of Holy Michael.<sup>1</sup> He applieth the lene tormentum<sup>2</sup> of a pleasant look to your purse,—which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves, as naturally as the cloak of the traveler, for which sun and wind contended! He is the true Propontie<sup>3</sup> which never ebbeth! The sea which taketh handsomely at each man's hand. In vain the vietim, whom he delighteth to honor, struggles with destiny; he is in the net. Lend therefore cheerfully, O man ordained to lendthat thou lose not in the end, with thy worldly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the penalties of Lazarus and of Dives! 4-but, when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were half-way. Come, a handsome sacrifice! See how light he makes of it! Strain not courtesies with a noble enemy.

Reflections like the foregoing were forced upon my mind by the death of my old friend, Ralph Bigod, Esq.,<sup>5</sup> who departed this life on Wednesday evening; dying, as he had lived, without much trouble. He boasted himself a descendant from mighty aneestors of that name, who heretofore held dueal dignities in this realm. In his actions and sentiments he belied not the stock to which he pretended. Early in life he found himself invested with ample revenues; which, with that noble disinterestedness which I have noticed as inherent in men of the great race, he took almost immediate measures entirely to dissipate and bring to nothing; for there is something revolting in the idea of a king holding a private purse; and the thoughts of Bigod were all regal. Thus furnished, by the very act of disfurnishment; getting rid of the eumbersome luggage of riches, more apt (as one sings)

To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,<sup>1</sup> Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise,

he set forth, like some Alexander, upon his great enterprise, "borrowing and to borrow!"

In his periegesis, or triumphant progress throughout this island, it has been ealeulated that he laid a tithe part of the inhabitants under contribution. I reject this estimate as greatly exaggerated :—but having had the honor of accompanying my friend, divers times, in his perambulations about this vast city, I own, I was greatly struck at first with the prodigious number of faces we met, who claimed a sort of respectful acquaintance with us. He was one day so obliging as to explain the phenomenon. It seems, these were his tributaries; feeders of his exchequer; gentlemen, his good friends (as he was pleased to express himself), to whom he had occasionally been beholden for a loan. Their multitudes did in no way disconcert him. He rather took a pride in numbering them; and, with Comus, seemed pleased to be "stocked with so fair a herd."<sup>1</sup>

With such sources, it was a wonder how he contrived to keep his treasury always empty. He did it by force of an aphorism, which he had often in his mouth, that "money kept longer than three days stinks." So he made use of it while it was fresh. A good part he drank away (for he was an excellent tosspot), some he gave away, the rest he threw away, literally tossing and hurling it violently from himas boys do burrs, or as if it had been infectious,into ponds or ditches, or deep holes,-inscrutable cavities of the earth ;- or he would bury it (where he would never seek it again) by a river's side under some bank, which (he would facetiously observe) paid no interest-but out away from him it must go peremptorily, as Hagar's offspring<sup>2</sup> into the wilderness. while it was sweet. He never missed it. The streams were perennial which fed his fise. When new supplies became necessary, the first person that had the felicity to fall in with him, friend or stranger, was sure to contribute to the deficiency. For Bigod had an undeniable way with him. He had a cheerful. open exterior, a quick jovial eye, a bald forehead, just touched with gray (cana fides).<sup>3</sup> He anticipated no excuse, and found none. And, waiving for a while my theory as to the great race, I would put it to the most untheorizing reader, who may at times have disposable coin in his pocket, whether it is not more repugnant to the kindliness of his nature to refuse such a one as 1 am describing, than to say no to a poor petitionary rogue (your bastard borrower), who, by his mumping visuomy, tells you, that he expects nothing better; and, therefore, whose preconceived notions and expectations you do in reality so much less shock in the refusal.

When I think of this man; his fiery glow of heart; his swell of feeling; how magnificent, how *ideal* he was; how great at the midnight honr; and when 1 compare with him the companious with whom 1 have associated since, 1 grudge the saving of a few idle ducats, and think that I am fallen into the society of *lenders*, and *little men*.

To one like Elia, whose treasures are rather cased in leather covers than closed in iron coffers, there is a class of alienators more formidable than that which I have touched upon; I mean your *borrowers of books*—those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes. There is Comberbatch,<sup>1</sup> matchless in his depredations!

That foul gap in the bottom shelf facing you, like a great eye-tooth knocked out — (you are now with me in my little back study in Bloomsbury, reader!) with the huge Switzer-like tonics <sup>2</sup> on each side (like the Guildhall giants,<sup>3</sup> in their reformed posture, guardant of nothing) once held the tallest of my folios, *Opera Bonaventura*,<sup>4</sup> choice and massy divinity, to which its two supporters (school divinity also, but of a lesser caliber, —Bellarmine, and Holy Thomas),<sup>5</sup> showed but as dwarfs, —itself an Ascapart!<sup>6</sup>—that Comberbatch abstracted upon the faith of a theory he holds, which is more easy, I confess, for me to suffer by than to refute, namely, that "the title to property in a book (my Bonaventure, for instance), is in exact ratio to the claimant's powers of understanding and appreciating the same." Should he go on acting upon this theory which of our shelves is safe?

The slight vacuum in the left hand ease-two shelves from the ceiling-searcely distinguishable but by the quick eye of a loser-was whilom the commodious resting-place of Brown on Urn Burial.<sup>1</sup> C. will hardly allege that he knows more about that treatise than I do, who introduced it to him, and was indeed the first (of the moderns) to discover its beanties-but so have I known a foolish lover to praise his mistress in the presence of a rival more qualified to carry her off than himself .--- Just below Dodsley's dramas<sup>2</sup> want their fourth volume, where Vittoria Corombona is!<sup>3</sup> The remainder nine are as distasteful as Priam's refuse sons, when the Fates borrowed Hector.<sup>4</sup> Here stood the Anatomy of Melancholy,<sup>5</sup> in sober state.—There loitered the Complete Angler; <sup>6</sup> quiet as in life, by some stream side.—In yonder nook, John Bunele,<sup>7</sup> a widower-volume, with "eves closed," mourns his ravished mate.

One justice I must do my friend, that if he sometimes, like the sea, sweeps away a treasure, at another time, sea-like, he throws up as rich an equivalent to match it. I have a small under-collection of this nature (my friend's gatherings in his various calls), picked up, he has forgotten at what odd places, and deposited with as little memory at mine. I take in these orphans, the twice-deserted. These prosclytes of the gate are welcome as the true Hebrews. There they stand in conjunction; natives, and naturalized. The latter seemed as little disposed to inquire out their true lineage as I am.—I charge no warehouseroom for these deodands, nor shall ever put myself to the ungentlemanly trouble of advertising a sale of them to pay expenses.

To lose a volume to C.<sup>1</sup> carries some sense and meaning in it. You are sure that he will make one hearty meal on your viands, if he can give no account of the platter after it. But what moved thee, wayward, spiteful K.,<sup>2</sup> to be so importunate to carry off with thee, in spite of tears and adjurations to thee to forbear, the Letters of that princely woman, the thrice noble Margaret Newcastle? <sup>3</sup>—knowing at the time, and knowing that I knew also, thou most assuredly wouldst never turn over one leaf of the illustrious folio :—what but the mere spirit of contradiction, and childish love of getting the better of thy friend?— Then, worst cut of all! to transport it with thee to the Gallican land—

Unworthy land to harbor such a sweetness, A virtue in which all ennobling thoughts dwelt, Pure thoughts, kind thoughts, high thoughts, her sex's wonder! ——hadst thou not thy play-books, and books of jests and fancies, abont thee, to keep thee merry, even as thon keepest all companies with thy quips and mirthful tales?—Child of the Green-room, it was unkindly done of thee. Thy wife, too, that part-French, better-part Englishwoman!—that *she* could fix upon no other treatise to bear away in kindly token of remembering us, than the works of Fulke Greville, Lord Brook <sup>1</sup>—of which no Frenchman, nor woman of France, Italy, or England, was ever by nature constituted to comprehend a tittle! *Was there not Zimmerman on Solitude*?<sup>2</sup>

Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection, be shy of showing it: or if thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such a one as S. T. C.—he will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury; enriched with annotations, tripling their value. I have had experience. Many are these precious MSS. of his— (in *matter* oftentimes, and almost in *quantity* not infrequently, vying with the originals)—in no very elerkly hand—legible in my Daniel; <sup>3</sup> in old Burton; in Sir Thomas Browne: and those abstruser cogitations of the Greville, now, alas! wandering in Pagan lands—I connsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library, against S. T. C.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE

## NEW YEAR'S EVE

EVERY man hath two birth-days; two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his normal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth *his*. In the gradual desuetude of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birth-day hath nearly passed away, or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand any thing in it beyond cake and orange. But the birth of a New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

Of all sound of all bells (bells, the music nighest bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the Old Year. I never hear it without a gathering-up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected—in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal color; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary, when he exclaimed

I saw the skirts of the departing Year.<sup>2</sup>

It is no more than what in sober sadness every one of us seems to be conscious of, in that awful leavetaking. I am sure I felt it, and all felt it with me, last night; though some of my companions affected rather to manifest an exhilaration at the birth of the coming year, than any very tender regrets for the decease of its predecessor. But I am none of those who—

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.1

I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties; new books; new faces, new years,-from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to face the prospective. I have almost ceased to hope; and am sanguine only in the prospects of other (former) years. I plunge into foregone visions and conclusions. I encounter pell-mell with past disappointments. I am armor-proof against old discouragements. I forgive, or overcome in faney, old adversaries. I play over again for love, as the gamesters phrase it, games, for which I once paid so dear. I would scarce now have any of those untoward accidents and events of my life reversed. I would no more alter them than the incidents of some well-contrived novel. Methinks, it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair, and fairer eyes of Alice W-n,<sup>2</sup> than that so passionate a love-adventure should be lost. It was better that our family should have missed that legacy which old Dorrell cheated us of, than that I

should have at this moment two thousand pounds *in banco*, and be without the idea of that specious old rogue.

In a degree beneath manhood, it is my infirmity to look back upon those early days. Do I advance a paradox, when I say, that, skipping over the intervention of forty years, a man may have leave to love *himself*, without the imputation of self-love?

If I know aught of myself, no one whose mind is introspective-and mine is painfully so-can have a less respect for his present identity, than I have for the man Elia. I know him to be light, and vain, and humorsome; a notorious \* : ad-\* \* dicted to \* \* \* : averse from counsel, neither taking it, nor offering it;- \* \* \* besides; a stammering buffoon; what you will; lay it on, and spare not; I subscribe to it all, and much more, than thou canst be willing to lay at his door-but for the child Elia-that "other me," there, in the background-I must take leave to cherish the remembrance of that young master-with as little reference, I protest, to this stupid changeling of five-andforty, as if it had been a child of some other house, and not of my parents. I can cry over its patient small-pox at five, and rougher medicaments. I can lay its poor fevered head upon the sick pillow at Christ's, and wake with it in surprise at the gentle posture of maternal tenderness hanging over it, that unknown had watched its sleep. I know how it shrank from any the least color of falsehood.-God

help thee, Elia, how art thou changed! Thou art sophisticated.—I know how honest, how courageous (for a weakling) it was—how religious, how imaginative, how hopeful! From what have I not fallen, if the child I remember was indeed myself,—and not some dissembling guardian, presenting a false identity, to give the rule to my unpracticed steps, and regulate the tone of my moral being!

That I am fond of indulging, beyond a hope of sympathy, in such retrospection, may be the symptom of some sickly idiosynerasy. Or is it owing to another cause; simply, that being without wife or family, I have not learned to project myself enough out of myself; and having no offspring of my own to dally with, I turn back upon memory, and adopt my own early idea, as my heir and favorite? If these speculations seem fantastical to thee, reader— (a busy man, perchanee), if I tread out of the way of thy sympathy, and am singularly-conceited only, I retire, impenetrable to ridicule, under the phantom cloud of Elia.

The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the Old Year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony.—In those days the sound of those midnight chimes though it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reekoning that eoneerned me. Not ehildhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now, shall I confess a truth ?--- I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to eount the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like miser's farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away "like a weaver's shuttle." Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluet at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernaele here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends: to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave.-Any alteration, on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household-gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores.<sup>1</sup> A new state of being staggers me.

Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delieious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fire-side conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out with life?

Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him?

And you, my midnight darlings, my Folios! must I part with the intense delight of having you (huge armfuls) in my embraces? Must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading?

Shall I enjoy friendships there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here, the reeognizable face—the "sweet assurance of a look"—?<sup>2</sup>

In winter this intolerable disinelination to dying to give it its mildest name—does more especially haunt and beset me. In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. At those times do such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality. Then we expand and bnrgeon. Then are we as strong again, as valiant again, as wise again, and a great deal taller. The blast that nips and shrinks me. puts me in thought of death. All things allied to the insubstantial, wait upon that master feeling; cold, numbness, dreams, perplexity; moonlight itself, with its shadowy and spectral appearanees,—that cold ghost of the sun, or Phœbus' sickly sister,<sup>1</sup> like that innutritious one denounced in the Canticles:<sup>2</sup>—I am none of her minions—I hold with the Persian.<sup>3</sup>

Whatsoever thwarts, or puts me out of my way, brings death into my mind. All partial evils, like humors, run into that capital plague-sore.-I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some have wooed death----but out upon thee, I say, thou foul, ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John)<sup>4</sup> give thee to six-score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as a universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy Privation, or more frightful and confounding Positive!

Those antidotes, prescribed against the fear of thee, are altogether frigid and insulting, like thyself. For what satisfaction hath a man, that he shall "lie down with kings and emperors in death."<sup>5</sup> who in his life-time never greatly coveted the society of such bedfellows?—or, forsooth, that, "so shall the fairest face appear?"—why, to comfort me, must

#### THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

Aliee W———n be a goblin? More than all, I conceive disgust at those impertinent and misbeeoming familiarities, inseribed upon your ordinary tombstones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that "such as he now is, I must shortly be." Not so shortly, friend, perhaps, as thou imaginest. In the meantime I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters! Thy New Years' Days are past. I survive, a jolly candidate for 1821. Another cup of wine—and while that turn-coat bell, that just now mournfully chanted the obsequies of 1820 departed, with changed notes lustily rings in a successor, let us attune to its peal the song made on a like occasion, by hearty, cheerful Mr. Cotton.—<sup>1</sup>

#### THE NEW YEAR

Hark, the coek erows, and yon bright star Tells us, the day himself's not far; And see where, breaking from the night, He gilds the western hills with light. With him old Janus<sup>2</sup> doth appear, Peeping into the future year, With such a look as seems to say, The prospect is not good that way. Thus do we rise ill sights to see, And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy; When the prophetic fear of things A more tormenting mischief brings, More full of soul-tormenting gall Than direst mischiefs can befall. But stay! but stay! methinks my sight, Better inform'd by elearer light, Discerns screneness in that brow, That all contracted seem'd but now. His revers'd face may show distaste, And frown upon the ills are past; But that which this way looks is clear, And smiles upon the New-born Year. He looks too from a place so high, The Year lies open to his eye; And all the moments open are To the exact discoverer. Yet more and more he smiles upon The happy revolution. Why should we then suspect or fear The influences of a year, So smiles upon us the first morn, And speaks us good so soon as born? Plague on't! the last was ill enough, This cannot but make better proof; Or, at the worst, as we brush'd through The last, why so we may this too; And then the next in reason shou'd Be superexcellently good: For the worst ills (we daily see) Have no more perpetuity, Than the best fortunes that do fall; Which also bring us wherewithal Longer their being to support, Than those do of the other sort: And who has one good year in three, And yet repines at destiny, Appears ungrateful in the ease, And merits not the good he has, Then let us welcome the New Guest With lusty brimmers of the best; Mirth always should Good Fortune meet,

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And render e'en Disaster sweet: And though the Princess turn her back, Let us but line ourselves with sack, We better shall by far hold out, Till the next Year she face about.

How say you, reader—do not these verses smack of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein? Do they not fortify like a cordial; enlarging the heart, and productive of sweet blood, and generous spirits, in the concoction? Where be those puling fears of death, just now expressed or affected?—Passed like a cloud—absorbed in the purging sunlight of clear poetry—clean washed away by a wave of genuine Helicon,<sup>1</sup> your only Spa<sup>2</sup> for these hypochondries— And now another cup of the generous! and a merry New Year, and many of them, to you all, my masters!

# MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST

"A CLEAR fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game." This was the celebrated wish of old Sarah Battle (now with God) who, next to her devotions, loved a good game at whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half and half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and lose another; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary, who has slipped a wrong eard, to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the eurse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said, that they do not play at eards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul; and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paeed partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no eoncessions. She hated favors. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight: eut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her eards) "like a daneer." She sat bolt upright; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that Hearts was her favorite suit.

I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuffbox when it was her turn to play; or snuff a eandle in the middle of a game; or ring for a servant, till it was fairly over. She never introduced or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were eards: and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine lastcentury countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand; and who, in his exeess of eandor, declared, that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She eould not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do,—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards—over a book.

Pope<sup>1</sup> was her favorite author: his Rape of the Loek<sup>2</sup> her favorite work. She onee did me the favor to play over with me (with the eards) his celebrated game of Ombre<sup>3</sup> in that poem; and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, tradrille. Her illustrations were apposite and poignant; and I had the pleasure of sending the substance of them to Mr. Bowles:<sup>4</sup> but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy and specious, and likely to allure young persons. The uncertainty and quick shifting of partners—a thing which the constancy of whist abhors; the dazzling supremacy and regal investiture of Spadille<sup>5</sup>—absurd, as she justly observed, in the pure aristocracy of whist, where his erown and garter gave him no proper power above his brother-nobility of the Aees:—the giddy vanity, so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone;— above all, the overpowering attractions of a Sans Prendre Vole,1-to the triumph of which there is eertainly nothing parallel or approaching, in the contingeneies of whist; -all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of eaptivation to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the soldier game: that was her word. It was a long meal; not like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might eoextend in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to eultivate steady enmities. She despised the ehanee-started, eapricious, and ever fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say, reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Italian states, depieted by Machiavel; 2 perpetually ehanging postures and eonnections; bitter foes today, sugared darlings to-morrow; kissing and scratching in a breath ;--but the wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, rational, antipathies of the great French and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favorite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in eribbage—nothing superfluous. No *flushcs*—that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being ean set up:—that anyone should claim four by virtue of holding eards of the same mark and color, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretentions of the eards themselves! She held this to be a solecism; as pitiful an ambition at eards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the colors of things. Suits were soldiers, she would say, and must have a uniformity of array to distinguish them; but what should we say to a foolish squire, who should claim a merit for dressing up his tenantry in red jackets, that never were to be marshaled-never to take the field?-She even wished that whist were more simple than it is; and, in my mind, would have stripped it of some appendages, which, in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even commendably allowed of. She saw no reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps ?-- Why two colors, when the mark of the suits would have sufficiently distinguished them withont it?---

"But the eye, my dear Madam, is agreeably refreshed with the variety. Man is not a creature of pure reason—he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings draw in many to worship, whom your quaker spirit of unsensualizing would have kept out.—You, yourself, have a pretty collection of paintings—but confess to me, whether, walking in your gallery at Sandham, among those clear Vandykes,<sup>1</sup> or among the Paul Potters<sup>2</sup> in the ante-room, you ever felt your bosom glow with an elegant delight, at all comparable to *that* you have it in your power to experience most evenings over a well-arranged assortment of the court cards?—the pretty antie habits, like heralds in a procession—the gay triumph-assuring searlets the contrasting deadly-killing sables—the 'hoary majesty of spades'—Pam in all his glory! <sup>1</sup>—

"All these might be dispensed with; and, with their naked names upon the drab pasteboard, the game might go on very well, pietureless. But the beauty of eards would be extinguished forever. Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into mere gambling.-Imagine a dull deal board, or drum head, to spread them on, instead of that nice verdant carpet (next to nature's), fittest arena for those courtly combatants to play their gallant jousts and tourneys in !---Exchange those delicately turned ivory markers-(work of Chinese artist, unconseious of their symbol,-or as profanely slighting their true application as the arrantest Ephesian journeyman<sup>2</sup> that turned out those little shrines for the goddess)-exchange them for little bits of leather (our aneestors' money) or chalk and a slate!"---

The old lady, with a smile, confessed the soundness of my logic; and to her approbation of my arguments on her favorite topic that evening, I have always fancied myself indebted for the legacy of a eurious cribbage board, made of the finest Sienna marble,<sup>3</sup> which her maternal unele (Old Walter Plumer,<sup>4</sup> whom I have elsewhere eclebrated) brought with him from Florence:—this, and a trifle of five hundred pounds came to me at her death.

The former bequest (which 1 do not least value) I have kept with religious care; though she herself, to confess a truth, was never greatly taken with cribbage. It was an essentially vulgar game, I have heard her say,-disputing with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She could never heartily bring her mouth to pronounce "go," or "that's a go." She called it an ungrammatical game. The pegging teased her. I onee knew her to forfeit a rubber (a five dollar stake), because she would not take advantage of the turned-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she must have claimed by the disgraceful tennre of deelaring "two for his hecls." There is something extremely genteel in this sort of self-denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

Piquet she held the best game at the eards for two persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms—such as pique repique—the capot they savored (she thought) of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly eared for. She loved the quadrate, or square. She would argne thus:—Cards are warfare: the ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war, in disguise of a sport: when single adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves, it is too close a fight: with spectators, it is not much bettered. No looker-on can be interested, except for a bet, and then it is a mere affair of money; he cares not for your luck sympathetically, or for your play.—Three are still worse; a mere naked war of every man against every man, as in eribbage, without league or alliance; or a rotation of petty and contradictory interests, a succession of heartless leagues, and not much more hearty infractions of them, as in tradrille. But in square games (she meant whist) all that is possible to be attained in eard-playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honor, common to every species-though the latter ean be but very imperfectly enjoyed in those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participator. But the parties in whist are spectators and principals too. They are a theater to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neutrality, or interests beyond its sphere. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold-or even an interested -bystander witnesses it, but because your parlner sympathizes in the contingency. You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories. Two losing to two are better reconciled, than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War becomes a eivil game .- By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favorite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play

at any game where any chance entered into the composition, for nothing. Chanee, she would argue -and here again, admire the subtlety of her conelusion !--ehanec is nothing, but where something else depends upon it. It is obvious, that cannot be glory. What rational eause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size aee a hundred times together by himself? or before spectators, where no stake was depending ?- Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tiekets with but one fortunate numberand what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times successively, without a prize? -Therefore she disliked the mixture of ehance in backgammon, where it was not played for money. She ealled it foolish, and those people idiots, who were taken with a lucky hit under such eireumstanees. Games of pure skill were as little to her faney. Played for a stake, they were a more system of over-reaching. Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man's wit-his memory, or combination-faculty rather-against another's; like a moek engagement at a review, bloodless and profitless .- She could not conecive a game wanting the sprightly infusion of chance,-the handsome exenses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a eorner of a room whilst whist was stirring in the eenter, would inspire her with unsufferable horror and ennui. Those well-cut similitudes of Castles. and Knights, the imagery of the board, she would

argue (and I think in this ease justly) were entircly misplaced, and senseless. Those hard head-contests ean in no instance ally with the faney. They reject form and eolor. A pencil and dry slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such combatants.

To those puny objectors against eards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort, that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other :- that this passion ean searcely be more safely expended than upon a game of eards: that cards are a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; for we do but play at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings arc at stake, yet, during the illusion, we are as mightily concerned as those whose stake is erowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; much ado; great battling, and little blood shed; mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious games of life, which men play, without esteeming them to be such.----

With great deference to the old lady's judgment on these matters, I think I have experienced some moments in my life, when playing at eards for nothing has even been very agreeable. When I am in sickness, or not in the best spirits, I sometimes call for the eards, and play a game at piquet for love with my cousin Bridget—Bridget Elia.<sup>1</sup>

I grant there is something sneaking in it: but with a toothache or a sprained ankle,-when you are subdued and humble,—you are glad to put up with an inferior spring of action.

There is such a thing in nature, I am convinced, as sick whist.—

I grant it is not the highest style of man—I depreeate the manes of Sarah Battle—she lives not, alas! to whom I should apologize.—

At such times those *terms* which my old friend objected to, come in as something admissible.—I love to get a tierce or a quatorze, though they mean nothing. I am subdued to an inferior interest. Those shadows of winning amuse me.

That last game I had with my sweet cousin (I capotted her)—(dare I tell thee how foolish I am?)— I wished it might have lasted for ever, though we gained nothing, and lost nothing, though it was a mere shade of play: I would be content to go on in that idle folly for ever. The pipkin should be ever boiling, that was to prepare the gentle lemitive to my foot, which Bridget was doomed to apply after the game was over: and as I do not much relish appliances, there it should ever bubble. Bridget and I should be ever playing.

### A CHAPTER ON EARS

I HAVE no ear-----

Mistake me not, reader,—nor imagine that I am by nature destitute of those exterior twin appendages, hanging ornaments, and (architecturally speaking) handsome volutes to the human eapital. Better my mother had never borne me.—I am, I think, rather delicately than eopiously provided with those eouduits; and I feel no disposition to envy the mule for his plenty, or the mole for her exactness, in those ingenious labyrinthine inlets—those indispensable side-intelligencers.

Neither have I incurred, nor done anything to ineur, with Defoe,<sup>1</sup> that hideous disfigurement, which constrained him to draw upon assurance—to feel "quite unabashed," and at ease upon that article. I was never, I thank my stars, in the pillory; nor, if I read them aright, is it within the compass of my destiny, that I ever should be.

When therefore I say that I have no ear, you will understand me to mean—for music.—To say that this heart never melted at the coneourse of sweet sounds, would be a foul self-libel .--- "Water parted from the sea" never fails to move it strangely. So does "In Infancy." But they were used to be sung at her harpsichord (the old-fashioned instrument in vogue in those days) by a gentlewomanthe gentlest, sure, that ever merited the appellationthe sweetest-why should I hesitate to name Mrs. S----,<sup>2</sup> once the blooming Fanny Weatheral of the Temple-who had power to thrill the soul of Elia, small imp as he was, even in his long coats; and to make him glow, tremble, and blush with a passion, that not faintly indicated the day-spring of that absorbing sentiment, which was afterwards destined

to overwhelm and subdue his nature quite, for Alice W----n.

I even think that *sentimentally* I am disposed to harmony. But *organically* I am incapable of a tune. I have been practicing "God save the King" all my life; whistling and humming of it over to myself in solitary eorners; and am not yet arrived, they tell me within many quavers of it. Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached.

I am not without suspieion, that I have an undeveloped faculty of music within me. For, thrumming, in my wild way, on my friend A.'s piano, the other morning, while he was engaged in an adjoining parlor,-on his return he was pleased to say, "he thought it could not be the maid!" On his first surprise at hearing the keys touched in somewhat an airy and masterful way, not dreaming of me, his suspicions had lighted on Jenny. But a grace, snatched from a superior refinement, soon convinced him that some being,-technically perhaps deficient, but higher informed from a principle common to all the fine arts,-had swayed the keys to a mood which Jenny, with all her (less cultivated) entlusiasm, could never have elicited from them. I mention this as a proof of my friend's penetration and not with any view of disparaging Jenny.

Scientifically I could never be made to understand (yet have I taken some pains) what a note in music is; or how one note should differ from another. Much less in voices can I distinguish a soprano from a tenor. Only sometimes the thorough bass I contrive to guess at, from its being supereminently harsh and disagreeable. I tremble, however, for my misapplication of the simplest terms of *that* which I disclaim. While I profess my ignorance, I scarce know what to *say* I am ignorant of. I hate, perhaps, by misnomers. *Sostenuto* and *adagio*<sup>1</sup> stand in the like relation of obscurity to me; and *Sol*, *Fa*, *Mi*, *Re*, is as conjuring as *Baralipton*.<sup>2</sup>

It is hard to stand alone—in an age like this,— (constituted to the quick and critical perception of all harmonious combinations, I verily believe, beyond all preceding ages, since Jubal<sup>3</sup> stumbled upon the gamut) to remain, as it were, singly unimpressible to the magic influences of an art, which is said to have such an especial stroke at soothing, elevating and refining the passions.—Yet rather than break the candid current of my confessions, I must avow to you, that I have received a great deal more pain than pleasure from this so cried-up faculty.

I am constitutionally susceptible of noises. A carpenter's hammer, in a warm summer noon, will fret me into more than midsummer madness. But those unconnected, unset sounds are nothing to the measured malice of music. The ear is passive to those single strokes; willingly enduring stripes, while it hath no task to con. To music it cannot be passive. It will strive—mine at least will—'spite of its inaptitude to thrid the maze; like an unskilled eye painfully pouring upon hieroglyphics. I have sat through an Italian Opera, till, for sheer pain, and inexplicable anguish, I have rushed out into the noisiest places of the erowded streets, to solaee myself with sounds, which I was not obliged to follow, and get rid of the distracting torment of endless, fruitless, barren attention! I take refnge in the unpretending assemblage of honest, ecommon-life sounds;—and the purgatory of the Enraged Musician becomes my paradise.

I have sat at an Oratorio (that profanation of the purposes of the eheerful playhouse) watching the faces of the auditory in the pit (what a contrast to Hogarth's Laughing Audience!) immovable, or affecting some faint emotion,—till (as some have said, that our occupations in the next world will be but a shadow of what delighted ns in this) I have imagined myself in some cold Theater in Hades,<sup>1</sup> where some of the *forms* of the earthly one should be kept up, with none of the *cnjoyment*; or like that—

> ------Party in a parlor," All silent, and all DAMNED:

Above all, those insufferable concertos, and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and embitter my apprehension.—Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to be long a dying, to lie stretched upon a rack of roses: to keep up langnor by unintermitted effort; to pile honey upon sugar, and sugar upon honey, to an interminable tedious sweetness; to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames, and be foreed to make the pietures for yourself; to read a book, *all stops*, and be obliged to supply the verbal matter; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mime—these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest-executed pieces of this empty *instrumental music*.

I deny not, that in the opening of a concert, I have experienced something vastly lulling and agreeable :--- afterwards followeth the languor, and the oppression. Like that disappointing book in Patmos;<sup>1</sup> or, like the comings on of melancholy, described by Burton, doth music make her first insinuating approaches :--- "Most pleasant it is to such as are melancholy given, to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by some brook side, and to meditate upon some delightsome and pleasant subject, which shall affect him most, amabilis insania, and mentis gratissimus error.<sup>2</sup> A most incomparable delight to build eastles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose, and strongly imagine, they act, or that they see done.—So delightsome these toys at first, they eould spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years in such contemplations, and fantastical meditations, which are like so many dreams, and will hardly be drawn from them-winding and unwinding themselves as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humors, until at last the SCENE TURNS UPON A SUDDEN, and they being now habitated to such meditations, and solitary places, can endure no company, can think of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, *subrusticus pudor*,<sup>1</sup> discontent, cares, and weariness of life, surprise them on a sudden, and they can think of nothing else: continually suspecting, no sooner are their eyes open, but this infernal plague of melancholy seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object to their minds; which now, by no means, no labor, no persuasions they can avoid, they cannot be rid of it, they cannot resist.''

Something like this "SCENE-TURNING" I have experienced at the evening parties, at the house of my good Catholie friend  $Nov - j^2$  who, by the aid of a capital organ, himself the most finished of players, converts his drawing-room into a chapel, his week days into Sundays, and these latter into minor heavens.\*

When my friend commences upon one of those solemn anthems which peradventure struck upon my heedless ear, rambling in the side aisles of the dim abbey, some five and thirty years since, waking a new sense, and putting a soul of old religion into my young apprehension—whether it be *that*, in which the psalmist, weary of the persecutions of bad men, wisheth to himself dove's wings—or *that other*, which, with a like measure of sobriety and pathos, inquireth by what

> \* I have been there, and still would go: 'Tis like a little heaven below.— Dr. Watts.

means the young man shall best eleanse his mind a holy ealm pervadeth me,—I am for the time.

And possess joys not promised at my birth

But when this master of the spell, not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power, to infliet more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive, -impatient to overcome her "earthly" with his "heavenly,"-still pouring in, for protraeted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, or from that inexhausted German ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions Haydn and Mozart,1 with their attendant tritons, Bach, Beethoven,<sup>2</sup> and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps,-I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wit's end; ---- clouds, as of frankineense, oppress me-priests, altars, eensers, dazzle before me-the genius of his religion hath me in her toils-a shadowy triple tiara invests the brow of my friend, fate so naked, so ingenious-he is Pope,-and by him sits, like as in the anomaly of dreams, a she-Pope too,-tri-eoroneted like himself! I am eonverted, and yet a Protestant ;- at onee mallcus hereticorum,3 and myself grand heresiarch: or three heresies center in my person :-- I am Marcion, Ebion, and Cerinthus—Gog and Magog 4—what not ?—till the coming in of the friendly supper-tray dissipates the figment, and a draught of true Lutheran beer (in which ehiefly

#### THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

my friend shows himself no bigot) at once reconciles me to the rationalities of a purer faith; and restores to me the genuine unterrifying aspects of my pleasantcountenanced host and hostess.

## ALL FOOLS' DAY

THE compliments of the season to my worthy masters, and a merry first of April to us all!

Many happy returns of this day to you—and you and you, Sir—nay, never frown, man, nor put a long face upon the matter. Do not we know one another? what need of ceremony among friends? we have all a touch of that same—you understand me—a speek of the motley. Beshrew the man who on such a day as this, the general festival, should affect to stand aloof. I am none of those sneakers. I am free of the corporation, and care not who knows it. He that meets me in the forest to-day, shall meet with no wise-acre, I can tell him. Stultus sum.<sup>2</sup> Translate me that, and take the meaning of it to yourself for your pains. What, man, we have four quarters of the globe on our side, at the least computation.

Fill us a cup of that sparkling gooseberry—we will drink no wise, melancholy, politic port on this day and let us troll the catch of Amiens—duc ad mc duc ad me<sup>3</sup>—how goes it?

> Here shall he see Gross fools as he.<sup>4</sup>

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Now would I give a trifle to know historically and authentically, who was the greatest fool that ever lived. I would certainly give him in a bumper. Marry, of the present breed, I think I could without much difficulty name you the party.

Remove your eap a little further, if you please; it hides my bauble. And now each man bestride his hobby, and dust away his bells to what tune he pleases. I will give you for my part,

Good master Empedoeles,<sup>1</sup> you are welcome. It is long since you went a salamander-gathering down Ætna. Worse than samphire-picking by some odds. 'Tis a mercy your worship did not singe your mustachios.

Ha! Cleombrotus!<sup>2</sup> and what salads in faith did you light upon at the bottom of the Mediterranean? You were founder, I take it, of the disinterested seet of the Calenturists.<sup>3</sup>

Gebir,<sup>4</sup> my old free-mason, and prinee of plasterers at Babel,<sup>5</sup> bring in your trowel, most Aneient Grand! You have claim to a seat here at my right hand, as patron of the stammerers. You left your work, if I remember Herodotus <sup>6</sup> correctly, at eight hundred million toises, or thereabout, above the level of the sea. Bless us, what a long bell you must have pulled, to call your top workmen to their nunchion on the low grounds of Senmaar.<sup>7</sup> Or did you send up your garlick and onions by a rocket? I am a rogue if I am not ashamed to show you our Monument on Fish Street Hill, after your altitudes. Yet we think it somewhat.

What, the magnanimous Alexander in tears?<sup>1</sup> ery, baby, put its finger in its eye, it shall have another globe, round as an orange, pretty moppet!

Mister Adams——'odso, I honor your eoat—pray do us the favor to read to us that sermon, which you lent to Mistress Slipslop—the twenty and second in your portmanteau there—on Female Incontinence the same—it will come in most irrelevantly and impertinently seasonable to the time of the day.

Good Master Raymond Lully,<sup>2</sup> you look wise. Pray correct that error.——

Duns,<sup>3</sup> spare your definitions. I must fine you a bumper, or a paradox. We will have nothing said or done syllogistically this day. Remove those logical forms, waiter, that no gentleman break the tender shins of his apprehension stumbling across them.

Master Stephen, you are late.—Ha! Cokes, is it you?—Agueeheek, my dear knight, let me pay my devoir to yon.—Master Shallow, your worship's poor servant to command.—Master Silence, I will use few words with you.—Slender,<sup>4</sup> it shall go hard if I edge not you in somewhere.—You six will engross all the poor wit of the company to-day.—I know it, I know it.

Ha! honest R—\_\_\_,<sup>5</sup> my fine old Librarian of Ludgate, time out of mind, art thou here again? Bless

thy doublet, it is not over-new, threadbare as thy stories:—what dost thou flitting about the world at this rate?—Thy eustomers are extinet, defunct, bedrid, have eeased to read long ago.—Thou goest still among them, seeing if, peradventure, thou eanst hawk a volume or two.—Good Granville S——,<sup>1</sup> thy last patron is flown.

> King Pandion, he is dead, All thy friends are lapt in lead.<sup>2</sup>—

Nevertheless, noble R-----, come in, and take your seat here, between Armado and Quisada: 3 for in true courtesy, in gravity, in fantastic smiling to thyself, in courteous smiling upon others, in the goodly ornathre of well-appareled speech, and the commendation of wise sentences, thou art nothing inferior to those accomplished Dons of Spain. The spirit of chivalry forsake me for ever, when I forget thy singing the song of Macheath,<sup>4</sup> which declares that he might be happy with either, situated between those two aneient spinsters-when I forget the inimitable formal love which thon didst make, turning now to the one, and now to the other, with that Malvolian smile 5-as if Cervantes, not Gay,<sup>6</sup> had written it for his hero; and as if thousands of periods must revolve, before the mirror of courtesy could have given his invidions preference between a pair of so goodly-propertied and meritorious-equal damsels.

To descend from these altitudes, and not to protract our Fools' Banquet beyond its appropriate day,

### THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

-for I fear the second of April is not many hours distant-in sober verity I will confess a truth to thee, reader. I love a Fool-as naturally, as if I were of kith and kin to him. When a child, with childlike apprehensions, that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those Parables-not guessing at their involved wisdom-I had more yearnings towards that simple architect, that built his house upon the sand, than I entertained for his more eautious neighbor; I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and-prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat unfeminine wariness of their competitors-I felt a kindliness, that almost amounted to a tendre, for those five thoughtless virgins-I have never made an aequaintance since, that lasted; or a friendship, that answered; with any that had not some tineture of the absurd in their characters. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth yon, that he will not betray or overreach you. I love the safety which a palpable hallueination warrants; the security, which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it yon, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, had pounds of much worse matter in his composition. It is observed, that "the foolisher the fowl or fish woodcoeks,-dotterels.-eod's-heads, etc., the finer the flesh thereof," and what are commonly the world's re-

ceived fools, but such whereof the world is not worthy? and what have been some of the kindliest patterns of our species, but so many darlings of absurdity, minions of the goddess, and her white boys?— Reader, if you wrest my words beyond their fair construction, it is you, and not I, that are the *April Fool*.

#### A QUAKERS' MEETING

Still-born Silence? thou that art Flood-gate of the deeper heart! Offspring of a heavenly kind! Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind! Secrecy's confidant, and he Who makes religion mystery! Admiration's speaking'st tongue! Leave, thy desert shades among, Reverend hermits' hallowed cells, Where retired devotion dwells! With thy enthusiasus come, Seize our tongues, and strike us dumb! \*

READER, would'st thou know what true peace and quiet mean: would'st thou find a refuge from the noises and clamors of the multitude; would'st thou enjoy at once solitude and society; would'st thou possess the depth of thine own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; would'st thou be alone, and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance;—a unit in aggre-

.\* From " Poems of all sorts," by Richard Fleckno, 1653.

gate; a simple in composite:—come with me into a Quakers' Meeting.

Dost thou love silence deep as that "before the winds were made?" go not out into the wilderness, descend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy easements; nor pour wax into the little eells of thy cars, with little-faith'd self-mistrusting Ulysses.<sup>1</sup>—Retire with me into a Quakers' Meeting.

For a man to refrain even from good words, and to hold his peace, it is commendable; but for a multitude, it is great mastery.

What is the stillness of the desert, compared with this place? what the uncommunicating muteness of fishes?—here the goddess reigns and revels.—"Boreas, and Cesias, and Argestes loud,"<sup>2</sup> do not with their inter-confounding uproars more augment the brawlnor the waves of the blown Baltic with their clubbed sounds—than their opposite (Silence her sacred self) is multiplied and rendered more intense hy numbers, and by sympathy. She too hath her deeps, that call into deeps. Negation itself hath a positive more or less; and closed eyes would seem to obscure the great obscurity of midnight.

There are wounds, which an imperfect solitude cannot heal. By imperfect I mean that which a man enjoyeth by himself. The perfect is that which he ean sometimes attain in crowds, but nowhere so absohitely as in a Quakers' Meeting.—Those first hermits did certainly nuderstand this principle, when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals,

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to enjoy one another's want of eonversation. The Carthusian <sup>1</sup> is bound to his brethren by this agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness. In secular occasions, what so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long winter evening, with a friend sitting by—say, a wife—he, or she, too (if that be probable), reading another, without interruption, or oral communication? —ean there be no sympathy without the gabble of words?—away with this inhuman, shy, single, shadeand-cavern-haunting solitariness. Give me, Master Zimmerman,<sup>2</sup> a sympathetic solitude.

To pace alone in the cloisters, or side aisles of some cathedral, time-stricken:

> Or under hauging mountains, Or by the fall of fountains;

is but a vulgar luxury, compared with that which those enjoy, who come together for the purposes of more complete, abstracted solitude. This is the loneliness "to be felt."——The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn,<sup>3</sup> so spirit-soothing, as the naked walls and benches of a Quakers' Meeting. Here are no tombs, no inscriptions,

but here is something, which throws Antiquity herself into the foreground—SILENCE—eldest of things language of old Night—primitive Discourser—to which the insolent decays of moldering grandeur have but arrived by a violent, and, as we may say, unnatural progression.

How reverend is the view of these hushed heads, Looking tranquillity!

Nothing-plotting, nonght-caballing, unmischievous synod ! convocation without intrigue ! parliament without debate! what a lesson dost thou read to Council, and to consistory! if my pen treat of you lightlyas haply it will wander-yet my spirit hath gravely felt the wisdom of your custom, when sitting among you in deepest peace, which some out-welling tears would rather confirm than disturb, I have reverted to the times of your beginnings, and the sowings of the seed by Fox 1 and Dewesbury .-- I have witnessed that, which brought before my eyes your heroic tranquillity, inflexible to the rude jests and serious violences of the insolent soldiery, republican or royalist, sent to molest you-for ye sate betwixt the fires of two persecutions, the outcast and off-scowering of ehurch and presbytery .--- I have seen the reeling sea-ruffian, who had wandered into your receptacle, with the avowed intention of disturbing your quiet, from the very spirit of the place receive in a moment a new heart, and presently sit among ye as a lamb amidst lambs. And I remembered Penn before his accusers,<sup>2</sup> and Fox in the bail-dock, where he was lifted up in spirit, as he tells us, and "the Judge and the Jury became as dead men under his feet."

Reader, if you are not acquainted with it, I would

recommend to you, above all ehureh-narratives, to read Sewel's History of the Quakers.<sup>1</sup> It is in folio, and is the abstract of the journals of Fox, and the primitive Friends. It is far more edifying and affecting than anything you will read of Wesley, and his eolleagues. Here is nothing to stagger you, nothing to make you mistrust, no suspicion of alloy, no drop or dreg of the worldly or ambitious spirit. You will here read the true story of that much-injured, ridiculed man (who perhaps hath been a by-word in your mouth)—James Naylor:<sup>2</sup> what dreadful sufferings, with what patience, he endured even to the boring through of his tongue with red-hot irons without a murmur; and with what strength of mind, when the delusion he had fallen into, which they stigmatized for blasphemy, had given way to elearer thoughts, he could renounce his error, in a strain of the beautifulest humility, yet keep his first grounds, and be a Quaker still !--- so different from the practice of your eommon converts from enthusiasm, who, when they apostatize, apostatize all, and think they ean never get far enough from the society of their former errors, even to the renunciation of some saving truths, with which they had been mingled, not implieated.

Get the Writings of John Woolman<sup>3</sup> by heart; and love the early Quakers.

How far the followers of these good men in our days have kept to the primitive spirit, or in what proportion they have substituted formality for it, the Judge of Spirits can alone determine. I have seen faces in their assemblies, upon which the dove sate visibly brooding. Others again I have watched, when my thoughts should have been better engaged, in which I could possibly detect nothing but a blank inanity. But quiet was in all, and the disposition to unanimity, and the absence of the fierce controversial workings. -If the spiritual pretensions of the Quakers have abated, at least they make few pretenses. Hypocrites they certainly are not, in their preaching. It is seldom indeed that you shall see one get up amongst them to hold forth. Only now and then a trembling female, generally ancient, voice is heard-you cannot guess from what part of the meeting it proceeds-with a low buzzing, musical sound, laying out a few words which "she thought might suit the condition of some present," with a quaking diffidence, which leaves no possibility of supposing that any thing of female vanity was mixed up, where the tones were so full of tenderness, and a restraining modesty.-The men. for what I have observed, speak seldomer.

Once only, and it was some years ago, I witnessed a sample of the old Foxian orgasm. It was a man of giant stature, who, as Wordsworth phrases it, might have danced "from head to foot equipt in iron mail." His frame was of iron too. But *he* was malleable. I saw him shake all over with the spirit— I dare not say, of delusion. The strivings of the outer man were mutterable—he seemed not to speak, but to be spoken from. I saw the strong man bowed down, and his knees to fail—his joints all seemed loosening—

it was a figure to set off against Paul Preachingthe words he uttered were few, and sound-he was evidently resisting his will-keeping down his own wordwisdom with more mighty effort, than the world's orators strain for theirs. "IIe had been a WIT in his youth," he told us, with expressions of a sober remorse. And it was not till long after the impression had begun to wear away, that I was enabled, with something like a smile, to recall the striking incongruity of the confession—understanding the term in its worldly acceptation-with the frame and physiognomy of the person before me. His brow would have seared away the Levites-the Joeos Risus-que 1faster than the Loves fled the face of Dis at Enna.<sup>2</sup> By wit, even in his youth, I will be sworn he understood something far within the limits of an allowable liberty.

More frequently the Meeting is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon, not made with hands. You have been in the milder eaverns of Trophonius; <sup>3</sup> or as in some den, where that fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures, the TONGUE, that unruly member, has strangely lain tied up and captive. You have bathed with stillness.—O when the spirit is sore fettered, even tired to siekness of the janglings, and nonsense noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is, to go and seat yourself for a quiet half hour, upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers! Their garb and stillness conjoined, present an uniformity, tranquil and herd-like—as in the pasture— "forty feeding like one."—

The very garments of a Quaker seem ineapable of receiving a soil; and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lify; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsnn-conferences,<sup>1</sup> whitening the casterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones.<sup>2</sup>

# THE OLD AND THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER.

My reading has been lamentably desultory and immethodical. Odd, out of the way, old English plays, and treatises, have supplied me with most of my notions, and ways of feeling. In every thing that relates to science, I am a whole Encyclopædia behind the rest of the world. I should have scarcely eut a figure among the franklins, or country gentlemen, in King John's days. I know less geography than a school-boy of six weeks' standing. To me a map of old Ortelius \* is as authentie as Arrowsmith.<sup>5</sup> I do not know whereabout Africa merges into Asia; whether Ethiopia lie in one or other of those great divisions; nor can form the remotest conjecture of the position of New South Wales, or Van Dieman's Land.<sup>6</sup> Yet do I hold a eorrespondence with a very dear friend in the first-named of these two Terra Ineognita.<sup>7</sup> I have no astronomy. I do not know where to look for the Bear, or Charles's Wain; s the place of any star; or the name of any of

them at sight. I guess at Venus<sup>1</sup> only by her brightness-and if the sun on some portentous morn were to make his first appearance in the West, I verily believe, that, while all the world were gasping in apprehension about me, I alone should stand unterrified, from sheer incuriosity and want of observation. Of history and chronology I possess some vague points, such as one cannot help picking up in the course of miscellaneous study; but I never deliberately sat down to a chroniele, even of my own country. I have most dim apprehensions of the four great monarchies; and sometimes the Assyrian, sometimes the Persian, floats as first in my faney. I make the wildest conjectures concerning Egypt, and her shepherd kings. My friend  $M_{.,2}$  with great painstaking, got me to think I understood the first proposition in Euclid,<sup>3</sup> but gave me over in despair at the second. I am entirely unacquainted with the modern languages; and, like a better man than myself, have "small Latin and less Greek."<sup>4</sup> I am a stranger to the shapes and texture of the commonest trees, herbs, flowers-not from the circumstance of my being town-born-for I should have brought the same inobservant spirit into the world with me, had I first seen it, "on Devon's leafy shores,"-and am no less at a loss among purely townobjects, tools, engines, mechanic processes .--- Not that I affect ignorance-but my head has not many mansions, nor spacious; and I have been obliged to fill it with such eabinet curiosities as it can hold without aching. I sometimes wonder how I have passed my probation with so little discredit in the world, as I have done, upon so meager a stock. But the fact is, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out, in mixed eompany; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own, than to eall for a display of your acquisitions. But in a  $t\hat{c}tc-\hat{a}-t\hat{c}tc$  there is no shuffling. The truth will out. There is nothing which I dread so much, as the being left alone for a quarter of an hour with a sensible, well-informed man that does not know me. I lately got into a dilemma of this sort.—

In one of my daily jaunts between Bishopsgate and Shaeklewell, the coach stopped to take up a staid-looking gentleman, about the wrong side of thirty, who was giving his parting directions (while the steps were adjusting), in a tone of mild authority, to a tall youth, who seemed to be neither his elerk, his son, nor his servant, but something partaking of all three. The youth was dismissed, and we drove on. As we were the sole passengers, he naturally enough addressed his conversation to me; and we discussed the merits of the fare, the eivility and punctuality of the driver; the circumstance of an opposition coach having been lately set up, with the probabilities of its success-to all which I was enabled to return pretty satisfactory answers, having been drilled into this kind of etiquette by some years' daily practice of riding to and fro in the stage aforesaid-when he suddenly alarmed me by a startling question, whether I had seen the show of prize cattle that morning in Smithfield? Now as

I had not seen it, and do not greatly eare for such sort of exhibitions, I was obliged to return a cold negative. Ile seemed a little mortified, as well as astonished, at my deelaration, as (it appeared) he was just come fresh from the sight, and doubtless had hoped to compare notes on the subject. However he assured me that I had lost a fine treat, as it far exceeded the show of last year. We were now approaching Norton Falgate, when the sight of some shop-goods ticketed freshened him up into a dissertation upon the eheapness of eottons this spring. I was now a little in heart, as the nature of my morning avocations had brought me into some sort of familiarity with the raw material; and I was surprised to find how eloquent I was becoming on the state of the Indian market-when, presently, he dashed my incipient vanity to the earth at once, by inquiring whether I had ever made any calculation as to the value of the rental of all the retail shops in London. Had he asked of me, what song the Sirens 1 sang, or what name Aehilles assumed when he hid himself among women,<sup>2</sup> I might with Sir Thomas Browne, have hazarded a "wide solution." \* My companion saw my embarrassment, and, the almshouses beyond Shorediteh just coming in view, with great good-nature and dexterity shifted his conversation to the subject of public charities; which led to the comparative merits of provision for the poor in past and present times, with observations on the old monastie institutions, and charitable orders; but, find-

\* Urn Burial.

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ing me rather dimly impressed with some glimmering notions from old poetie associations, than strongly fortified with any speculations reducible to calculation on the subject, he gave the matter up; and, the country beginning to open more and more upon us, as we approached the turnpike at Kingsland (the destined termination of his journey), he put a home thrust upon me, in the most unfortunate position he could have chosen, by advancing some queries relative to the North Pole Expedition. While I was muttering out something about the Panorama of those strange regions (which I had actually seen), by way of parrying the question, the eoach stopping relieved me from any further apprehensions. My companion getting out, left me in the comfortable possession of my ignoranee; and I heard him, as he went off, putting questions to an outside passenger, who had alighted with him, regarding an epidemie disorder, that had been rife about Dalston; and which, my friend assured him, had gone through five or six schools in that neighborhood. The truth now flashed upon me, that my companion was a schoolmaster; and that the youth, whom he had parted from at our first acquaintance, must have been one of the bigger boys, or the usher .--He was evidently a kind-hearted man, who did not seem so much desirous of provoking discussion by the questions which he put, as of obtaining information at any rate. It did not appear that he took any interest, either, in such kind of inquiries, for their own sake; but that he was in some way bound to seek for

knowledge. A greenish-colored coat, which he had on, forbade me to surmise that he was a clergyman. The adventure gave birth to some reflections on the difference between persons of his profession in past and present times.

Rest to the souls of those fine old Pedagogues; the breed, long since extinct, of the Lilys, and the Linacres: 1 who believing that all learning was contained in the languages which they taught, and despising every other acquirement as superficial and useless, eame to their task as to a sport! Passing from infancy to age, they dreamed away all their days as in a grammar-school. Revolving in a perpetual cycle of declensions, conjugations, syntaxes, and prosodies; reuewing constantly the occupations which had charmed their studious childhood; rehearsing continually the part of the past; life must have slipped from them at last like one day. They were always in their first garden, reaping harvests of their golden time, among their Flori and their Spici-legia; in Arcadia<sup>2</sup> still, but kings; the ferule of their sway not much harsher, but of like dignity with that mild seepter attributed to king Basileus; the Greek and Latin, their stately Pamela and their Philoclea; with the occasional duncery of some untoward Tyro, serving for a refreshing interlude of a Mopsa, or a clown Damætas!<sup>3</sup>

With what a savor doth the Preface to Colet's,<sup>4</sup> or (as it is sometimes called) Paul's "Accidence," set forth! "To exhort every man to the learning of grammar, that intendeth to attain the understanding

of the tongues, wherein is contained a great treasury of wisdom and knowledge, it would seem but vain and lost labor; for so much as it is known, that nothing can surely be ended, whose beginning is either feeble or faulty: and no building be perfect, whereas the foundation and ground work is ready to fall, and unable to uphold the burden of the frame." How well doth this stately preamble (comparable to those which Milton commendeth as "having been the usage to prefix to some solemn law, then first promulgated by Solou, or Lyeurgus") 1 correspond with and illustrate that pious zeal for conformity, expressed in a succeeding elause, which would fence about grammarrules with the severity of faith-articles !--- "as for the diversity of grammars, it is well profitably taken away by the King's Majesties wisdom, who foreseeing the inconvenience, and favorably providing the remedie, caused one kind of grammar by sundry learned men to be diligently drawn, and so to be set out, only everywhere to be taught for the use of learners, and for the hurt in changing of schoolmasters." What a gusto in that which follows: "wherein it is profitable that he [the pupil] can orderly decline his noun and his verb." His noun!

The fine dream is fading away fast; and the least concern of a teacher in the present day is to inculcate grammar-rules.

The modern schoolmaster is expected to know a little of everything, because his pupil is required not to be entirely ignorant of anything. He must be superficially, if I may so say, omniscient. He is to know something of pneumatics; of chemistry; of whatever is curious, or proper to excite the attention of the youthful mind; an insight into mechanics is desirable, with a touch of statistics; the quality of soils, etc., botany, the constitution of his country, *cum multis aliis.*<sup>1</sup> You may get a notion of some part of his expected duties by consulting the famous Tractate on Education addressed to Mr. Hartlib.<sup>2</sup>

All these things—these, or the desire of them—he is expected to instil, not by set lessons from professors, which he may charge in the bill, but at school-intervals, as he walks the streets, or saunters through green fields (those natural instructors), with his pupils. The least part of what is expected from him, is to be done in school-hours. He must insinuate knowledge as the mollia tempora fandi.3 He must seize every occasion-the season of the year-the time of the daya passing cloud-a rainbow- a wagon of hay-a regiment of soldiers going by-to inculcate something useful. He can receive no pleasure from a casual glimpse of Nature, but must catch at it as an object of instruction. He must interpret beauty into the picturesque. He cannot relish a beggar-man, or a gipsy, for thinking of the suitable improvement. Nothing comes to him, not spoiled by the sophisticating medium of moral uses. The Universe-that Great Book, as it has been called—is to him indeed, to all intents and purposes, a book, out of which he is doomed to read tedious homilies to distasting schoolboys.—Vacations themselves are none to him, he is only rather worse off than before; for commonly he has some intrusive upper-boy fastened upon him at such times; some eadet of a great family; some neglected lump of nobility, or gentry; that he must drag after him to the play, to the Panorama, to Mr. Bartley's Orrery, to the Panopticon, or into the country, to a friend's house, or his favorite watering-place. Wherever he goes, this uneasy shadow attends him. A boy is at his board, and in his path, and in all his movements. He is boy-rid, sick of perpetual boy.

Boys are eapital fellows in their own way, among their mates; but they are unwholesome companions for grown people. The restraint is felt no less on the one side, than on the other.-Even a child, that "plaything for an hour," tires always. The noises of children, playing their own faneies-as I now hearken to them by fits, sporting on the green before my window, while I am engaged in these grave speculations at my neat suburban retreat at Shaeklewell-by distance made more sweet-inexpressibly take from the labor of my task. It is like writing to musie. They seem to modulate my periods. They ought at least to do sofor in the voice of that tender age there is a kind of poetry, far unlike the harsh prose-accents of man's eonversation .-- I should but spoil their sport, and diminish my own sympathy for them, by mingling in their pastime.

I would not be domesticated all my days with a person of very superior capacity to my own—not, if I

know myself at all, from any considerations of jealousy or self-comparison, for the oceasional communion with such minds has constituted the fortune and felieity of my life-but the habit of too constant intercourse with spirits above you, instead of raising you, keeps you down. Too frequent doses of original thinking from others, restrain what lesser portion of that faculty you may possess of your own. You get entangled in another man's mind, even as you lose yourself in another man's grounds. You are walking with a tall varlet, whose strides out-paee yours to lassitude. The constant operation of such potent agency would reduce me, I am convinced, to imbeeility. You may derive thoughts from others; your way of thinking, the mold in which your thoughts are east, must be your own. Intellect may be imparted, but not each man's intellectual frame ----

As little as I should wish to be always thus dragged upwards, as little (or rather still less) is it desirable to be stunted downwards by your associates. The trumpet does not more stun you by its loudness, than a whisper teases you by its provoking inaudibility.

Why are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a school-master?—because we are conscious that he is not quite at his case in ours. He is awkward, and out of place, in the society of his equals. He comes like Gulliver from among his little people, and he cannot fit the stature of his understanding to yours. He cannot meet you on the square. He wants a point given him, like an indifferent whist-player.

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He is so used to teaching, that he wants to be teaching you. One of these professors, upon my complaining that these little sketches of mine were any thing but methodical, and that I was unable to make them otherwise, kindly offered to instruct me in the method by which young gentlemen in *his* seminary were taught to compose English themes.—The jests of a schoolmaster are coarse, or thin. They do not *tell* out of school. He is under the restraint of a formal and didactive hypocrisy in company, as a elergyman is under a moral one. He can no more let his intellect loose in society, than the other can his inclinations.— He is forlorn among his co-evals; his juniors cannot be his friends.

"I take blame to myself," said a sensible man of this profession, writing to a friend respecting a youth who had quitted his school abruptly, "that your nephew was not more attached to me. But persons in my situation are more to be pitied, than can well be imagined. We are surrounded by young, and, consequently, ardently affectionate hearts, but we can never hope to share an atom of their affections. The relation of master and scholar forbids this. How pleasing this must be to you, how I envy your feelings, my friends will sometimes say to me, when they see young men, whom I have educated, return after some years' absence from school, their eves shining with pleasure, while they shake hands with their old master, bringing a present of game to me, or a toy to my wife, and thanking me in the warmest terms for my care of their

education. A holiday is begged for the boys; the house is a seene of happiness; I, only, am sad, at heart .- This fine-spirited and warm-hearted youth, who fancies he repays his master with gratitude for the eare of his boyish years-this young man-in the eight long years I watched over him with a parent's anxiety, never could repay me with one look of genuine feeling. He was proud, when I praised; he was submissive, when I reproved him; but he did never love me-and what he now mistakes for gratitude and kindness for me, is but the pleasant sensation, which all persons feel at revisiting the seene of their boyish hopes and fears; and the seeing on equal terms the man they were accustomed to look up to with reverence. My wife too," this interesting correspondent goes on to say; "my once darling Anna, is the wife of a schoolmaster .- When I married her-knowing that the wife of a schoolmaster ought to be a busy notable ereature, and fearing that my gentle Anna would ill supply the loss of my dear bustling mother, just then dead, who never sat still, was in every part of the house in a moment, and whom I was obliged sometimes to threaten to fasten down in a chair, to save her from fatigning herself to death-I expressed my fears, that I was bringing her into a way of life unsuitable to her; and she, who loved me tenderly, promised for my sake to exert herself to perform the duties of her new situation. She promised, and she has kept her word. What wonders will not a woman's love perform ?- My house is managed with a propriety and

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deeorum, unknown in other schools; my boys are well fed, look healthy, and have every proper accommodation; and all this performed with a careful economy, that never descends to meanness. But I have lost my gentle, helpless Anna !---When we sit down to enjoy an hour of repose after the fatigue of the day, I am compelled to listen to what have been her useful (and they are really useful) employments through the day, and what she proposes for her to-morrow's task. Her heart and her features are changed by the duties of her situation. To the boys she never appears other than the *master's wife*, and she looks up to me as the boys' master; to whom all show of love and affection would be highly improper, and unbecoming the dignity of her situation and mine. Yet this my gratitude forbids me to hint to her. For my sake she submitted to be this altered ereature, and ean I reproach her for it?"-For the communication of this letter, I am indebted to my cousin Bridget.

## VALENTINE'S DAY

HALL to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine !<sup>2</sup> Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable Archflamen of Hymen!<sup>3</sup> Immortal Go-between! who and what manner of person art thon? Art thou but a *name*, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mys-

terious personage! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar; not Jerome, nor Ambrose, nor Cyril; <sup>1</sup> nor the consigner of undipped infants to eternal torments, Austin,<sup>2</sup> whom all mothers hate; nor he who hated all mothers, Origen; <sup>3</sup> nor Bishop Bull, nor Arehbishop Parker, nor Whitgift.<sup>4</sup> Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little Loves, and the air is

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings.5

Singing Cupids<sup>6</sup> are thy choristers and thy preeentors; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee.

In other words, this is the day on which those charming little missives, yeleped Valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all for-spent twopenny postman sinks beneath a load of delieate embarrassments, not his own. It is scarcely credible to what an extent this ephemeral courtship is carried on in this loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knockers and bell-wires. In these little visual interpretations, no emblem is so common as the heart,-that little threecornered exponent of all our hopes and fears,-the bestuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera hat. What authority we have in history or mythology for placing the headquarters and metropolis of God Cupid in this anatomical seat rather than in any other, is not very clear; but we have got it, and it will serve as well as any other. Else we might easily imagine, upon some other system which might have prevailed for any thing which our pathology knows to the contrary, a lover addressing his mistress, in perfect simplicity of feeling, "Madame, my *liver* and fortune are entirely at your disposal;" or putting a delicate question, "Amanda, have you a *midriff* to bestow?" But eustom has settled these things, and awarded the seat of sentiment to the aforesaid triangle, while its less fortunate neighbors wait at animal and anatomical distance.

Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sounds, exceed in interest a knock at the door. It "gives a very eeho to the throne where Hope is seated." But its issues seldom answer to this oracle within. It is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. But of all the elamorous visitations the welcomest in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a Valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse that announced the fatal entrance of Dnnean,<sup>1</sup> so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that bringeth good tidings. It is less mechanical than on other days; you will say, "That is not the post I am sure." Visions of Love, of Cupids, of Hymens!-delightful eternal common-places, which "having been will always be;" which no school-boy nor school-man can write away; having your irreversible throne in the fancy and affections-what are your transports, when the happy maiden, opening with careful finger,

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eareful not to break the emblematic seal, bursts upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some type, some youthful faney, not without verses—

> Lovers all, A madrigal,

or some such device, not over abundant in senseyoung Love diselaims it,—and not quite silly—something between wind and water, a chorus where the sheep might almost join the shepherd, as they did, or as I apprehend they did, in Areadia.

All Valentines are not foolish; and I shall not easily forget thine, my kind friend (if I may have leave to eall you so) E. B.<sup>1</sup>-E. B. lived opposite a young maiden, whom he had often seen, unseen, from his parlor window in C-e Street. She was all joyousness and innocence, and just of an age to enjoy receiving a Valentine, and just of a temper to bear the disappointment of missing one with good humor. E. B. is an artist of no common powers; in the fancy parts of designing, perhaps inferior to none; his name is known at the bottom of many a well-exceuted vignette in the way of his profession, but no further; for E. B. is modest, and the world meets nobody half-way. E. B. meditated how he could repay this young maiden for many a favor she had done him unknown: for when a kindly face greets us, though but passing by, and never knows us again, nor we it, we should feel it as an obligation; and E. B. did. This good artist set himself at work to please the damsel. It was just

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before Valentine's day three years since. He wrought, unseen and uususpeeted, a wondrons work. We need not say it was on the finest gilt paper with bordersfull, not of common hearts and heartless allegory, but all the prettiest stories of love from Ovid,1 and older poets than Ovid (for E. B. is a scholar). There was Pyramus and Thisbe,<sup>2</sup> and be sure Dido <sup>3</sup> was not forgot, nor Hero and Leander,\* and swans more than sang in Cayster,<sup>5</sup> with mottoes and fanciful devices, such as beseemed,-a work, in short, of magie. Iris dipped the woof. This on Valentine's eve he commended to the all-swallowing indiscriminate orifice-(O ignoble trust !)-of the common post; but the humble medium did its duty, and from his watchful stand, the next morning, he saw the eheerful messenger knock, and by and by the precious charge delivered. He saw, unseen, the happy girl unfold the Valentine, dance about, elap her hands, as one after one the pretty emblems unfolded themselves. She danced about, not with light love, or foolish expectations, for she had no lover, or, if she had, none she knew that eould have created those bright images which delighted her. It was more like some fairy present; a God-send, as our familiarly pious ancestors termed a benefit received, where the benefactor was unknown. It would do her no harm. It would do her good for ever after. It is good to love the unknown. I only give this as a specimen of E. B. and his modest way of doing a concealed kindness.

Good-morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia; 6

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and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans of old Bishop Valentine, and his true church.

### IMPERFECT SYMPATHIES

I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathizeth with all things; I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy in anything. Those national repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch.— Religio Medici.

THAT the author of the Religio Medici,<sup>2</sup> mounted upon the airy stilts of abstraction, conversant about notional and conjectural essences; in whose categories of Being the possible took the upper hand of the actual; should have overlooked the impertinent individualities of such poor concretions as mankind, is not much to be admired. It is rather to be wondered at, that in the genius of animals he should have condescended to distinguish that species at all. For myself—earthbound and fettered to the scene of my activities,—

Standing on earth, not rapt above the sky,

I confess that I do feel the differences of mankind, national or individual, to an unhealthy excess. I can look with no indifferent eye upon things or persons. Whatever is, is to me a matter of taste or distaste; or when once it becomes indifferent, it begins to be disrelishing. I am, in plainer words, a bundle of prejudiees—made up of likings and dislikings—the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, antipathies. In a certain sense, I hope it may be said of me that I am a lover of my species. I can feel for all indifferently, but I eannot feel towards all equally. The more purely-English word that expresses sympathy will better explain my meaning. I can be a friend to a worthy man, who upon another account eannot be my mate or *fellow*. I eannot *like* all people alike.\*

I have been trying all my life to like Seotehmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in de-

\* I would be understood as confining myself to the subject of *imperfect sympathics*. To nations or classes of men there can be no direct *antipathy*. There may be individuals born and constellated so opposite to another individual nature, that the same sphere cannot hold them. I have met with my moral antipodes, and can believe the story of two persons meeting (who never saw one another before in their lives) and instantly fighting.

> We by proof find there should be 'Twixt man and man such an antipathy. That though he can show no just reason why For any former wrong or injury. Can neither find a blemish in his fame. Nor aught in face or feature justly blame. Can ehallenge or accuse him of no evil. Yet notwithstanding hates him as a devil.

The lines are from old Heywood's "Hierarchie of Angels," and he subjoins a eurious story in confirmation, of a Spaniard who attempted to assassinate a King Ferdinand of Spain, and being put to the rack could give no other reason for the deed but an inveterate antipathy which he had taken to the first sight of the King.

The cause which to that act compell'd him Was, he ne'er loved him since he first beheld him.

spair. They eannot like me-and in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenuous in their mode of proceeding. We know one another at first sight. There is an order of imperfect intellects (under which mine must be content to rank) which in its eonstitution is essentially anti-Caledonian.<sup>1</sup> The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to, have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretenses to much elearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intelleetual wardrobe (to eonfess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and seattered pieces of Truth. She presents no full front to them-a feature of side-face at the most. Hints and glimpses, germs and erude essays at a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game peradventure-and leave it to knottier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that lights them is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting; waxing, and again waning. Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it is worth. They eannot speak always as if they were upon their oath-but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defective discoveries as they arise, without waiting for their full development. They are no sys-

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tematizers, and would but err more by attempting it. Their minds, as I said before, are suggestive merely. The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. His Minerva<sup>1</sup> is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth-if, indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clockwork. You never eatch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests anything, but unlades his stock of ideas in perfect order and eompleteness. He brings his total wealth into eompany, and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. He never stoops to eatch a glittering something in your presence, to share it with you, before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not You eannot ery halves to anything that he finds. He does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian-you never see the first dawn, the early streaks .- He has no falterings of self-suspieion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half-intuitions, semi-consciousnesses, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions, have no place in his brain, or vocabulary. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox-he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border-land with him. You cannot hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path. You

cannot make excursions with him-for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates. His morality never abates. He cannot compromise, or understand middle actions. There can be but a right and a wrong. His conversation is as a book. His affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak upon the square with him. He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. "A healthy book!"---said one of his countrymen to me, who had ventured to give that appellation to John Buncle,1-"did I catch rightly what you said? I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that epithet can be properly applied to a book." Above all, you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blest with a vein of it. Remember you are upon your oath. I have a print of a graceful female after Leonardo da Vinei,<sup>2</sup> which I was showing off to Mr. \*\*\*\*. After he had examined it minutely, I ventured to ask him how he liked MY BEAUTY (a foolish name it goes by among my friends)-when he very gravely assured me, that "he had considerable respect for my character and talents" (so he was pleased to say), "but had not given himself much thought about the degree of my personal pretensions." The misconception staggered me, but did not seem much to disconcert him.-Persons of this nation are particularly fond of affirming a truth-which nobody doubts. They do not so properly af-

firm, as annunciate. They do indeed appear to have such a love of truth (as if, like virtue, it were valuable for itself) that all truth becomes equally valuable, whether the proposition that contains it be new or old, disputed, or such as is impossible to become a subject of disputation. I was present not long since at a party of North Britons, where a son of Burns 1 was expected; and happened to drop a silly expression (in my South British way), that I wished it were the father instead of the son-when four of them started up at onee to inform me, that "that was impossible, because he was dead." An impracticable wish, it seems, was more than they could conceive. Swift 2 has hit off this part of their character, namely, their love of truth, in his biting way, but with an illiberality that necessarily confines the passages to the margin.\* The tediousness of these people is certainly provoking. I wonder if they ever tire one another !-- In my early life I had a passionate fondness for the poetry of Burns. I have sometimes foolishly hoped to ingratiate myself with his countrymen by expressing it. But I have always found that a true Scot resents your admiration of his compatriot,

\* There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves and entertain their company, with relating facts of no consequence, not at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable.— Hints towards an Essay on Conversation. even more than he would your contempt of him. The latter he imputes to your "imperfect acquaintance with many of the words which he uses;" and the same objection makes it a presumption in you to suppose that you can admire him.—Thomson<sup>1</sup> they seem to have forgotten. Smollett<sup>2</sup> they have neither forgotten nor forgiven for his delineation of Rory and his companion,<sup>3</sup> upon their first introduction to our metropolis.—Speak of Smollett as a great genius, and they will retort upon you Hume's History <sup>4</sup> compared with *his* Continuation of it. What if the historian had continued "Humphrey Clinker"?

I have, in the abstract, no disrespect for Jews. They are a piece of stubborn antiquity, compared with which Stonchenge 5 is in its nonage. They date beyond the pyramids. But I should not care to be in habits of familiar intercourse with any of that nation. I confess that I have not the nerves to enter their synagogues. Old prejudices eling about me. I cannot shake off the story of Hugh of Lineoln.<sup>6</sup> Centuries of injury, contempt, and hate, on the one side, -of cloaked revenge, dissimulation, and hate, on the other, between our and their fathers, must, and ought to affect the blood of the children. I eannot believe it can rnn clear and kindly yet; or that a few fine words, such as candor. liberality, the light of a nineteenth century, can close up the breaches of so deadly a disunion. A Hebrew is nowhere congenial to me. He is least distasteful on 'Change-for the mercantile spirit levels all distinctions, as all are beauties

in the dark. I boldly confess that I do not relish the approximation of Jew and Christian, which has become so fashionable. The reciprocal endearments have, to me, something hypocritical and unnatural in them. I do not like to see the Church and Synagogue kissing and eongeeing in awkward postures of an affeeted civility. If they are converted, why do they not come over to us altogether? Why keep up a form of separation, when the life of it is fled? If they ean sit with us at table, why do they keek at our eookery? I do not understand these half convertites. Jews ehristianizing-Christians judaizing-puzzle me. I like fish or flesh. A moderate Jew is a more confounding piece of anomaly than a wet Quaker. The spirit of the synagogue is essentially separative. B-1 would have been more in keeping if he had abided by the faith of his forefathers. There is a fine scorn in his face, which nature meant to be of -----Christians. The Hebrew spirit is strong in him, in spite of his proselvtism. He eannot eonquer the Shibboleth. How it breaks out, when he sings, "The Children of Israel passed through the Red Sea!" The auditors, for the moment, are as Egyptians to him, and he rides over our neeks in triumph. There is no mistaking him.-B- has a strong expression of sense in his countenance, and it is confirmed by his singing. The foundation of his voeal excellence is sense. He sings with understanding, as Kemble<sup>2</sup> delivered dialogue. He would sing the Commandments. and give an appropriate character to each prohibition. His nation, in general, have not over-sensible countenances. How should they ?—but you seldom see a silly expression among them. Gain, and the pursuit of gain, sharpen a man's visage. I never heard of an idiot being born among them.—Some admire the Jewish female physiognomy. I admire it—but with trembling. Jael <sup>1</sup> had those full dark inscrutable eyes.

In the Negro countenance you will often meet with strong traits of benignity. I have felt yearnings of tenderness towards some of these faces—or rather masks—that have looked out kindly upon one in casual encounters in the streets and highways. I love what Fuller<sup>2</sup> beautifully calls—these "images of God ent in ebony." But I should not like to associate with them, to share my meals and my good-nights with them—because they are black.

I love Quaker ways, and Quaker worship. I venerate the Quaker principles. It does me good for the rest of the day when I meet any of their people in my path. When I am ruffled or disturbed by any occurrenee, the sight, or quiet voice of a Quaker, acts upon me as a ventilator, lightening the air, and taking off a load from the bosom. But I cannot like the Quakers (as Desdemona<sup>3</sup> would say) "to live with them."<sup>4</sup> I am all over sophisticated—with humors, fancies, eraving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theaters, chit-chat, scandal, jokes, ambiguities, and a thousand whim-whams, which their simpler taste can do without. I should starve at their primitive banquet. My appetites are too high for the salads which (according to Evelyn) <sup>1</sup> Eve dressed for the angel, my gusto too excited

To sit a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

The indirect answers which Quakers are often found to return to a question put to them may be explained, I think, without the vulgar assumption, that they are more given to evasion and equivocating than other people. They naturally look to their words more carefully, and are more cautious of committing themselves. They have a peculiar character to keep up on this head. They stand in a manner upon their veracity. A Quaker is by law exempted from taking an oath. The custom of resorting to an oath in extreme cases, sanctified as it is by all religious antiquity, is apt (it must be confessed) to introduce into the laxer sort of minds the notion of two kinds of truth-the one applicable to the solemn affairs of justice, and the other to the common proceedings of daily intercourse. As truth bound upon the conscience by an oath can be but truth, so in the common affirmations of the shop and the market-place a latitude is expected, and conceded upon questions wanting this solemn covenant. Something less than truth satisfies. It is common to hear a person say, "you do not expect me to speak as if I were upon my oath." Hence a great deal of incorrectness and inadvertency, short of falsehood, creeps into ordinary conversation; and a kind of secondary or laic-truth is tolerated, where elergy-truth-oath-truth, by the ua-

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ture of the eircumstances, is not required.  $\Lambda$  Quaker knows none of this distinction. His simple affirmation being received, upon the most sacred oceasions, without any further test, stamps a value upon the words which he is to use upon the most indifferent topies of life. He looks to them, naturally, with more severity. You ean have of him no more than his word. He knows, if he is eaught tripping in a easual expression, he forfeits, for himself, at least, his elaim to the invidious exemption. He knows that his syllables are weighed-and how far a conseiousness of this particular watchfulness, exerted against a person, has a tendency to produce indirect answers, and a . diverting of the question by honest means might be illustrated, and the practice justified, by a more sacred example than is proper to be adduced upon this oeeasion. The admirable presence of mind, which is notorious in Quakers upon all contingencies, might be traced to this imposed self-watchfulness-if it did not seem rather an humble and seenlar seion of that old stock of religions constancy, which never bent or faltered in the Primitive Friends, or gave way to the winds of persecution, to the violence of judge or aeeuser, under trials and racking examinations. "You will never be the wiser, if I sit here answering your questions till midnight," said one of those upright Justices to Penn, who had been putting law-cases with a puzzling subtlety. "Thereafter as the answers may be," retorted the Quaker. The astonishing composure of this people is sometimes ludierously displayed in

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lighter instances.--I was traveling in a stage coach with three male Quakers, buttoned up in the straitest nonconformity of their sect. We stopped to bait at Andover, where a meal, partly tea apparatus, partly supper, was set before us. My friends confined themselves to the tea-table. I in my way took supper. When the landlady brought in the bill, the eldest of my companions discovered that she had charged for both meals. This was resisted. Mine hostess was very elamorous and positive. Some mild arguments were used on the part of the Quakers, for which the heated mind of the good lady seemed by no means a fit recipient. The gnard came in with his usual peremptory notice. The Quakers pulled out their money, and formally tendered it-so much for tea-I, in humble imitation, tendering mine-for the supper which I had taken. She would not relax in her demand. So they all three quietly put up their silver, as did myself, and marched out of the room, the eldest and gravest going first, with myself closing up the rear, who thought I could not do better than follow the example of such grave and warrantable personages. We got in. The steps went up. The coach drove off. The murnurs of mine hostess, not very indistinctly or ambiguously pronounced, became after a time inaudible-and now my conscience, which the whimsical scene had for a time suspended, beginning to give some twitches, I waited, in the hope that some justification would be offered by these serious persons for the seeming injustice of their conduct. To my great

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surprise, not a syllable was dropped on the subject. They sat as mute as at a meeting. At length the eldest of them broke silence, by inquiring of his next neighbor, "Hast thee heard how indigos go at the India House?"<sup>1</sup> and the question operated as a soporifie on my moral feeling as far as Exeter.

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WE are too hasty when we set down our ancestors in the gross for fools, for the monstrous inconsistencies (as they seem to us) involved in their ereed of witcheraft. In the relations of this visible world we find them to have been as rational, and shrewd to detect an historie anomaly, as ourselves. But when once the invisible world was supposed to be opened, and the lawless agency of bad spirits assumed, what measures of probability, of decency, of fitness, or proportionof that which distinguishes the likely from the palpable absurd-eould they have to guide them in the rcjection or admission of any particular testimony ?--that maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire-that corn was lodged, and cattle lamed-that whirlwinds uptore in diabolic revelry the oaks of the forest-or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful-innocent vagary about some rustic's kitchen when no wind was stirring -were all equally probable where no law of agency was understood. That the prince of the powers of darkness, passing by the flower and pomp of the earth,

snould lay preposterous siege to the weak fantasy of indigent eld—has neither likelihood nor unlikelihood à priori to us, who have no measure to guess at his policy, or standard to estimate what rate those anile souls may fetch in the devil's market. Nor, when the wicked are expressly symbolized by a goat, was it to be wondered at so much, that *he* should come sometimes in that body, and assert his metaphor.—That the intercourse was opened at all between both worlds was perhaps the mistake—but that once assumed, I see no reason for disbelieving one attested story of this nature more than another on the score of absurdity. There is no law to judge of the lawless, or eanon by which a dream may be criticized.

I have sometimes thought that I could not have existed in the days of received witchcraft; that I could not have slept in a village where one of those reputed hags dwelt. Our aneestors were bolder or more obtuse. Amidst the universal behief that these wretches were in league with the author of all evil, holding hell tributary to their muttering, no simple Justice of the Peace seems to have scrupled issuing, or silly Headborough serving, a warrant upon them-as if they should subporn Satan !- Prospero 1 in his boat, with his books and wand about him, suffers himself to be conveyed away at the merey of his enemies to an unknown island. He might have raised a storm or two, we think, on the passage. His acquiescence is in exact analogy to the non-resistance of witches to the constituted powers .- What stops the Fiend in Spenser

from tearing Guyon to pieces <sup>1</sup>—or who had made it a condition of his prey, that Guyon must take assay of the glorious bait—we have no guess. We do not know the laws of that country.

From my childhood I was extremely inquisitive about witches and witch-stories. My maid, and more legendary aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father's bookcloset, the History of the Bible, by Stackhouse,<sup>2</sup> occupied a distinguished station. The pictures with which it abounds-one of the ark, in particular, and another of Solomon's temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the artist had been upon the spot—attracted my childish attention. There was a picture, too, of the Witch raising up Samuel,<sup>3</sup> which I wish that I had never seen. We shall come to that hereafter. Stackhouse is in two huge tomes-and there was a pleasure in removing folios of that magnitude, which, with infinite straining, was as much as I could manage, from the situation which they occupied upon an upper shelf. I have not met with the work from that time to this, but I remember it consisted of Old Testament stories, orderly set down, with the objection appended to each story, and the solution of the objection regularly tacked to that. The objection was a summary of whatever difficulties had been opposed to the credibility of the history, by the shrewdness of ancient or modern infidelity, drawn up with an almost complimentary excess of candor.

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The solution was brief, modest, and satisfactory. The bane and antidote were both before yon. To doubts so put, and so quashed, there seemed to be an end for ever. The dragon lay dead, for the foot of the veriest babe to trample on. But-like as was rather feared than realized from that slain monster in Spenserfrom the womb of those crushed errors young dragonets would ereep, exceeding the prowess of so tender a Saint George<sup>1</sup> as myself to vanquish. The habit of expecting objections to every passage, set me upon starting more objections, for the glory of finding a solution of my own for them. I became staggered and perplexed, a sceptie in long coats. The pretty Bible stories which I had read, or heard read in church, lost their purity and sincerity of impression, and were turned into so many historic or chronologie theses to be defended against whatever impugners. I was not to disbelieve them, but-the next thing to that-I was to be quite sure that some one or other would or had disbelieved them. Next to making a child an infidel, is the letting him know that there are infidels at all. Credulity is the man's weakness, but the child's strength. O, how ugly sound scriptural doubts from the mouth of a babe and a suckling! -I should have lost myself in these mazes, and have pined away, I think, with such unfit sustenance as these husks afforded, but for a fortunate piece of illfortune, which about this time befell me. Turning over the pieture of the ark with too much haste, I unhappily made a breach in its ingenious fabric - driv-

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ing my inconsiderate fingers right through the two larger quadrupeds—the elephant, and the eamel that stare (as well they might) out of the two last windows next the steerage in that unique piece of naval architecture. Stackhouse was henceforth locked up, and became an interdicted treasure. With the book, the *objections* and *solutions* gradually eleared out of my head, and have seldom returned since in any force to trouble me.—But there was one impression which I had imbibed from Stackhouse, which no lock or bar could shut out, and which was destined to try my childish nerves rather more seriously.—That detestable pieture!

I was dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The nighttime solitude, and the dark, were my hell. The sufferings I endured in this nature would justify the expression. I never laid my head on my pillow, I suppose, from the fourth to the seventh or eighth year of my life—so far as memory serves in things so long ago-without an assurance, which realized its own propheey, of seeing some frightful speeter. Be old Stackhouse then acquitted in part, if I say, that to his picture of the Witch raising up Samnel-(O that old man covered with a mantle!) I owe-not my midnight terrors, the hell of my infaney-but the shape and manner of their visitation. It was he who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sat upon my pillow-a sure bedfellow, when my annt or my maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed waking over his delineation,

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and at night (if I may use so bold an expression) awoke into sleep, and found the vision true. I durst not, even in the daylight, ouce enter the chamber where I slept, without my face turned to the window, aversely from the bed where my witch-ridden pillow was.—Parents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling about for a friendly arm-the hoping for a familiar voice-when they wake screaming-and find none to soothe them-what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves! The keeping them up till midnight, through eandle-light and the unwholesome hours, as they are called,—would, I am satisfied, in a medical point of view, prove the better caution.-That detestable picture, as I have said, gave the fashion to my dreams—if dreams they were—for the scene of them was invariably the room in which I lay. Had I never met with the picture, the fears would have come self-pictured in some shape or other-

Headless bear, black man, or ape 1-

but, as it was, my imaginations took that form.—It is not book, or picture, or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear little T. II.<sup>2</sup> who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulons exclusion of every taint of superstition who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or searcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear,

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from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra*, in his own "thiek-eoming fancies;" and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-ehild of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity.

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras <sup>1</sup>—dire stories of Celano and the Harpies <sup>2</sup>—may reproduee themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. They are transcripts, types—the arehetypes are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that, which we know in a waking sense to be false, eome to affect us at all ?—or

> ----- Names, whose sense we see not, Fray us with things that be not?

Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such objeets, considered in their capacity of being able to infliet upon us bodily injury?—O, least of all! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body —or, without the body, they would have been the same. All the eruel, tormenting, defined devils in Dante tearing, mangling, choking, stifling, scorehing demons—are they one half so fearful to the spirit of a man, as the simple idea of a spirit unembodied following him—

> Like one that on a lonesome road Doth walk in fear and dread, And having once turn'd round, walks on, And turns no more his head;

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Because he knows a frightful fiend Doth close behind him tread.\* 1

That the kind of fear here treated of is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless upon earth—that it predominates in the period of sinless infancy—are difficulties, the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our antemundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadow-land of pre-existence.

My night-fancies have long ceased to be afflictive. I confess an occasional night-mare; but I do not, as in early youth, keep a stud of them. Fiendish faces, with the extinguished taper, will come and look at me: but I know them for mockeries, even while I cannot elude their presence, and I fight and grapple with them. For the credit of my imagination, I am almost ashamed to say how tame and prosaic my dreams are They are never romantic, seldom even rural. grown. They are of architecture and of buildings-cities abroad, which I have never seen, and hardly have hope to see. I have traversed, for the seeming length of a natural day, Rome, Amsterdam, Paris, Lisbontheir churches, palaces, squares, market-places, shops, suburbs, ruins, with an inexpressible sense of delight - a map-like distinctness of trace-and a daylight vividness of vision, that was all but being awake,---I have formerly traveled among the Westmoreland fells,-my highest Alps,-but they are objects too mighty for the grasp of my dreaming recognition;

\* Mr. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

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and I have again and again awoke with ineffectual struggles of the inner eye, to make out a shape in any way whatever, of Helvellyn.<sup>1</sup> Methought I was in that country, but the mountains were gone. The poverty of my dreams mortifies me. There is Coleridge, at his will can conjure up icy domes, and pleasurehouses for Kubla Khan, and Abyssinian maids, and songs of Abara, and caverns,

Where Alph, the sacred river, runs,<sup>2</sup>

to solace his night solitudes-when I cannot muster a fiddle. Barry Cornwall<sup>3</sup> has his tritons and his nereids gamboling before him in nocturnal visions, and proclaiming sons born to Neptune 4-when my stretch of imaginative activity can hardly, in the night season, raise up the ghost of a fish-wife. To set my failures in somewhat a mortifying light-it was after reading the noble Dream of this poet, that my fancy ran strong upon these marine spectra; and the poor plastic power, such as it is, within me set to work, to humor my folly in a sort of dream that very night. Methought I was upon the ocean billows at some sea nuptials, riding and mounted high, with the customary train sounding their eonches before me (I myself, you may be sure, the leading god), and jollily we went careering over the main, till just where Ino Lucothea<sup>5</sup> should have greeted me (I think it was Ino) with a white embrace, the billows gradually subsiding, fell from a sea-roughness to a sea-calm, and thence to a river-motion, and that river (as happens in the familiarization of dreams) was no other than the gentle Thames, which landed me, in the wafture of a placid wave or two, alone, safe and inglorious, somewhere at the foot of Lambeth palaee.

The degree of the soul's creativeness in sleep might furnish no whimsical criterion of the quantum of poetical faculty resident in the same soul waking. An old gentleman, a friend of mine, and a humorist, used to carry this notion so far, that when he saw any stripling of his acquaintance ambitious of becoming a poet, his first question would be,—"Young man, what sort of dreams have you?" I have so much faith in my old friend's theory, that when I feel that idle vein returning upon me, I presently subside into my proper element of prose, remembering those eluding nereids, and that inauspicious inland landing.

## MY RELATIONS

I AM arrived at that point of life, at which a man may account it a blessing, as it is a singularity, if he have either of his parents surviving. I have not that felicity—and sometimes think feelingly of a passage in Browne's Christian Morals,<sup>2</sup> where he speaks of a man that hath lived sixty or seventy years in the world. "In such a compass of time," he says, "a man may have a elose apprehension what it is to be forgotten, when he hath lived to find none who could remember his father, or scarcely the friends of his youth, and may sensibly see with what a face in no long time OB-LIVION will look upon himself."

I had an aunt, a dear and good one. She was one whom single blessedness had soured to the world. She often used to say, that I was the only thing in it which she loved; and, when she thought I was quitting it, she grieved over me with mother's tears. A partiality quite so exclusive my reason cannot altogether approve. She was from morning till night pouring over good books, and devotional exercises. Her favorite volumes were Thomas à Kempis,<sup>1</sup> in Stanhope's Translation; and a Roman Catholic Prayer Book, with the matins and complines regularly set down,terms which I was at that time too young to understand. She persisted in reading them, although admonished daily concerning their Papistical tendency; and went to ehurch every Sabbath, as a good Protestant should do. These were the only books she studied; though, I think, at one period of her life, she told me, she had read with great satisfaction the Adventures of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman. Finding the door of the chapel in Essex Street open one day-it was in the infancy of that heresy-she went in, liked the sermon, and the manner of worship, and frequented it at intervals for some time after. She eame not for doctrinal points, and never missed them. With some little asperities in her constitution, which I have above hinted at, she was a steadfast, friendly being, and a fine old Christian. She was a woman of strong sense, and a shrewd mind —extraordinary at a *repartce*; one of the few oceasions of her breaking silence—else she did not much value wit. The only seenlar employment I remember to have seen her engaged in, was, the splitting of French beans, and dropping them into a China basin of fair water. The odor of those tender vegetables to this day comes back upon my sense, redolent of soothing recollections. Certainly it is the most delieate of enlinary operations.

Male aunts, as somebody calls them, I had noneto remember. By the uncle's side I may be said to have been born an orphan. Brother, or sister, I never had any-to know them. A sister, I think, that should have been Elizabeth, died in both our infancies. What a comfort, or what a care, may I not have missed in her!-But I have eousins, sprinkled about in Hertfordshire-besides two, with whom I have been all my life in habits of the closest intimacy, and whom I may term eousins par excellence. These are James and Bridget Elia.<sup>1</sup> They are older than myself by twelve, and ten, years; and neither of them seems disposed, in matters of advice and guidance, to waive any of the prerogatives which primogeniture confers. May they continue still in the same mind; and when they shall be seventy-five, and seventythree years old (I eannot spare them sooner), persist in treating me in my grand elimaeteric precisely as a stripling, or younger brother!

James is an inexplicable cousin. Nature hath her unities, which not every critic can penetrate; or, if

we feel, we eannot explain them. The pen of Yoriek,<sup>1</sup> and of none since his, could have drawn J. E. entire -those fine Shandian lights and shades,<sup>2</sup> which make up his story. I must limp after in my poor antithetical manner, as the fates have given me grace and talent. J. E. then-to the eye of a common observer at least-seemeth made up of contradictory principles.-The genuine ehild of impulse, the frigid philosopher of prudence-the phlegm of my cousin's doetrine is invariably at war with his temperament, which is high sanguine. With always some fire-new project in his brain, J. E. is the systematic opponent of innovation, and erier down of everything that has not stood the test of age and experiment. With a hundred fine notions chasing one another hourly in his faney, he is startled at the least approach to the romantic in others; and, determined by his own sense in everything, commends you to the guidance of common sense on all occasions.-With a touch of the eccentric in all which he does, or says, he is only anxious that you should not commit yourself by doing anything absurd or singular. On my once letting slip at table, that I was not fond of a certain popular dish, he begged me at any rate not to say so-for the world would think me mad. He disguises a passionate fondness for works of high art (whereof he hath amassed a ehoice collection), under the pretext of buying only to sell again-that his enthusiam may give no encouragement to yours. Yet, if it were so, why does that piece of tender, pastoral Dominiehino<sup>3</sup> hang still by his wall?—is the ball of his sight much more dear to him?—or what picture-dealer can talk like him?

Whereas mankind in general are observed to warp their speculative conclusions to the bent of their individual humors, his theories are sure to be in diametrical opposition to his constitution. He is courageous as Charles of Sweden,<sup>1</sup> upon instinct; chary of his person, upon principle, as a traveling Quaker.—He has been preaching up to me, all my life, the doctrine of bowing to the great-the necessity of forms, and manner, to a man's getting on in the world. He himself never aims at either, that I can discover,-and has a spirit, that would stand upright in the presence of the Cham of Tartary.<sup>2</sup> It is pleasant to hear him discourse of patience-extolling it as the truest wisdom-and to see him during the last seven minutes that his dinner is getting ready. Nature never ran up in her haste a more restless piece of workmanship than when she molded this impetnous eousin-and Art never turned out a more elaborate orator than he ean display himself to be, upon his favorite topic of the advantages of quiet, and contentedness in the state, whatever it be, that we are placed in. He is triumphant on this theme, when he has you safe in one of those short stages that ply for the western road, in a very obstructing manner, at the foot of John Mnrray's street-where you get in when it is empty, and are expected to wait till the vehicle hath completed her just freight-a trying three-quarters of

an hour to some people. He wonders at your fidgetiness,—"where could we be better than we are, thus sitting, thus consulting?"—"prefers, for his part, a state of rest to locomotion,"—with an eye all the while upon the coachman—till at length, waxing out of all patience, at your want of it, he breaks out into a pathetic remonstrance at the fellow for detaining us so long over the time which he had professed, and declares peremptorily, that "the gentleman in the coach is determined to get out, if he does not drive on that instant."

Very quick at inventing an argument, or detecting a sophistry, he is incapable of attending you in any chain of arguing. Indeed he makes wild work with logie; and seems to jump at most admirable conclusions by some process, not at all akin to it. Consonantly enough to this, he hath been heard to deny, upon certain occasions, that there exists such a faculty at all in man as *reason*; and wondereth how man eame first to have a conceit of it-enforcing his negation with all the might of *reasoning* he is master of. He has some speculative notions against laughter, and will maintain that laughing is not natural to him-when peradventure the next moment his lungs shall erow like Chanticleer. He says some of the best things in the world-and deelareth that wit is his aversion. It was he who said, upon seeing the Eton boys at play in their grounds-What a pity to think, that these fine ingenuous lads in a few years will all be changed into frivolous Members of Parliament!

## THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

His youth was fiery, glowing, tempestuous-and in age he discovereth no symptom of cooling. This is that which I admire in him. I hate people who meet Time half-way. I am for no compromise with that inevitable spoiler. While he lives, J. E. will take his swing .- It does me good, as I walk towards the street of my daily avocation, on some fine May morning, to meet him marching in a quite opposite direction, with a jolly handsome presence and shining sanguine face, that indicates some purchase in his eye-a Claude-or a Hobbima 1-for much of his enviable leisure is consumed at Christie's, and Phillips's 2-or where not, to pick up pictures, and such gauds. On these occasions he mostly stoppeth me, to read a short lecture on the advantage a person like me possesses above himself, in having his time occupied with business which he must do-assureth me that he often feels it hang heavy on his hands-wishes he had fewer holidays-and goes off-Westward Ho!3 -ehanting a tune, to Pall Mall-perfectly convinced that he has convinced me-while I proceed in my opposite direction tuneless.

It is pleasant again to see this Professor of Indifference doing the honors of his new purchase, when he has fairly housed it. Yon must view it in every light till *he* has found the best—placing it at this distance, and at that, but always suiting the focus of your sight to his own. You must spy at it through your fingers, to catch the aërial perspective though you assure him that to you the handscape

## MY RELATIONS

shows much more agreeable without that artifice. Woe be to the luekless wight, who does not only not respond to his rapture, but who should drop an unseasonable intimation of preferring one of his anterior bargains to the present !- The last is always his best hit—his "Cynthia of the minute." Alas! how many a mild Madonna<sup>2</sup> have I known to come in -a Raphael!<sup>3</sup>—keep its ascendency for a few brief moons-then, after eertain intermedial degradations from the front drawing-room to the back gallery, thenee to the dark parlor,-adopted in turn by each of the Carraeei,<sup>4</sup> under successive lowering ascriptions of filiation, mildly breaking its fall-eonsigned to the oblivious lumber-room, go out at last a Lucea Giordano,<sup>5</sup> or plain Carlo Maratti ! 6-which things when I beheld—musing upon the chances and mutabilities of fate below, hath made me to reflect upon the altered eondition of great personages, or that woeful Queen of Richard the Second-

With great love for *you*, J. E. hath but a limited sympathy with what you feel or do. He lives in a world of his own, and makes slender guesses at what passes in your mind. He never pierees the marrow of your habits. He will tell an old established playgoer, that Mr. Sueh-a-one, of So-and-so (naming one of the theaters), is a very lively comedian—as a piece

of news! He advertised me but the other day of some pleasant green lanes which he had found out for me, knowing me to be a great walker, in my own immediate vicinity-who have haunted the identical spot any time these twenty years !---IIe has not much respect for that class of feelings which goes by the name of sentimental. He applies the definition of real evil to bodily suffering exclusively-and rejecteth all others as imaginary. He is affected by the sight, of the bare supposition, of a creature in pain, to a degree which I have never witnessed out of womankind. A constitutional acuteness to this class of sufferings may in part account for this. The animal tribe in particular he taketh under his especial protection. A broken-winded or spur-galled horse is sure to find an advocate in him. An over-loaded ass is his elient for ever. He is the apostle to the brute kind-the never failing friend of those who have none to care for them. The contemplation of a lobster boiled, or eels skinned alive, will wring him so, that "all for pity he could die." It will take the savor from his palate, and the rest from his pillow, for days and nights. With the intense feeling of Thomas Clarkson,<sup>1</sup> he wanted only the steadiness of pursuit, and unity of purpose, of that "true yoke-fellow with Time,"<sup>2</sup> to have effected as much for the Animal, as he hath done for the Negro Creation. But my mcontrollable eousin is but imperfectly formed for purposes which demand co-operation. He cannot wait. His amelioration-plans must be ripened in a day.

For this reason he has cut but an equivocal figure in benevolent societies, and combinations for the alleviation of human sufferings. His zeal constantly makes him to outrun, and put out his co-adjutors. He thinks of relieving,—while they think of debating. He was black-balled out of a society for the Relief of \* \* \* \* \*, because the fervor of his humanity toiled beyond the formal apprehension, and creeping processes, of his associates. I shall always consider this distinction as a patent of nobility in the Elia family!

Do I mention these seeming inconsistencies to smile at, or upbraid, my unique cousin? Marry, heaven, and all good manners, and the understanding that should be between kinsfolk, forbid?—With all the strangeness of this *strangest of the Elias*—I would not have him in one jot or tittle other than he is; neither would I barter or exchange my wild kinsman for the most exact, regular, and every-way consistent kinsman breathing.

In my next, reader, I may perhaps give you some account of my cousin Bridget—if you are not already surfeited with cousins—and take you by the hand, if you are willing to go with ns, on an exemsion which we made a summer or two since, in search of *more* cousins—

Through the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire.1

## THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

## MACKERY END, IN HERTFORDSHIRE

BRIDGET ELIA has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring,<sup>2</sup> to bewail my eclibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits-yet so, as "with a difference." We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings-as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood, than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my consin burst into tears. and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thonsandth time) some passage in old Burton,3 or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale, or adventure, whereof our common reading-table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a story-well, ill, or indifferently toldso there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction -and almost in real life-have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humors

and opinions—heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship please me most. My eousin has a native disrelish of any thing that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her, that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She "holds Nature more elever." I ean pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the Religio Mediei; <sup>1</sup> but she must apologize to me for eertain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intelleetuals of a dear favorite of mine, of the last century but one—the thrice noble, ehaste, and virtuous,—but again somewhat fantastical, and original-brain'd, generous Margaret Neweastle.<sup>2</sup>

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers—leaders, and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with, nor accepts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her, when a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of fact, dates, and eircumstances, it turns out, that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points; upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition, or steadiness of conviction, I set out with, I am sure always, in the long run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in eompany: at which times she will answer yes or no to a question without fully understanding its pnrport—which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling oceasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she ean speak to it greatly; but in matters which are not stuff of the eonscience, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to: and she happily missed all that train of female garniture, which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it; but I can answer for it, that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

In a season of distress, she is the truest comforter: but in the teasing accidents, and minor perplexities.

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which do eall out the *will* to meet them, she sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit; but best, when she goes a journey with you.

We made an exeursion together a few summers since, into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine eorn country.

The oldest thing I remember is Maekery End; or Maekarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire; a farm-house,delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I was a child, under the eare of Bridget; who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible. The honse was at that time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman, who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Brnton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Brntons are still flourishing in that part of the country, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years had elapsed since the visit I speak of; and for the greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other

two branches also. Who or what sort of persons inherited Mackery End—kindred or strange folk—we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore.

By somewhat a eireuitous ronte, taking the noble park at Luton in our way from St. Alban's, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farm-honse, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollection, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though I had forgotten it, we had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place, which, when present, O how nulike it was to *that*, which I had eonjured up so many times instead of it!

Still the air breathed balmily about it; the season was in the "heart of June," and I could say with the poet,

> But thou, that didst appear so fair To fond imagination, Dost rival in the light of day Iler delicate creation! 1

Bridget's was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again some altered features of course, a little grudged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy: but the scene soon re-confirmed itself in her affections —and she traversed every out-post of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orehard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds were alike flown) with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house-and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable; for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than seruple, winged my eousin in without me; but she soon returned with a ereature that might have sat to a seulptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans; who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the eounty. But this adopted Bruton, in my mind, was better than they all-more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollected in early life to have had their cousin Bridget onee pointed out to her, climbing a stile. But the name of kindred, and of eousinship, was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly aequainted as if we had been born and bred up together; were familiar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. So Christians should eall

one another. To have seen Bridget, and her-it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace-or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally-we, and our friend that was with us.-I had almost forgotten him—but B. F.<sup>1</sup> will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far distant shores where the Kaugaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was already so, as if in anticipation of our coming; and, after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget with what honest pride this hospitable eousin made us proceed to Wheathampstead, to introduce us (as some new-found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of ns, at a time when she almost knew nothing .-- With what eorresponding kindness we were received by them also-how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment, and her own-and to the astoundment of B. F. who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there,-old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still erowding back npon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmth, -when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me; and Bridget no more remember, that in

the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge —as I have been her care in foolish manhood since in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

# MODERN GALLANTRY

IN comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry; a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females, as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct, when I can forget, that in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential, when I can shut my eyes to the fact, that in England women are still occasionally—hanged.

I shall believe in it, when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen.

I shall believe in it, when Dorimant <sup>2</sup> hands a fishwife across the kennel; or assists the apple-woman to piek up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

I shall believe in it, when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed-when I shall see the traveler for some rich tradesman part with his admired box-coat, to spread it over the defenseless shoulders of the poor woman, who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain-when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theater, till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her, seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one, that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, significantly declares "she should be welcome to his seat, if she were a little younger, and handsomer." Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a eircle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess yon have not seen a politer-bred man in Lothbury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct, when more than one-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes. I shall never believe this boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear—to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more than a name, when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of *female old age* without exciting, and intending to excite, a sneer:—when the phrases "antiquated virginity," and such a one has "overstood her market," pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offense in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paiee, of Bread Street Hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South-Sea company-the same to whom Edwards, the Shakespeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet-was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more. Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not one system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and another in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bare-headed-smile if you please to a poor servant girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street-in such a posture of unforced civility, as neither to embar-

rass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer, of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women: but he reverenced and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, womanhood. I have seen him-nay, smile nottenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much earefulness as if she had been a Countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggarwoman) with more eeremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier 1 of Age; the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan,<sup>2</sup> to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thenee, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beantiful Susan Winstanley—old Winstanley's daughter of Clapton—who dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of eivil speeches—the common gallantries—to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humored, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she eould even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sort of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women :. but that-a little before he had commenced his compliments-she had overheard him by aecident, in a rather rough language, rating a young woman, who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, "As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady-a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune, -I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me-but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one (naming the milliner),-and had failed of bringing home the eravats to the appointed hour-though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them-what sort of compliments should I have received then ?---And my woman's pride eame to my assistance; and I thought, that if it were only to do me honor, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage: and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches, to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was after all my strongest claim and title to them."

## THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

I think the lady discovered both generosity, and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined, that the uncommon strain of courtesy, which through life regulated the actions and behavior of my friend towards all of womankind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of eonsistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man-a pattern of true politeness to a wife-of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister-the idolater of his female mistress-the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate-still female-maiden eousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed-her handmaid, or dependent-she deserves to have diminished from herself on that seore; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first-respect for her as she is a woman;-and next to that-to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions, ineident to individual preference, be so many pretty addita-

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ments and ornaments—as many, and as faneiful, as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be—with sweet Susan Winstanley—to revercnce her sex.

# THE OLD BENCHERS OF THE INNER TEM-PLE

I was born, and passed the first seven years of my life, in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river, I had almost said—for in those young years, what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places?—these are my oldest recollections. I repeat, to this day, no verses to myself more frequently, or with kindler emotion, than those of Spenser, where he speaks of this spot.

There when they came, whereas those bricky towers, The which on Themmes brode aged back doth ride, Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers, There whylome wont the Templar knights to bide, Till they decayd through pride.<sup>2</sup>

Indeed, it is the most elegant spot in the metropolis. What a transition for a countryman visiting London for the first time—the passing from the crowded Strand or Fleet Street, by unexpected avcnues, into its magnificent ample squares, its classic green recesses! What a eheerful, liberal look hath that portion of it, which, from three sides, overlooks the greater garden; that goodly pile

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#### Of building strong, albeit of Paper hight,

confronting, with massy contrast, the lighter, older, more fantastically shrouded one, named of Harcourt, with the cheerful Crown Office Row (place of my kindly engendure), right opposite the stately stream, which washes the garden-foot with her yet scarcely trade-polluted waters, and seems but just weaned from her Twickenham Naiades!<sup>1</sup> a man would give something to have been born in such places. What a collegiate aspect has that fine Elizabethan hall, where the fountain plays, which I have made to rise and fall, how many times! to the astoundment of the young urchins, my contemporaries, who, not being able to guess at its recondite machinery, were almost tempted to hail the wondrous work as magic! What an antique air had the now almost effaced sun-dials with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that Time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movement, never catched, nice as an evanescent cloud, or the first arrests of sleep!

> Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial-hand Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived! <sup>2</sup>

What a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowelments of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dnllness of communication, compared with the simple

altar-like structure, and silent heart language of the old dial! It stood as the garden god of Christian gardens. Why is it almost everywhere vanished? If its business use be superseded by more elaborate inventions, its moral uses, its beauty, might have pleaded for its continuance. It spoke of moderate labors, of pleasures not protracted after sunset, of temperance, and good-hours. It was the primitive elock, the horologe of the first world. Adam could scarce have missed it in Paradise. It was the measure appropriate for sweet plants and flowers to spring by, for the birds to apportion their silver warblings by, for flocks to pasture and be led to fold by. The shepherd "carved it out quaintly in the sun"; 1 and, turning philosopher by the very occupation, provided it with mottoes more touching than tombstones. It was a pretty device of the gardener, recorded by Marvell,<sup>2</sup> who, in the days of artificial gardening, made a dial out of herbs and flowers. I must quote his verses a little higher up, for they are full, as all his serious poetry was, of a witty delicacy. They will not eome in awkwardly, I hope, in a talk of fountains and sundials. He is speaking of sweet garden scenes:

> What wondrous life is this I lead! Ripe apples drop about my head. The luseious clusters of the vine Upon my mouth do erush their wine. The neetarine, and eurious peach, Into my hands themselves do reach. Stumbling on melons, as I pass,

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Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass. Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less Withdraws into its happiness. The mind, that ocean, where each kind Does straight its own resemblance find; Yet it ereates, transcending these, Far other worlds, and other seas; Annihilating all that's made To a green thought in a green shade Here at the fountain's sliding foot, Or at some fruit tree's mossy root, Casting the body's vest aside, My soul into the boughs does glide: There, like a bird, it sits and sings, Then whets and elaps its silver wings; And, till prepared for longer flight, Waves in its plumes the various light. How well the skilful gardener drew, Of flowers and herbs, this dial new! Where, from above, the milder sun Does through a fragrant zodiac run: And, as it works, the industrious bee Computes its time as well as we. How could such sweet and wholesome hours Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers? \* 1

The artificial fountains of the metropolis are, in like manner, fast vanishing. Most of them are dried up, or bricked over. Yet, where one is left, as in that little green nook behind the South Sea House, what a freshness it gives to the dreary pile! Four little winged marble boys used to play their virgin fancies, spouting out ever fresh streams from their

\* From a copy of verses entitled The Garden.

innocent-wanton lips, in the square of Lineoln's Inn, when I was no bigger than they were figured. They are gone, and the spring choked up. The fashion, they tell me, is gone by, and these things are esteemed childish. Why not then gratify children, by letting them stand? Lawyers, I suppose, were ehildren once. They are awakening images to them at least. Why must everything smack of man, and mannish? Is the world all grown up? Is ehildhood dead? Or is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and the best some of the child's heart left, to respond to its earliest enchantments? The figures were grotesque. Are the stiff-wigged living figures that still flitter and chatter about that area, less gothie in appearance? or is the splutter of their hot rhetorie one half so refreshing and innocent as the little eool playful streams those exploded eherubs uttered?

They have lately gothicized the entrance to the Inner Temple hall, and the library front, to assimilate them, I suppose, to the body of the hall, which they do not at all resemble. What is become of the winged horse that stood over the former? a stately arms! and who has removed those frescoes of the Virtnes, which Italianized the end of the Paperbuildings?—my first hint of allegory! They must account to me for these things, which I miss so greatly.

The terrace is, indeed, left, which we used to call the parade; but the traces are passed away of the footsteps which made its pavement awful! It is become common and profane. The old benchers had it almost sacred to themselves, in the forepart of the day at least. They might not be sided or jostled. Their air and dress asserted the parade. You left wide spaces bewixt you, when you passed them. We walk on even terms with their successors. The roguish eye of J----ll,<sup>1</sup> ever ready to be delivered of a jest, almost invites a stranger to vie a repartee with it. But what insolent familiar durst have mated Thomas Coventry?-whose person was a quadrate, his step massy and elephantine, his face square as the lion's, his gait peremptory and path-keeping, indivertible from his way as a moving column, the scarcerow of his inferiors, the brow-beater of equals and superiors, who made a solitude of ehildren wherever he came, for they fled his insufferable presence, as they would have shunned an Elisha bear. His growl was as thunder in their ears, whether he spake to them in mirth or in rebuke, his invitatory notes being, indeed, of all, the most repulsive and horrid. Clouds of snuff, aggravating the natural terrors of his speech, broke from each majestic nostril, darkening the air. He took it, not by pinches, but a pahuful at onee, diving for it under the mighty flaps of his oldfashioned waistcoat pocket; his waistcoat red and angry, his coat dark rappee, tinctured by dye original, and by adjuncts, with buttons of obsolete gold. And so he paced the terrace.

By his side a milder form was sometimes to be seen;

the pensive gentility of Samuel Salt.<sup>1</sup> They were coevals, and had nothing but that and their benchership in common. In politics Salt was a whig, and Coventry, a staunch tory. Many a sarcastic growl did the latter cast out—for Coventry had a rough spinous humor—at the political confederates of his associate, which rebounded from the gentle bosom of the latter like eannon-balls from wool. You could not ruffle Samuel Salt.

S. had the reputation of being a very clever man, and of excellent discernment in the chamber practice of the law. I suspect his knowledge did not amount to much. When a case of difficult disposition of money, testamentary or otherwise, came before him, he ordinarily handed it over with a few instructions to his man Lovel,<sup>2</sup> who was a quiek little fellow, and would despatch it out of hand by the light of natural understanding of which he had an uncommon share. It was incredible what repute for talents S. enjoyed by the mere trick of gravity. He was a shy man; a child might pose him in a minute-indolent and proerastinating to the last degree. Yet men would give him credit for vast application in spite of himself. He was not to be trusted with himself with impunity. He never dressed for a dinner-party but he forgot his sword-they wore swords then-or some other uccessary part of his equipage. Lovel had his eye upon him on all these occasions, and ordinarily gave him his cue. If there was anything which he could speak unseasonably, he was sure to do it .-- He was to

dine at a relative's of the unfortunate Miss Blandy 1 on the day of her execution; -and L. who had a wary foresight of his probable hallucinations, before he set out, schooled him with great anxiety not in any possible manner to allude to her story that day. S. promised faithfully to observe the injunction. He had not been seated in the parlor, where the company was expecting the dinner summons, four minutes. when, a pause in the conversation ensning, he got up, looked out of window, and pulling down his ruffles-an ordinary motion with him-observed, "it was a gloomy day," and added, "Miss Blandy must be hanged by this time, I suppose." 'Instances of this sort were perpetnal. Yet S. was thought by some of the greatest men of his time a fit person to be consulted, not alone in matters pertaining to the law, but in the ordinary niceties and embarrassments of conduct-from force of manner entirely. He never laughed. He had the same good fortune among the female world,—was a known toast with the ladies, and one or two are said to have died for love of him-I suppose, because he never trifled or talked gallantry with them, or paid them, indeed, hardly common attentions. He had a fine face and person, but wanted, methought, the spirit that should have shown them off with advantage to the women. His eye lacked luster.—Not so, thought Susan P—; <sup>2</sup> who, at the advanced age of sixty, was seen in the cold evening time, unaccompanied, wetting the pavement of B----d Row with tears that fell in drops which might be heard, because her friend had died that day—he, whom she had pursued with a hopeless passion for the last forty years—a passion, which years could not extinguish or abate; nor the long resolved, yet gently enforced, puttings off of unrelenting bachelorhood dissuade from its cherished purpose. Mild Susan P—, thou hast now thy friend in heaven.

Thomas Coventry was a cadet of the noble family of that name. He passed his youth in contracted eireumstances, which gave him early those parsimonious habits which in after-life never forsook him; so that, with one windfall or another, about the time I knew him he was master of four or five hundred thousand pounds; nor did he look, or walk, worth a moidore less. He lived in a gloomy house opposite the pump in Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street. J., the counsel, is doing self-imposed penance in it, for what reason I divine not at this day. C. had an agreeable seat at North Cray, where he seldom spend above a day or two at a time in the summer; but preferred, during the hot months, standing at his window in this damp, close, well-like mansion, to watch as he said, "the maids drawing water all day long." I suspect he had his within-door reasons for the preference. Hic currus et arma fuêre.1 He might think his treasures more safe. His house had the aspect of a strong box. C, was a close hunks-a hoarder rather than a miseror, if a miser, none of the mad Elwes breed,2 who have brought discredit upon a character, which cannot exist without certain admirable points of steadiness and unity of purpose. One may hate a true miser, but cannot, I suspect, so easily despise him. By taking eare of the pence, he is often enabled to part with the pounds, upon a seale that leaves us careless generous fellows halting at an immeasurable distance behind. C. gave away £30,000 at once in his life-time to a blind charity. His housekeeping was severely looked after, but he kept the table of a gentleman. He would know who came in and who went out of his house, but his kitchen chimney was never suffered to freeze.

Salt was his opposite in this, as in all—never knew what he was worth in the world; and having but a competency for his rank, which his indoleut habits were little calculated to improve, might have suffered severely if he had not had honest people about him. Lovel took care of everything. He was at once his clerk, his good servant, his dresser, his friend, his "flapper," his guide, stop-wateh, auditor, treasnrer. He did nothing without eonsulting Lovel, or failed in anything without expecting and fearing his admonishing. He put himself almost too much in his hands, had they not been the purest in the world. He resigned his title almost to respect as a master, if L. eould ever have forgotten for a moment that he was a servant.

I knew this Lovel. He was a man of an incorrigible and losing honesty. A good fellow withal, and "would strike." In the cause of the oppressed he never considered inequalities, or calculated the number of his opponents. He once wrestled a sword out of the hand of a man of quality that had drawn upon him: and pommeled him severely with the hilt of it. The swordsman had offered insult to a female -an occasion upon which no odds against him could have prevented the interference of Lovel. He would stand next day bare-headed to the same person, modestly to exeuse his interference-for L. never forgot rank, where something better was not eoneerned. L. was the liveliest little fellow breathing, had a face as gay as Garriek's,<sup>1</sup> whom he was said greatly to resemble (I have a portrait of him which confirms it), possessed a fine turn for humorous poetry-next to Swift and Prior <sup>2</sup>—molded heads in clay or plaster of Paris to admiration, by the dint of natural genius merely; turned eribbage boards, and such small cabinet toys, to perfection; took a hand at quadrille or bowls with equal faeility; made punch better than any man of his degree in England; had the merriest quips and eoneeits, and was altogether as brimful of rogueries and inventions as you could desire. He was a brother of the angle, moreover, and just such a free, hearty, honest companion as Mr. Isaac Walton 3 would have ehosen to go fishing with. I saw him in his old age and the deeay of his faculties, palsysmitten, in the last sad stage of human weakness-"a remnant most forlorn of what he was,"-yet even then his eye would light up upon the mention of his favorite Garrick. He was greatest, he would say, in Bayes \*--- "was upon the stage nearly throughout the whole performance, and as busy as a bee." At intervals, too, he would speak of his former life, and how he came up a little boy from Lincoln to go to service, and how his mother cried at parting with him, and how he returned, after some few years' absence, in his smart new livery to see her, and she blessed herself at the change, and could hardly be brought to believe that it was "her own bairn." And then, the excitement subsiding, he would weep, till I have wished that sad second-childhood might have a mother still to lay its head upon her lap. But the common mother of us all in no long time after received him gently into hers.

With Coventry, and with Salt, in their walks upon the terrace, most commonly Peter Pierson would join, to make up a third. They did not walk linked armin-arm in those days-"as now our stout triumvirs sweep the streets,"-but generally with both hands folded behind them for state, or with one at least behind, the other earrying a cane. P. was a benevolent, but not a prepossessing man. He had that in his face which you could not term unhappiness; it rather implied an incapacity of being happy. His cheeks were colorless, even to whiteness. His look was uninviting, resembling (but without his sommess) that of our great philanthropist. I know that he did good aets, but I could never make out what he was. Contemporary with these, but subordinate, was Daines Barrington-another oddity-he walked burly and square-in imitation, I think, of Coventry howbeit

he attained not to the dignity of his prototype. Nevertheless, he did pretty well, upon the strength of being a tolerable antiquarian, and having a brother a bishop. When the account of his year's treasurership came to be audited, the following singular charge was unanimously disallowed by the bench: "Item, disbursed Mr. Allen, the gardener, twenty shillings, for stuff to poison the sparrows, by my orders." Next to him was old Barton-a jolly negation, who took upon him the ordering of the bills of fare for the parliament chamber, where the benchers dineanswering to the combination rooms at college-much to the easement of his less epicurean brethren. I know nothing more of him .-- Then Read, and Twopenny-Read, good-humored and personable-Twopenny, good-humored, but thin, and felicitous in jests upon his own figure. If T. was thin, Wharry was attenuated and fleeting. Many must remember him (for he was rather of later date) and his singular gait, which was performed by three steps and a jump regularly succeeding. The steps were little efforts, like that of a child beginning to walk; the jump comparatively vigorous, as a foot to an inch. Where he learned this figure, or what occasioned it, I could never discover. It was neither graceful in itself, nor seemed to answer the purpose any better than common walking. The extreme tenuity of his frame I suspeet set him upon it. It was a trial of poising. Twopenny would often rally him upon his leanness, and hail him as Brother Lusty; but W. had no relish

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of a joke. His features were spiteful. I have heard that he would pinch his cat's ears extremely, when anything had offended him. Jackson-the omniseient Jackson he was called-was of this period. He had the reputation of possessing more multifarious knowledge than any man of his time. He was the Friar Baeon<sup>1</sup> of the less literate portion of the Temple. I remember a pleasant passage, of the eook applying to him, with much formality of apology, for instructions how to write down *edge* bone of beef in his bill of commons. He was supposed to know, if any man in the world did. He decided the orthography to be-as I have given it-fortifying his authority with such anatomical reasons as dismissed the maneiple (for the time) learned and happy. Some do spell it yet perversely, aitch bone, from a fanciful resemblance between its shape, and that of the aspirate so denominated. I had almost forgotten Mingay with the iron hand-but he was somewhat later. He had lost his right hand by some accident, and supplied it with a grappling hook, which he wielded with a tolerable adroitness. I detected the substitute, before I was old enough to reason whether it were artificial or not. I remember the astonishment it raised in me. He was a blustering, loud-talking person; and I reconeiled the phenomenon to my ideas as an emblem of power-somewhat like the horns in the forehead of Michael Angelo's Moses.<sup>2</sup> Baron Maseres, who walks (or did till very lately) in the costume of the reign of George the Second, closes my imperfect rec-

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ollections of the old benchers of the Inner Temple. Fantastic forms, whither are ye fled? Or, if the like of you exist, why exist they no more for me? Ye inexplicable, half-understood appearances, why comes in reason to tear away the preternatural mist, bright or gloomy, that enshrouded you? Why make ye so sorry a figure in my relation, who made up to meto my childish eyes-the mythology of the Temple? In those days I saw Gods, as "old men eovered with a mantle," walking upon the earth. Let the dreams of classic idolatry perish,-extinct be the fairies and fairy trumpery of legendary fabling,-in the heart of childhood, there will, for ever, spring up a well of innocent or wholesome superstition-the seeds of exaggeration will be busy there, and vital-from everyday forms educing the unknown and the uncommon. In that little Goshen there will be light, when the grown world flounders about in the darkness of sense and materiality. While ehildhood, and while dreams, reducing childhood, shall be left, imagination shall not have spread her holy wings totally to fly the earth.

P. S. I have done injustice to the soft shade of Samuel Salt. See what it is to trust to imperfect memory, and the erring notices of ehildhood! Yet I protest I always thought that he had been a bachelor! This gentleman, R. N.<sup>1</sup> informs me, married young, and losing his lady in child-bed, within the first year of their union, fell into a deep melancholy,

from the effects of which, probably, he never thoroughly recovered. In what a new light does this place his rejection (O call it by a gentler name!) of mild Susan P-, nnraveling into beauty certain peculiarities of this very shy and retiring character! -Ilenceforth let no one receive the narratives of Elia for true records! They are, in trnth, but shadows of fact-verisimilitudes, not verifies-or sitting but upon the remote edges and outskirts of history. He is no such honest chronicler as R. N., and would have done better perhaps to have consulted that gentleman, before he sent these incondite reminiscences to press. But the worthy snb-treasurer who respects his old and his new masters-would but have been puzzled at the indecorous liberties of Elia. The good man wots not, peradventure, of the license which Magazincs have arrived at in this plain-speaking age, or hardly dreams of their existence beyond the Gentleman's-his furthest monthly excursions in this nature having been long confined to the holy ground of honest Urban's obituary.<sup>1</sup> May it be long before his own name shall help to swell those columns of unenvied flattery !---Meantime, O ye New Benchers of the Inner Temple, cherish him kindly, for he is himself the kindliest of human creatures. Should infirmities over-take him-he is yet in green and vigorous senility-make allowances for them, remembering that "ye yourselves are old." So may the Winged Horse, your ancient badge and cognizance, still flourish! so may future Hookers and Seldons 2 illustrate your

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church and chambers! So may the sparrows, in default of more melodious choristers, unpoisoned hop about your walks! so may the fresh-colored and cleanly nursery maid, who by leave, airs her playful charge in your stately gardens, drop her prettiest blushing curtsy as ye pass, reductive of juvenescent emotion! so may the younkers of this generation eye you, pacing your stately terrace, with the same superstitious veneration, with which the child Elia gazed on the Old Worthies that solemnized the parade before ye!

# GRACE BEFORE MEAT

THE custom of saying grace at meals had, probably, its origin in the early times of the world, and the hunter-state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and a full meal was something more than a common blessing; when a belly-full was a windfall, and looked like a special providence. In the shouts and triumphal songs with which, after a season of sharp abstinence, a lucky booty of deer's or goat's flesh would naturally be ushered home, existed, perhaps, the germ of the modern graee. It is not otherwise easy to be understood, why the blessing of foodthe act of eating-should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.

I own that I am disposed to say graee upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts-a grace before Milton-a grace before Shakespearc-a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Fairy Queen ? 1-but, the received vitual having preseribed these forms to the solitary ceremony of manducation, I shall confine my observations to the experience which I have had of the grace, properly so ealled; commending my new scheme for extension to a niche in the grand philosophical, poetical, and perchance in part heretical, liturgy, now compiling by my friend Homo Humanus, for the use of a certain snug congregation of Utopian Rabelæsian<sup>2</sup> Christians, no matter where assembled

The form then of the benediction before eating has its beauty at a poor man's table, or at the simple and unprovocative repasts of children. It is here that the grace becomes exceedingly graceful. The indigent man, who hardly knows whether he shall have a meal the next day or not, sits down to his fare with a present sense of the blessing which can be but feebly acted by the rich, into whose minds the conception of wanting a dinner could never, but by some extreme theory, have entered. The proper end of food—the animal sustenance—is barely contemplated by them. The poor man's bread is his daily bread, literally his bread for the day. Their eourses are perennial.

Again, the plainest dict seems the fittest to be preceded by the grace. That which is least stimulative to appetite, leaves the mind most free for foreign considerations. A man may feel thankful, heartily thankful, over a dish of plain mutton with turnips, and have leisure to reflect upon the ordinance and institution of eating; when he shall confess a perturbation of mind, inconsistent with the purposes of the grace, at the presence of venison or turtle. When I have sat (a rarus hospes) 1 at rich men's tables, with the savory soup and messes steaming up the nostrils, and moistening the lips of the guests with desire and a distracted ehoice, I have felt the introduction of that ceremony to be unseasonable. With the ravenous orgasm upon you, it seems impertinent to interpose a religious sentiment. It is a confusion of purpose to mutter out praises from a mouth that waters. The heats of epieurism put out the gentle frame of devotion. The incense which rises round is pagan, and the belly-god intercepts it for his own. The very excess of the provision beyond the needs, takes away all sense of proportion between the end and means. The giver is veiled by his gifts. You are startled at the injustice of returning thanks-for what ?-for having too much, while so many starve. It is to praise the Gods amiss.

I have observed this awkwardness felt, searce consciously perhaps, by the good man who says the grace. I have seen it in elergymen and others—a sort of shame—a sense of the eo-presence of eireumstances which unhallow the blessing. After a devotional tone put on for a few seconds, how rapidly the speaker will fall into his eommon voice, helping himself or his neighbor, as if to get rid of some uneasy sensation of hypocrisy. Not that the good man was a hypocrite, or was not most eouscientious in the discharge of the duty; but he felt in his inmost mind the incompatibility of the seene and the viands before him with the exercise of a ealm and rational gratitude.

I hear somebody exclaim,-Would you have Christians sit down at table, like hogs to their troughs, without remembering the Giver ?- no-I would have them sit down as Christians, remembering the Giver, and less like hogs. Or if their appetites must run riot, and they must pamper themselves with delicaeies for which east and west are ransaeked, I would have them postpone their benediction to a fitter season, when appetite is laid; when the still small voice ean be heard, and the reason of the grace returnswith temperate diet and restricted dishes. Gluttony and surfeiting are no proper occasions for thanksgiving. When Jeshurun waxed fat,1 we read that he kieked. Virgil knew the harpy-nature better, when he put into the mouth of Celano<sup>2</sup> any thing but a blessing. We may be gratefully sensible of the deliciousness of some kinds of food beyond others, though that is a meaner and inferior gratitude: but the proper object of the grace is sustenance, not relishes; daily bread, not delieacies; the means of life, and not the means of pampering the carcass. With what frame or composure, I wonder, can a city chaplain pronounce his benediction at some great Hall feast, when he knows that his last concluding pious word—and that, in all probability, the sacred name which he preaches—is but the signal for so many impatient harpies to commence their foul orgies, with as little sense of true thankfulness (which is temperance) as those Virgilian fowl! It is well if the good man himself does not feel his devotions a little elonded, those foggy sensuous steams mingling with and polluting the pure altar sacrifice.

The severest satire upon full tables and surfeits is the banquet which Satan, in the "Paradise Regained," provides for a temptation in the wilderness:

> A table richly spread in regal mode, With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort And savor; beasts of chase, or fowl of game, In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled, Gris-amber-steamed; all fish from sea or shore, Freshet or purling brook, for which was drained for Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.

The Tempter, I warrant you, thought these eates would go down without the recommendatory preface of a benediction. They are like to be short graces where the devil plays the host.—I am afraid the poet wants his usual decorum in this place. Was he thinking of the old Roman luxury, or of a gaudy day at

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Cambridge? This was a temptation fitter for a Heliogabalus.<sup>1</sup> The whole banquet is too eivie and culinary, and the accompaniments altogether a profanation of that deep, abstracted, holy scene. The mighty artillery of sauces, which the cook-fiend conjures up, is out of proportion to the simple wants and plain hunger of the guest. He that disturbed him in his dreams, from his dreams might have been taught better. To the temperate fantasies of the famished Son of God, what sort of feasts presented themselves?—He dreamed indeed,

----- As appetite is wont to dream, Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.

#### But what meats?---

Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought;
He saw the prophet also how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper; then how awaked
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And ate the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
Sometimes, that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.<sup>2</sup>

Nothing in Milton is finelier fancied than these temperate dreams of the divine Hungerer. To which of

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these two visonary banquets, think you, would the introduction of what is called the grace have been most fitting and pertinent?

Theoretically I am no enemy to graces; but practically I own that (before meat especially) they seem to involve something awkward and unseasonable. Our appetites, of one or another kind, are excellent spurs to our reason, which might otherwise but feebly set about the great ends of preserving and continuing the species. They are fit blessings to be contemplated at a distance with a becoming gratitude: but the moment of appetite (the judicious reader will apprehend me) is, perhaps, the least fit season for that exercise. The Quakers who go about their business, of every description, with more ealmness than we, have more title to the use of these benedietory prefaces. I have always admired their silent grace, and the more because I have observed their applications to the meat and drink following to be less passionate and sensual than ours. They are neither gluttons nor wine-bibbers as a people. They eat, as a horse bolts his chopped hay, with indifference, ealmness, and eleanly eircumstanees. They neither grease nor slop themselves. When I see a citizen in his bib and tueker, I eannot imagine it a surplice.

I am no Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not made to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating.

I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like mineed veal. There is a physiognomical character in the tastes for food. C---- holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple-dumplings. 1 am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for these innocuous cates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts. I am impatient and quernlons under culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner hour, for instance, expecting some savory mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless. Butter ill melted -that commonest of kitchen failures—puts me beside my tenor.—The author of the "Rambler" 2 used to make inarticulate animal noises over a favorite food. Was this the music quite proper to be preceded by the grace? or would the pious man have done better to postpone his devotions to a season when the blessing might be contemplated with less perturbation ? I quarrel with no man's tastes, nor would set my thin face against those excellent things, in their way, jollity and feasting. But as these exercises, however laudable, have little in them of grace or gracefulness, a man should be sure, before he ventures so to grace them, that while he is pretending his devotions otherwise, he is not secretly kissing his hand to some great fish-his Dagon <sup>3</sup>-with a special consecration of no ark but the

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fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet preluding strains to the banquets of angels and children: to the roots and severer repasts of the Chartreuse;<sup>1</sup> to the slender, but not slenderly acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man: but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and the luxurious they become of dissonant mood, less timid and tuned to the oceasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befitting organs would be, which children hear tales of, at Hog's Norton. We sit too long at our meals, or are too eurious in the study of them, or too disordered in our application to them, or engross too great a portion of these good things (which should be common) to our share, to be able with any grace to say grace. To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion is to add hypoerisy to injustice. A lnrking sense of this truth is what makes the performance of this duty so cold and spiritless a service at most tables. In houses where the grace is as indispensable as the napkin, who has not seen that never settled question arise, as to who shall say it; while the good man of the house and the visitor elergyman, or some other guest belike of next authority from years or gravity, shall be bandying abont the office between them as a matter of compliment, each of them not unwilling to shift the awkward burden of an equivocal duty from his own shoulders?

I once drank tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuasions, whom it was my

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fortune to introduce to each other for the first time that evening. Before the first cup was handed round, one of these reverend gentlemen put it to the other, with all due solemnity, whether he chose to say any thing. It seems it is the custom with some sectaries to put up a short prayer before this meal also. His reverend brother did not at first quite apprehend him, but upon an explanation, with little less importance he made answer, that it was not a custom known in his ehurch: in which courteous evasion the other acquiescing for good manner's sake, or in compliance with a weak brother, the supplementary or tca-grace was waived altogether. With what spirit might not Lucian<sup>1</sup> have painted two priests, of his religion, playing into caeh other's hands the compliment of performing or omitting a sacrifice,-the hungry God meantime, doubtful of his incense, with expectant nostrils hovering over the two flamens, and (as between two stools) going away in the end without his supper.

A short form upon these oceasions is felt to want reverence; a long one, I am afraid, cannot-escape the charge of impertinence. I do not quite approve of the epigrammatic conciseness with which that equivocal wag (but my pleasant school-fellow) C. V.  $L_{*,*}^{2}$ when importuned for a grace, used to inquire first slyly leering down the table, "Is there no elergyman here?" significantly adding, "thank G—." Nor do I think our old form at school quite pertinent, where we were used to preface our bald bread and cheese

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suppers with a preamble, connecting with that humble blessing a recognition of benefits the most awful and overwhelming to the imagination which religion has to offer. Non tunc illis crat locus.<sup>1</sup> I remember we were put to it to reconcile the phrase "good creatures," upon which the blessing rested, with the fare set before us, wilfully understanding that expression in a low and animal sense,—till some one recalled a legend, which told how in the golden days of Christ's, the young Hospitallers were wont to have smoking joints of roast meat upon their nightly boards, till some pious benefactor, commiserating the decencies, rather than the palates, of the children, commuted our flesh for garments, and gave us—horresco refercns<sup>2</sup>—trousers instead of mutton.

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At the north end of Cross Court there yet stands a portal, of some architectural pretensions, though reduced to humble use, serving at present for an entranee to a printing-office. This old door-way, if you are young, reader, you may not know was the identical pit entrance to Old Drury—Garriek's Drury <sup>4</sup> all of it that is left. I never pass it without shaking some forty years from off my shoulders, recurring to the evening when I passed through it to see *my first play*. The afternoon had been wet, and the condition of our going (the elder folks and myself) was, that the rain should cease. With what a beating heart did I watch from the window the puddles, from the stillness of which I was taught to prognosticate the desired eessation! I seem to remember the last spurt, and the glee with which I ran to announce it.

We went with orders, which my godfather F.<sup>1</sup> had sent us. He kept the oil shop (now Davies's) at the eorner of Featherstone Building, in Holborn. F. was a tall grave person, lofty in speech, and had pretensions above his rank. He associated in those days with John Palmer, the comedian, whose gait and bearing he seemed to copy; if John (which is quite as likely) did not rather borrow somewhat of his manner from my godfather. He was also known to, and visited by Sheridan.<sup>2</sup> It was to his house in Holborn that young Brinsley brought his first wife on her elopement with him from a boarding-school at Baththe beautiful Maria Linley. My parents were present (over a quadrille table) when he arrived in the evening with his harmonions eharge .- From either of these connections it may be inferred that my godfather could command an order for the then Drury Lane theater at pleasure—and, indeed, a pretty liberal issue of those cheap billets, in Brinsley's easy antograph, I have heard him say was the sole remuneration which he had received for many years' nightly illumination of the orehestra and various avenues of that theater-and he was content it should be so. The honor of Sheridan's familiarity-or supposed familiarity—was better to my godfather than money.

F. was the most gentlemanly of oilmen; grandiloquent yet courteous. His delivery of the commonest matters of fact was Ciceronian.<sup>1</sup> He had two Latin words almost constantly in his mouth (how odd sounds Latin from an oilman's lips!), which my better knowledge since has enabled me to correct. In strict pronunciation they should have sounded vice versâ—but in those young years they impressed me with more awe than they would now do, read aright from Sencea or Varro <sup>2</sup>—in his own peculiar pronunciation monosyllabically elaborated, or Anglicized, into something like verse verse. By an imposing manner, and the help of those distorted syllables, he climbed (but that was little) to the highest parochial honors which St. Andrew's <sup>3</sup> has to bestow.

He is dead—and thus much I thought due to his memory, both for my first orders (little wondrous talismans!—slight keys, and insignificant to outward sight, but opening to me more than Arabian paradises!) and moreover, that by his testamentary beneficence I came into possession of the only landed property which I could ever call my own—situate near the road-way village of pleasant Puckeridge, in Hertfordshire. When I journeyed down to take possession, and planted foot on my own ground, the stately habits of the donor descended upon me, and I strode (shall I confess the vanity?) with larger paces over my allotment of three-quarters of an aere, with its commodious mansion in the midst, with the feeling of an English freeholder that all betwixt sky

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and center was my own. The estate has passed into more prudent hands, and nothing but an agrarian can restore it.

In those days were pit orders. Beshrew the uncomfortable manager who abolished them !- with one of these we went. I remember the waiting at the door -not that which is left-but between that and an inner door in shelter-O when shall I be such an expeetant again !---with the ery of nonpareils, an indispensable play-house accompaniment in those days. As near as I can recollect, the fashionable pronunciation of the theatrical fruiteresses then was, "Chase some oranges, chase some numparels, chase a bill of the play;"-ehase pro chuse. But when we got in, and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed seen something like it in the plate prefixed to Troilns and Cressida,1 in Rowe's Shakespeare-the tent scene with Diomede 2-and a sight of that plate can always bring back in a measure the feeling of that evening .- The boxes at that time, full of welldressed women of quality, projected over the pit; and the pilasters reaching down were adorned with a glistering substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed), resembling a homely fancy-but I judged it to be sugar-candy yet, to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy!-The orchestra lights at length arose, those "fair Anroras!" <sup>3</sup> Once the bell

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sounded. It was to ring out yet onee again—and, ineapable of the anticipation, I reposed my shut eyes in a sort of resignation upon the maternal lap. It rang the second time. The curtain drew up—I was not past six years old—and the play was Artaxerxes!<sup>1</sup>

I had dabbled a little in the Universal Historythe aneient part of it-and here was the court of Persia. It was being admitted to a sight of the past. I took no proper interest in the action going on, for I understood not its import-but I heard the word Darius,<sup>2</sup> and I was in the midst of Daniel. All feeling was absorbed in vision. Gorgeous vests, gardens, palaees, princesses, passed before me. I knew not players. I was in Persepolis<sup>3</sup> for the time; and the burning idol of their devotion almost converted me into a worshipper. I was awe-struck, and believed those significations to be something more than elemental fires. It was all enchantment and a dream. No such pleasure has since visited me but in dreams. -Harlequin's Invasion followed; where, I remember, the transformation of the magistrates into reverend beldams seemed to me a picee of grave historie justice, and the tailor earrying his own head to be as sober a verity as the legend of St. Denvs.<sup>4</sup>

The next play to which I was taken was the Lady of the Manor, of which, with the exception of some scenery, very faint traces are left in my memory. It was followed by a pantomime, called Lum's Ghost —a satirie touch, I apprehend, upon Rich,<sup>5</sup> not long since dead—but to my apprehension (too sincere, for satire), Lun was as remote a piece of antiquity as Lud <sup>1</sup>—the father of a line of Harlequins—transmitting his dagger of lath (the wooden seepter) through eountless ages. I saw the primeval Motley <sup>2</sup> eome from his silent tomb in a ghastly vest of white patchwork, like the apparition of a dead rainbow. So Harlequins (thought I) look when they are dead.

My third play followed in quick succession. It was the Way of the World.<sup>3</sup> I think I must have sat at it as grave as a judge; for, I remember, the hysterie affectations of good Lady Wishfort affected me like some solemn tragic passion. Robinson Crusoe followed; in which Crusoe, man Friday, and the parrot, were as good and authentic as in the story.—The elownery and pantaloonery of these pantomimes have clean passed out of my head. I believe, I no more laughed at them, than at the same age I should have been disposed to laugh at the grotesque Gothie heads (seeming to me then replete with devout meaning) that gape, and grin, in stone around the inside of the old Round Church (my church) of the Templars.

I saw these plays in the season 1781–2, when I was from six to seven years old. After the intervention of six or seven other years (for at school all play-going was inhibited) I again entered the doors of a theater. That old Artaxerxes evening had never done ringing in my fancy. I expected the same feelings to come again with the same occasion. But we differ from ourselves less at sixty and sixteen, than

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the latter does from six. In that interval what had I not lost! At the first period I knew nothing, understood nothing, discriminated nothing. I felt all, loved all, wondered all—

Was nourished, I could not tell how --

I had left the temple a devotee, and was returned a rationalist. The same things were there materially; but the emblem, the reference, was gone !--- The green curtain was no longer a veil, drawn between two worlds, the unfolding of which was to bring back past ages, to present "a royal ghost,"---but a certain quantity of green baize, which was to separate the audienee for a given time from eertain of their fellowmen who were to come forward and pretend those parts. The lights-the orehestra lights-eame up a elumsy machinery. The first ring, and the second ring, was now but a trick of the prompter's bellwhich had been, like the note of the euckoo, a phantom of a voice, no hand seen or guessed at which ministered to its warning. The actors were men and women painted. I thought the fault was in them; but it was in myself, and the alteration which those many centuries-of six short twelvemonths-had wrought in me.-Perhaps it was fortunate for me that the play of the evening was but an indifferent comedy, as it gave me time to crop some unreasonable expectations, which might have interfered with the genuine emotions with which I was soon after enabled to enter upon the first appearance to me of Mrs. Siddons<sup>1</sup> in

Isabella. Comparison and retrospection soon yielded to the present attraction of the scene; and the theater became to me, upon a new stock, the most delightful of recreations.

## DREAM-CHILDREN; A REVERIE

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders, when they were ehildren; to stretch their imagination to the eoneeption of a traditionary great-uncle or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones erept about me the other evening to hear about their great grand-mother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk<sup>2</sup> (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the seene-so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country-of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood.<sup>3</sup> Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreast, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respeeted by every body, though she was not indeed

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the mistress of this great house, but had only the eharge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to earry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Aliee spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer-here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till upon my looking grave, it desisted-the best daneer. I was saying, in the county, till a eruel disease, called a cancer, came, and

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bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she-and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look conrageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great house in the holydays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Casars,1 that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or 1 to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that lunge mansion with its vast empty rooms, with their wornout hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out-sometimes in the spacions old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, nuless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me-and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,-and because

I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melaneholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and pieking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at-or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me-or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth-or in watching the daee that darted to and fro in the fishpond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,-I had more pleasure in these busyidle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone. I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grand-children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their unele, John L----, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it earry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any outand yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries-and how their unele grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy-for he was a good bit older than me-many a mile when I could not walk for pain; and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterward it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not ery or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarreling with him (for we quarreled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little monruing which they had on was not for uncle John, and

they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their unele, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Aliee W---n;<sup>1</sup> and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what eoyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens-when suddenly, turning to. Aliee, the soul of the first Aliee looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the ehildren gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech; "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice eall Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe<sup>2</sup> millions of ages before we have existence, and a name"-and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armehair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

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## DISTANT CORRESPONDENTS

## In a Letter to B. F.<sup>2</sup> Esq. at Sydney, New South Wales

MY DEAR F.-When I think how welcome the sight of a letter from the world where you were born must · be to you in that strange one to which you have been transplanted, I feel some compunctions visitings at my long silence. But, indeed, it is no easy effort to set about a correspondence at our distance. The weary world of waters between us oppresses the imagination. It is difficult to conceive how a serawl of mine should ever stretch across it. It is a sort of presumption to expect that one's thoughts should live so far. It is like writing for posterity; and reminds me of one of Mrs. Rowe's <sup>3</sup> superscriptions, "Alcander to Strephon,\* in the shades." Cowley's Post-Angel is no more than would be expedient in such an intercourse. One drops a packet at Lombard Street. and in twenty-four hours a friend in Cumberland gets it as fresh as if it came in ice. It is only like whispering through a long trumpet. But suppose a tube let down from the moon, with yourself at one end, and the man at the other; it would be some balk to the spirit of conversation, if you knew that the dialogue exchanged with that interesting theosophist would take two or three revolutions of a higher luminary in its passage. Yet for aught I know, you may be some parasangs nigher that primitive idea - Plato's man—than we in England here have the honor to reekon ourselves.

Epistolary matter usually comprise th three topies; news, sentiment, and puns. In the latter, I include all non-serious subjects; or subjects serious in themselves, but treated after my fashion, non-seriously. -And first, for news. In them the most desirable eireumstanee, I suppose, is that they shall be true. But what security ean I have that what I now send you for truth shall not before you get it unaecountably turn into a lie? For instance, our mutual friend P. is at this present writing-my Now-in good health, and enjoys a fair share of worldly reputation. You are glad to hear it. This is natural and friendly. But at this present reading-your Nowhe may possibly be in the Beneh, or going to be hanged, which in reason ought to abate something of your transport (i. e. at hearing he was well, etc.), or at least considerably to modify it. I am going to the play this evening, to have a langh with Munden.1-Yon have no theater, I think you told me, in your land of d----d realities. You naturally liek your lips, and envy me my felicity. Think but a moment, and you will correct the hateful emotion. Why, it is Sunday morning with you, and 1823. This confusion of tenses, this grand solecism of two presents, is in a degree common to all postage. But if I sent you word to Bath or the Devises, that I was expecting the aforesaid treat this evening, though at the moment you received the intelligence my full feast of

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fun would be over, yet there would be for a day or two after, as you would well know, a smaek, a relish left upon my mental palate, which would give rational encouragement for you to foster a portion at least of the disagreeable passion, which it was in part my intention to produce. But ten months hence your envy or your sympathy would be as useless as a passion spent upon the dead. Not only does truth, in these long intervals, unessence herself, but (what is harder) one cannot venture a erude fiction for the fear that it may ripen into a truth upon the voyage. What a wild improbable banter I put upon you some three years since----of Will Weatherall having married a servant-maid! I remember gravely consulting you how we were to receive her-for Will's wife was in no case to be rejected; and your no less serious replication in the matter; how tenderly you advised an abstemious introduction of literary topics before the lady, with a caution not to be too forward in bringing on the carpet, matters more within the sphere of her intelligence; your deliberate judgment, or rather wise suspension of sentence, how far jacks, and spits, and mops, could with propriety be introduced as subjects; whether the conscious avoiding of all such matters in discourse would not have a worse look than the taking of them casually in our way; in what manner we should carry ourselves to our maid Becky, Mrs. William Weatherall being by; whether we show more delicacy, and a truer sense of respect for Will's wife, by treating Becky with

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our customary chiding before her, or by an unusual deferential eivility paid to Becky as to a person of great worth, but thrown by the caprice of fate into a humble station. There were difficulties, I remember, on both sides, which you did me the favor to state with the precision of a lawyer, united to the tenderness of a friend. I laughed in my sleeve at your solemn pleadings, when lo! while I was valuing myself upon this flam put upon you in New South Wales, the devil in England, jealous possibly of any lie-children not his own, or working after my copy, has actually instigated our friend (not three days since) to the commission of a matrimony which I had only conjured up for your diversion. William Weatherall has married Mrs. Cotterel's maid. But to take it in its truest sense, you will see, my dear F., that news from me must become history to you; which I neither profess to write, nor indeed care much for reading. No person, under a diviner, can with any prospect of veracity conduct a correspondence at such arm's length. Two prophets, indeed, might thus interchange intelligence with effect; the epoch of the writer (Habakkuk falling in with the truc present time of the receiver (Daniel); but then we are no prophets.

Then as to sentiment. It fares little better with that. This kind of dish, above all, requires to be served up hot; or sent off in water-plates, that your friend may have it almost as warm as yourself. If it have time to cool, it is the most tasteless of all cold meats. I have often smiled at a conceit of the late Lord C.<sup>1</sup> It seems that traveling somewhere about Geneva, he came to some pretty green spot, or nook, where a willow, or something, hung so fantastically and invitingly over a stream-was it?-or a rock?-no matter-but the stillness and the repose, after a weary journey 'tis likely, in a languid moment of his lordship's hot restless life, so took his faney, that he could imagine no place so proper, in the event of his death, to lay his bones in. This was all very natural and exensable as a sentiment, and shows his character in a very pleasing light. But when from a passing sentiment it came to be an act; and when by a positive testamentary disposal, his remains were actually carried all that way from England; who was there, some desperate sentimentalists excepted, that did not ask the question, Why could not his lordship have found a spot as solitary, a nook as romantie, a tree as green and pendent, with a stream as emblematic to his purpose, in Surrey, in Dorset, or in Devon? Conceive the sentiment boarded np, freighted, entered at the Custom Honse (startling the tide-waters with the novelty), hoisted into a ship. Conceives it pawed about and handled between the rude jests of tarpanlin ruffians-a thing of its delicate texture—the salt bilge wetting it till it became as vapid as a damaged fustring. Suppose it in material danger (mariners have some superstition about sentiments) of being tossed over in a fresh gale to some propitiatory shark (spirit of Saint Gothard,<sup>1</sup> save us from a quietus so foreign to the deviser's purpose!) but it has happily evaded a fishy consummation. Trace it then to its lucky landing at Lyons shall we say?—I have not the map before me—jostled upon four men's shoulders—baiting at this town—stopping to refresh at t'other village waiting a passport here, a lieense there; the sanction of the magistracy in this district, the concurrence of the ecclesiastics in that canton; till at length it arrives at its destination, tired out and jaded, from a brisk sentiment, into a feature of silly pride or tawdry senseless affectation. How few sentiments, my dear F., I am afraid we can set down, in the sailor's phrase, as quite sea-worthy.

Lastly, as to the agreeable levities, which, though contemptible in bulk, are the twinkling corpuscula which should irradiate a right friendly epistle-your puns and small jests are, I apprehend, extremely circumscribed in their sphere of action. They are so far from a capacity of being packed up and sent beyond sea, they will scarce endure to be transported by hand from this room to the next. Their vigor is as the instant of their birth. The nutriment for their brief existence is the intellectual atmosphere of the bystanders: or this last, is the fine slime of Nilus-the melior lutus,<sup>2</sup>—whose maternal recipiency is as necessary as the sol-pater<sup>3</sup> to their equivocal generation. A pun hath a hearty kind of present car-kissing smack with it; you can no more transmit it in its pristine flavor, than you can send a kiss.-Have you not

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tried in some instances to palm off yesterday's pun npon a gentleman, and has it answered? Not but it was new to his hearing, but it did not seem to come new from you. It did not hitch in. It was like picking up at a village ale-house a two-days-old newspaper. You have not seen it before, but you resent the stale thing as an affront. This sort of merchandise above all requires a quick return. A pun, and its recognitory laugh, must be co-instantaneous. The one is the brisk lightning, the other the fierce thunder. A moment's interval, and the link is snapped. A pun is reflected from a friend's face as from a mirror. Who would consult his sweet visuomy, if the polished surface were two or three minutes (not to speak of twelve-months, my dear F.) in giving back its copy?

I cannot image to myself whereabout you are. When I try to fix it, Peter Wilkins's <sup>1</sup> island comes across me. Sometimes you seem to be in the *Hades* of *Thieves*. I see Diogenes <sup>2</sup> prying among you with his perpetual fruitless lantern. What must you be willing by this time to give for the sight of an honest man! You must almost have forgotten how *we* look. And tell me, what your Sydneyites <sup>3</sup> do? are they th\*\*v\*ng all day long? Merciful heaven! what property can stand against such a depredation! The kangaroos—your Aborigines—do they keep their primitive simplicity un-Europe-tainted, with those little short fore-puds, looking like a lesson framed by nature to the pickpocket! Marry, for diving into fobs

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they are rather lamely provided à priori; but if the hue and ery were once up, they would show as fair a pair of hind-shifters as the expertest loco-motor in the eolony .-- We hear the most improbable tales at this distance. Pray, is it true that the young Spartans among you are born with six fingers, which spoils their seanning?-It must look very odd; but use reconciles. For their seansion, it is less to be regretted, for if they take it into their heads to be poets, it is odds but they turn out, the greater part of them, vile plagiarists .- Is there much difference to see to between the son of a th\*\*f, and the grandson? or where does the taint stop? Do you bleach in three or in four generations ?-I have many questions to put, but ten Delphie voyages<sup>1</sup> ean be made in a shorter time than it will take to satisfy my seruples. -Do you grow your own hemp?-What is your staple trade, exclusive of the national profession, I mean? Your loek-smiths, I take it, are some of your great eapitalists.

I am insensibly chatting to you as familiarly as when we used to exchange good-morrows out of our old contiguous windows, in pump-famed Hare Court in the Temple. Why did you ever leave that quiet corner?—Why did I?—with its complement of four poor elms, from whose smoke-dyed barks, the theme of jesting ruralists, I picked my first lady-birds! My heart is as dry as that spring sometimes proves in a thirsty August, when I revert to the space that is between us; a length of passage enough to render obsolete the phrases of our English letters before they can reach you. But while I talk, I think you hear me,—thoughts dallying with vain surmise—

> Aye me! while thee the seas and sounding shores Hold far away.<sup>1</sup>

Come back, before I am grown into a very old man, so as you shall hardly know me. Come, before Bridget walks on crutches. Girls whom you left children have become sage matrons, while you are tarrying there. The blooming Miss W—— $r^2$  (you remember Sally W——r) called upon us yesterday, an aged crone. Folks, whom you knew, die off every year. Formerly, I thought that death was wearing out,— I stood ramparted about with so many healthy friends. The departnre of J. W.,<sup>3</sup> two springs back corrected my delusion. Since then the old divorcer has been busy. If you do not make haste to return, there will be little left to greet you, of me, or mine.

#### THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS

I LIKE to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweeper—old ehimney-sweepers are by no means attractive—but one of those tender novices, blooming their first nigritude, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the check—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aërial ascents not seldom anticipating the sun-rise?

I have a kindly yearning toward these dim speeks —poor blots—innocent blacknesses—

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's self enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the fauces Averni 1-to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades !---to shudder with the idea that "now," surely, he must be lost for ever!"-to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered day-light-and then (O fnlness of delight) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly; not much mulike the old stage direction in Macbeth,<sup>2</sup> where the "Apparition of a child crowned with a tree in his hand rises."

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry

in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him two-penee. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard ocenpation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.

There is a composition, the ground-work of which I have understood to be the sweet wood 'yelept sassafras. This wood boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delieacy beyond the China luxury. I know not how thy palate may relish it; for myself, with every deference to the judicious Mr. Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one he avers in London) for the vending of this "wholesome and pleasant beverage," on the south side of Fleet Street, as thou approachest Bridge Street-the only Salopian house,1-I have never yet ventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients-a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, deeline it. Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegancies, sup it up with avidity.

I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney-sweeper—whether the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginons) do at-

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tenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions, which are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners; or whether Nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw vietims, caused to grow out of the earth her sassafras for a sweet lenitive-but so it is, that no possible taste or odor to the senses of a young chimney-sweeper ean convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals-cats-when they purr over a new-found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can inculcate.

Now albeit Mr. Read boasteth, not without reason, that his is the only Salopian house; yet be it known to thee, reader—if thou art one who keepest what are called good hours, thou art haply ignorant of the faet —he hath a race of industrious imitators, who from stalls, and under open sky, dispense the same savory mess to humbler customers, at that dead time of the dawn, when (as extremes meet) the rake, reeling home from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artisan leaving his bed to resume the premature labors of the day, jostle, not unfrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honors of the pavement. It is the time when, in summer, between the expired and the not yet relumined kitchen-fires, the

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kennels of our fair metropolis give forth their least satisfactory odors. The rake, who wisheth to dissipate his o'er-night vapors in more grateful coffee, enrses the nugenial fume, as he passeth; but the artisan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

This is Saloop-the precoeious herb-woman's darling-the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammersmith to Covent Garden's famed piazzasthe delight, and, oh I fear, too often the envy, of the unpennied sweep. Him shouldest thon haply enconnter, with his dim visage pendent over the grateful steam, regale him with a snmptnous basin (it will cost thee but three half-pennics) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added halfpenny)—so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'er-charged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, enrl up a lighter volume to the welkin-so may the deseending soot never taint thy costly well-ingredieneed soups-nor the odions ery, quick-reaching from street to street, of the fired chimney, invite the rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes, to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace and pocket!

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts: the jeers and taunts of the populace; the lowbred trinmph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking, of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the jocularity of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness.—In the last winter but one,

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paeing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough-yet ontwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happenedwhen the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the eorners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth 1-----but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the March to Finchley, grinning at the pie-man—there he stood, as he stands in the pieture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever-with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirthfor the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no maliee in it-that I could have been content, if the honor of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his moekery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket, presumably holding such jewels; but, methinks, they should take leave to "air" them as frugally as possible. The fine lady, or fine gentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess,

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that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when

> A sable cloud Turns forth her silver lining on the night,<sup>1</sup>

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility :- aud, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguisement, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and geutle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticements of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to claudestine, and almost infantile abductions; the seeds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts (not otherwise to be accounted for) plainly hint at some forced adoptions; many noble Rachels mourning for their children,2 even in our days, countenance the fact; the tales of fairy-spiriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montagu<sup>3</sup> be but a solitary instance of good fortune, out of many irreparable and hopeless defiliations.

In one of the state-beds at Arundel Castle,<sup>4</sup> a few years since—under a ducal canopy—(that seat of the Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late duke was especially a connoisseur)—encircled with curtains of delicatest

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erimson, with starry eoronets inwoven—folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Aseanius <sup>1</sup>—was discovered by ehanee, after all methods of search had failed, at noon-day, fast asleep, a lost chimney sweeper. The little ereature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intrieaeies of those lordly ehimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delieious invitement to repose, which he there saw exhibited; so, ereeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle.-But I eannot help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I have just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the ease, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty, as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a Duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug, or the earpet, presented an obvious eouch, still far above his pretensionsis this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full conseiousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapt by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was but now ereeping back as into his proper *incunabula*, and resting-place.—By no other theory, than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state (as I may call it), can I explain a deed so venturous, and, indeed, upon any other system, so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable, sleeper.

My pleasant friend JEM WHITE was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of ehinney-sweepers, at which it was it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of St. Bartholomew.<sup>1</sup> Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-nathredly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no ehimney-sweeper (all is not soot which looks so), was quoited out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity; but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlors three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savor. JAMES WINTE, as head waiter, had eharge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion BIGOD, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table-for Rochester in his maddest days <sup>1</sup> could not have done the humors of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honor the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, halfblessing, half-cursing "the gentleman," and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O it was a pleasure to see the sable younkers liek in the unctuous meat, with his more unctuous sayings-how he would fit the tit-bits to the puny months, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors-how he would intercept

a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it "must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating '-how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-erust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony,-how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good he should lose their eustom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lip before drinking. Then we had our toasts-"'The King,"-the "Cloth," 1-which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering :- and for a erowning sentiment, which never failed, "May the Brush supersede the Laurel." All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a "Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so," which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these oecasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savoriest part, vou may believe, of the entertainment.

> Golden lads and lasses must. As chimney-sweepers, come to dust -2

James White is extinct,<sup>3</sup> and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old elients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.

## A COMPLAINT OF THE DECAY OF BEGGARS IN THE METROPOLIS

THE all-sweeping bosom of societarian reformation your only modern Aleides's elub<sup>2</sup> to rid the time of its abuses—is uplift with many-handed sway to extirpate the last fluttering tatters of the bugbear MEN-DICITY from the metropolis. Serips, wallets, bags staves, dogs, and erutehes—the whole mendicant fraternity with all their baggage are fast posting out of the purlicus of this eleventh persecution. From the erowded crossing, from the corners of streets and turnings of alleys, the parting Genius of Beggary is "with sighing sent."

I do not approve of this wholesale going to work, this impertinent erusado or *bellum ad exterminationem*, proclaimed against a species. Much good might be sucked from these Beggars.

They were the oldest and the honorablest form of pauperism. Their appeals were to our common nature: less revolting to an ingenuous mind than to be a suppliant to the particular humors or caprice of any fellow-creature, or set of fellow-creatures, parochial or societarian. Theirs were the only rates uninvidious in the levy, ungrudged in the assessment.

There was a dignity springing from the very depth of their desolation; as to be naked is to be so much nearer to the being a man, than to go in livery.

The greatest spirits have felt this in their reverses; and when Dionysius<sup>1</sup> from king turned schoolmaster, do we feel any thing towards him but contempt? Could Vandyke<sup>2</sup> have made a picture of him, swaying a ferula for a scepter, which would have affected our minds with the same heroic pity, the same compassionate admiration, with which we regard his Belisarius<sup>3</sup> begging for an *obolus*? Would the moral have been more graceful, more pathetic?

The Blind Beggar<sup>4</sup> in the legend—the father of pretty Bessy—whose story doggrel rhymes and alehouse signs cannot so degrade or attenuate, but that some sparks of a lustrous spirit will shine through the disguisements—this noble Earl of Cornwall (as indeed he was) and memorable sport of fortune, fleeing from the unjust sentence of his liege lord, stripped of all, and seated on the flowering green of Bethnal, with his more fresh and springing daughter by his side, illumining his rags and his beggary would the child and parent have ent a better figure, doing the honors of a counter, or expiating their fallen condition upon the three-foot eminence of some sempstering shop-board?

In tale or history your Beggar is ever the just antipode to your King. The poets and romancical

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writers (as dear Margaret Newcastle would eall them) when they would most sharply and feelingly paint a reverse of fortune, never stop till they have brought down their hero in good earnest to rags and the wallet. The depth of the deseent illustrates the height he falls from. There is no medium which ean be presented to the imagination without offense. There is no breaking the fall. Lear, thrown from his palace,<sup>1</sup> must divest him of his garments, till he answer "mere nature"; and Cresseid,<sup>2</sup> fallen from a prinee's love, must extend her pale arms, pale with other whiteness than of beauty, supplicating lazar ahms with bell and elapdish.

The Lucian wits <sup>3</sup> knew this very well; and, with a eonverse policy, when they would express seorn of greatness without the pity, they show us an Alexander in the shades cobbling shoes, or a Semiramis,<sup>4</sup> getting up foul linen.

How would it sound in song, that a great monarch had deelined his affections upon the daughter of a baker! yet do we feel the imagination at all violated when we read the "true ballad," where King Cophetua<sup>5</sup> woos the beggar maid?

Pauperism, pauper, poor man, are expressions of pity, but pity alloyed with contempt. No one properly contemns a beggar. Poverty is a comparative thing, and each degree of it is mocked by its "neighbor grice." Its poor rents and comings-in are soon summed up and told. Its pretenses to poverty are almost ludierous. Its pitiful attempts to save ex-

cite a smile. Every scornful companion can weigh his trifle-bigger purse against it. Poor man reproaches poor man in the streets with impolitic mention of his condition, his own being a shade better, while the rich pass by and jeer at both. No raseally comparative insults a Beggar, or thinks of weighing purses with him. He is not in the scale of comparison. · IIe is not under the measure of property. He confessedly hath none, any more than a dog or a sheep. No one twitteth him with ostentation above his means. No one accuses him of pride, or npbraideth him with mock humility. None jostle with him for the wall, or pick quarrels for precedency. No wealthy neighbor seeketh to eject him from his tenement. No man sues him. No man goes to law with him. If I were not the independent gentleman that I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a led captain or a poor relation, I would choose, out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind, to be a Beggar.

Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the Beggar's robes, and graceful *insignia* of his profession, his tenure, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public. He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on court mourning. He weareth all colors, fearing none. His costume hath undergone less change than the Quaker's. He is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world coneern him no longer. He alone continueth in onc stay. The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluctuations of agricultural or commercial prosperity touch him not, or at worst but change his customers. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any one. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics. He is the only free man in the universe.

The Mendicants of this great eity were so many of her sights, her lions. I can no more spare them than I could the Cries of London. No corner of a street is complete without them. They are as indispensable as the Ballad Singer; and in their pieturesque attire as ornamental as the Signs of old London. They were the standing morals, emblems, mementos, dial-mottoes, the spital sermons, the books for children, the salutary checks and pauses to the high and rushing tide of greasy citizenry—

#### ----- Look

Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there.

Above all, those old blind Tobits<sup>1</sup> that used to line the wall of Lincoln's Inn Garden, before modern fastidiousness had expelled them, easting up their ruined orbs to eatch a ray of pity, and (if possible) of light, with their faithful Dog Guide at their feet, whither are they fled? or into what corners, blind as themselves, have they been driven, out of the wholesome air and sun-warmth? immersed between four walls, in what withering poor-house do they endure the penalty of double darkness, where the chink of the dropped half-penny no more consoles their forlorn bereavement, far from the sound of the cheerful and hope-stirring tread of the passenger? Where hang their useless staves? and who will farm their dogs?— Have the overseers of St. L—— eaused them to be shot? or were they tied up in saeks, and dropped into the Thames, at the suggestion of B——, the mild Rector of ——?

Well fare the soul of unfastidious Vineent Bourne,<sup>1</sup> most elassieal, and at the same time, most English, of the Latinists!—who has treated of this human and quadrupedal allianee, this dog and man friendship, in the sweetest of his poems, the *Epitaphium in Canem*, or *Dog's Epitaph*. Reader, peruse it; and say, if eustomary sights, which could call up such gentle poetry as this, were of a nature to do more harm or good to the moral sense of the passengers through the daily thoroughfares of a vast and busy metropolis.

Pauperis hic Iri requiesco Lyciscus, herilis, Dum vixi, tutela vigil columenque senectæ, Dux cæco fidus: nec, me ducente, solebat, Prætenso hine atque hine baculo, per iniqua locorum Incertam explorare viam; sed fila secutus, Quæ dubios regerent passûs vestigia tuta Fixit inoffenso gressu; gelidumque sedile In nudo nactus saxo, quà prætercuntium Unda frequens confluxit, ibi miscrisque tenebras Lamentis, noctemque oculis ploravit obortam. Ploravit nec frustra; obolum dedit alter et alter, Queis corda et mentem indiderat natura benignam. Ad latus interea jaeui sopitus herile, Vel mediis vigil in sonnis; ad herilia jussa Auresque atque animum arreetus, seu frustula amieè Porrexit sociasque dapes, seu longa diei Tædia perpessus, reditum sub noete parabat. Hi mores, hæe vita fuit, dum fata sinebant, Dum neque languebam morbis, nee inerte senecta; Quæ tandem obrepsit, veterique satellite cæeum Orbavit dominum: prisei sed gratia facti Ne tota intereat, longos deleta per annos, Exiguum hune Irus tumulum de eespite fecit, Etsi inopis, non ingratæ, munuscula dextræ; Carmine signavitque brevi, dominumque canemque Quod memoret, fidumque eanem dominumque benignum.

Poor Irus' faithful wolf-dog here I lie, That wont to tend my old blind master's steps, His guide and guard: nor, while my service lasted, Had he oceasion for that staff, with which He now goes picking out his path in fear Over the highways and crossings; but would plant. Safe in the conduct of my friendly string. A firm foot forward still, till he hath reach'd His poor seat on some stone, nigh where the tide Of passers by in thickest confluence flow'd: To whom with loud and passionate laments From morn to eve his dark estate he wail'd. Nor wail'd to all in vain: some here and there, The well-disposed and good, their pennies gave. I meantime at his feet obsequious slept; Not all-asleep in sleep but heart and ear Prick'd up at his least motion; to receive At his kind hand my customary crumbs, And common portion of his feast of scraps; Or when night warn'd us homeward, tired and spent With our long day and tedious beggary.

These were my manners, this my way of life, Till age and slow disease me overtook, And sever'd from my sightless master's side, But lest the grace of so good deeds should die, Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost, This slender tomb of turf hath Irus reared, Cheap monument of no ungrudging hand, . And with short verse inseribed it, to attest, In long and lasting union to attest, The virtues of the beggar and his Dog.

These dim eyes have in vain explored for some months past a well-known figure, or part of the figure, of a man, who used to glide his comely upper half over the pavements of London, wheeling along with most ingenious celerity upon a machine of wood; a spectacle to natives, to foreigners, and to children. He was of a robust make, with a florid sailor-like complexion, and his head was bare to the storm and sunshine. He was a natural curiosity, a speculation to the scientific, a prodigy to the simple. The infant would stare at the mighty man brought down to his own level. The common cripple would despise his own pusillanimity, viewing the hale stoutness, and hearty heart, of this half-limbed giant. Few but must have noticed him; for the accident, which brought him low, took place during the riots of 1780. and he has been a groundling so long. He seemed earth-born, an Antaus,1 and to suck in fresh vigor from the soil which he neighbored. He was a grand fragment; as good as an Elgin marble.<sup>2</sup> The nature, which should have reeruited his reft legs and thighs,

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was not lost, but only retired into his upper parts, and he was half a Hercules.<sup>1</sup> I heard a tremendous voice thundering and growling, as before an earthquake, and easting down my eyes, it was this mandrake reviling a steed that had started at his portentous appearance. He seemed to want but his just stature to have rent the offending quadruped in shivers. He was as the man-part of a Centanr,<sup>2</sup> from which the horse-half had been cloven in some dire Lapithan controversy. He moved on, as if he could have made shift with yet half of the body-portion which was left him. The os sublime 3 was not wanting; and he threw out yet a jolly countenance upon the heavens. Forty-and-two years had he driven this out of door trade, and now that his hair is grizzled in the service, but his good spirits no way impaired, beeause he is not content to exchange his free air and exercise for the restraints of a poor-house, he is expiating his continuacy in one of those houses (ironically christened) of Correction.

Was a daily spectacle like this to be deemed a nuisance, which called for legal interference to remove? or not rather a salutary and a touching object, to the passers-by in a great city? Among her shows, her nuscums, and supplies for ever-gaping curiosity (and what else but an accumulation of sights—endless sights—is a great city; or for what else is it desirable?) was there not room for one *Lusus* (not *Natura*, indeed, but) *Accidentium*?<sup>4</sup> What if in forty-and-two years going about, the man had scraped together enough to give a portion to his ehild (as the rumor ran) of a few hundreds-whom had he injured ?- whom had he imposed upon ? The contributors had enjoyed their sight for their pennies. What if after being exposed all day to the heats, the rains, and the frosts of heaven-shuffling his ungainly trunk along in an elaborate and painful motion-he was enabled to retire at night to enjoy himself at a club of his fellow eripples over a dish of hot meat and vegetables, as the charge was gravely brought against him by a elergyman deposing before a House of Commons' Committee-was this, or was his truly paternal eonsideration, which (if a fact) deserved a statue rather than a whipping-post, and is inconsistent at least with the exaggeration of nocturnal orgies which he has been slandered with-a reason that he should be deprived of his chosen, harmless, nay edifying, way of life, and be committed in hoary age for a sturdy vagabond ?---

There was a Yoriek <sup>1</sup> onee, whom it would not have shamed to have sat down at the eripples' feast and to have thrown in his benediction, ay, and his mite too, for a companionable symbol. "Age, thou hast lost thy breed."—

Half of these stories about the prodigious fortunes made by begging are (I verily believe) misers' calumnies. One was much talked of in the public papers some time since, and the nsual charitable inferences deduced. A clerk in the Bank was surprised with the announcement of a five hundred pound legacy left him by a person whose name he was a stranger to. It seems that in his daily morning walks from Peckham (or some village thereabouts) where he lived, to his office, it had been his practice for the last twenty years to drop his halfpenny duly into the hat of some blind Bartimeus,<sup>1</sup> that sat begging alms by the wayside in the Borough. The good old beggar recognized his daily benefactor by the voice only; and, when he died, left all the amassings of his alms (that had been half a century perhaps in the accumulating) to his old Bank friend. Was this a story to purse up people's hearts, and pennies, against giving an alms to the blind?—or not rather a beautiful moral of welldirected charity on the one part, and noble gratitude upon the other?

I sometimes wish I had been that Bank clerk.

I seem to remember a poor old grateful kind of ereature, blinking, and looking up with his no eyes in the sun—

Is it possible I could have steeled my purse against him?

Perhaps I had no small change.

Reader, do not be frightened at the hard words, imposition, imposture—give, and ask no questions. Cast thy bread upon the waters. Some have unawares (like this Bank clerk) entertained angels.

Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor ereature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the "seven small children," in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth, to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, give, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks, and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not.

# Charles Lamb A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript,<sup>2</sup> which my friend M.<sup>3</sup> was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages, ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just (as they do in Abyssinia to this day) This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius \* in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Chofang, literally the Cook's holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of play-

ing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. | Bo-bo was in utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor 'assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What eould it proceed from ?---not from the burnt cottage-he had smelt that smell before-indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlueky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his

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mouth. Some of the crums of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—crackling! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorehed skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?" "O father, the pig, the pig, do eome and taste how niee the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti- tingled with horror. He eursed his son, and he eursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose seent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord," —with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the eraekling seorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was

burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of ehastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,-to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present-without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The Judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the eourt was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there

was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke,<sup>1</sup> who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any enlinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG. The End

Of all the delicacies in the whole mundus edibilis,<sup>2</sup> I will maintain it to be the most delicate (princeps obsoniorum)<sup>3</sup>

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speek of the *amor immunditia*,<sup>1</sup> the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble, and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *praludium*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not igonant that our aneestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the erisp, tawny, well-watched, not overroasted, crackling, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean, (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is doing—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a seorehing heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string!—Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars—

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow

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up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinchood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy eonversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

> Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade, Death came with timely care 1---

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coalheaver bolteth him in recking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

Ite is the best of Sapors. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tendereonscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and exeoriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the eoarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provoeative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

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Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and viee, inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unraveled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfaetions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." / Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door ehickens (those "tame villatie fowl"), eapons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the honse, slightingly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate-It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old annt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dis-

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missed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, school-boy-like, I made him a present of-the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I-I myself, and not another-would eat her nice cake-and what should I say to her the next time I saw her-how naughty was I to part with her pretty present-and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last-and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypoerisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sac-

rificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death with something of a shoek, as we hear of any other obsolete eustom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be eautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto—

I remember an hypothesis, argned upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's,<sup>1</sup> and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*)<sup>2</sup> superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But, banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

## A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT OF THE BEHAVIOR OF MARRIED PEOPLE

As a single man, I have spent a good deal of my time in noting down the infirmities of Married People, to eonsole myself for those superior pleasures, which they tell me I have lost by remaining as I am.

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen me in those antisocial resolutions, which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftenest offends me at the houses of married persons where I visit, is an error of quite a different description; it is that they are too loving.

Not too loving neither: that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world, to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society, implies that they prefer one another to all the world.

But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that you are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offense, while implied or taken for granted merely; but expressed, there is much offense in them. If a man were to accost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her bhintly, that she was not handsome or rich enough for him, and he could not marry her, he would deserve to be kieked for his ill manners; yet no less is implied in the fact, that having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as elearly as if it were put into words; but no reasonable young woman would think of making this a ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches and looks that are searce less plain than speeches, that I am not the happy man,-the lady's choice. It is enough that I know that I am not: I do not want this perpetual reminding.

The display of superior knowledge or riches may be made sufficiently mortifying: but these admit of a palliative. The knowledge which is brought out to insult me, may accidentally improve me; and in the rich man's honses and pictures,—his parks and gardens, I have a temporary usufruet at least. But the display of married happiness has none of these palliatives: it is throughout pure, unrecompensed, unqualified insult.

Marriage by its best title is a monopoly, and not of the least invidions sort. It is the ennning of mest possessors of any exclusive privilege to keep their advantage as much out of sight as possible, that their less favored neighbors, seeing little of the benefit, may the less be disposed to question the right. But these married monopolists thrust the most obnoxious part of their patent into our faces.

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire eomplacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple,—in that of the lady particularly; it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world: that you can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none; nor wishes either, perhaps; but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

The excessive airs which those people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us unmarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own eraft better than we who have not had the happiness to be made free of the eoupany: but their arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as an incompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my aequaintance who, the best of the jest was, had not ehanged her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her, respecting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the assurance to ask with a sneer, how such an old

Bachelor as I could pretend to know anything about such matters.

But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a ravity children are, that every street and blind alley swarms with them, —that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance,—that there are few marriages that are not blest with at least one of these bargains, how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicions courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, &e. I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phonixes,<sup>1</sup> indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common

I do not advert to the insolent merit which they assume with their husbands on these occasions. Let them look to that. But why *wc*, who are not their natural-born subjects, should be expected to bring our spices, myrrh, and incense, our tribute and homage of admiration,—I do not see.

"Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children:" so says the excellent office in our Prayer-book appointed for the ehurching of women. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them:" So say I; but then don't let him diseharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless; let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us. I

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have generally observed that these arrows are doubleheaded; they have two forks, to be sure to hit with one or the other. As for instance, where you come into a house which is full of children, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something clse, perhaps, and turn a deaf car to their innocent caresses), you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of children. On the other hand, if you find them more than usually engaging,—if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in carnest to romp and play with them, some pretext or other is sure to be found for sending them out of the room: they are too noisy or boisterous, or Mr. — does not like children. With one or other of these forks the arrow is sure to hit you.

I could forgive their jealousy, and dispense with toying with their brats, if it gives them any pain; but I think it unreasonable to be called upon to *love* them, where I see no occasion,—to love a whole family, perhaps, eight, nine, or ten, indiscriminately, to love all the pretty dears, because children are so engaging.

I know there is a proverb, "Love me, love my dog:"<sup>1</sup> that is not always so very praeticable, partienlarly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing, any inanimate substance, as a keepsake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absence, I can make shift to love, because I love him, and anything

that reminds me of him; provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue faney ean give it. But children have a real character and an essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable per se; I must love or hate them, as I see eause for either in their qualities. A child's nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly: they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. O! but you will say, sure it is an attractive age,-there is something in the tender years of infancy that of itself charms us. That is the very reason why I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delieate creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest .-- I was always rather squeamish in my women and children.

But this is not the worst: one must be admitted into their familiarity at least, before they can complain of inattention. It implies visits, and some kind of intercourse. But if the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage,—if you did not come in on the wife's side, —if you did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in fast habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on,—

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look about you-your tenure is preearious-before a twelve-month shall roll over your head, you shall find your old friend gradually grow eool and altered towards you, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have searce a married friend of my aequaintanee, upon whose firm faith I ean rely, whose friendship did not commence after the period of his marriage. With some limitations they can endure that: but that the good man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in which they were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him,-before they that are now man and wife ever met,-this is intolerable to them. Every long friendship, every old authentie intimacy, must be brought into their office to be new stamped with their eurreney, as a sovereign Prince ealls in the good old money that was eoined in some reign before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority, before he will let it pass current in the world. You may guess what luck generally befalls such a rusty piece of metal as I am in these new mintings.

Innumerable are the ways which they take to insult and worm you out of their husband's confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow that said good things, but an oddity, is one of the ways;—they have a particular kind of stare for the purpose;—till at last the husband, who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some excressences of understanding and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vnlgar) which he perceived in yon, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humorist,—a fellow well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not quite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This may be ealled the staring way; and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me.

Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony; that is, where they find you an object of especial regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you; by never-qualified exaggerations to ery up all that you say or do, till the good man, who understands well enough that it is all done in compliment to him, grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much eandor, and by relaxing a little on his part, and taking down a peg or two in his enthusiasm, sinks at length to that kindly level of moderate esteem,-that "decent affection and complacent kindness'' towards you, where she herself can join in sympathy with him without much stretch and violence to her sincerity.

Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so desirable a purpose are infinite) is, with a kind of innocent simplicity, continually to mistake what it was which first made their husband fond of you. If an esteem for something excellent in your moral character was that which riveted the chain

which she is to break, upon any imaginary diseovery of a want of poignancy in your conversation, she will ery, "I thought, my dear, you described your friend, Mr. — as a great wit." If, on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your conversation that he first grew to like you, and was content for this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these she as readily exclaims, "This, my dear, is your good Mr. ——." One good lady whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not showing me quite so much respect as I thought due to her husband's old friend, had the eandor to eonfess to me that she had often heard Mr. — speak of me before marriage, and that she had eoneeived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for from her husband's representations of me, she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like looking man (I use her very words); the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was eandid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return, how she came to pitch upon a standard of personal accomplishments for her husband's friends which differed so much from his own; for my friend's dimensions as near as possible approximate to mine; he stands five feet five in his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an inch; and he no more than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or countenance.

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These are some of the mortifications which I have encountered in the absurd attempt to visit at their houses. To enumerate them all would be a vain endeavor; I shall therefore just glance at the very common impropriety of which married ladies are guilty,-of treating us as if we were their husbands, and vice versâ. I mean, when they use ns with familiarity, and their husbands with eeremony. Testacca, for instance, kept me the other night two or three hours beyond my usual time of supping, while she was fretting because Mr. — did not come home. till the oysters were all spoiled, rather than she would be guilty of the impoliteness of touching one in his absence. This was reversing the point of good manners: for eeremony is an invention to take off the uneasy feeling which we derive from knowing ourselves to be the less the object of love and esteem with a fellow-ereature than some other person is. It endeavors to make up, by superior attentions in little points, for that invidious preference which it is forced to deny in the greater. Had Testacca kept the oysters back for me, and withstood her husband's importunities to go to supper, she would have acted according to the strict rules of propriety. I know no ceremony that ladies are bound to observe to their husbands, beyond the point of a modest behavior and decorum : therefore I must protest against the viearious gluttony of Cerasia, who at her own table sent away a dish of Morellas, which I was applying to with great good will, to her husband

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at the other end of the table, and recommended a plate of less extraordinary gooseberries to my unwedded palate in their stead. Neither can I excuse the wanton affront of—.

But I am weary of stringing up all my married acquaintance by Roman denominations. Let them amend and change their manners, or I promise to record the full-length English of their names, to the terror of all such desperate offenders in future.

#### ON SOME OF THE OLD ACTORS

The easual sight of an old Play Bill, which I picked np the other day—I know not by what chance it was preserved so long-tempts me to call to mind a few of the Players, who made the principal figure in it. It presents the cast of parts in the Twelfth Night,<sup>2</sup> at the old Drury Lane Theater two-and-thirty years ago. There is something very touching in these old remembrances. They make us think how we once used to read a Play Bill-not, as now peradventure, singling out a favorite performer, and easting a negligent eye over the rest; but spelling out every name, down to the very mutes and servants of the scene;when it was a matter of no small moment to us whether Whitfield, or Packer, took the part of Fabian; when Benson, and Burton, and Phillimore-names of small account had an importance, beyond what we can be content to attribute now to the time's best actors.-"'Orsino, by Mr. Barrymore." 3-What a full

Shakspearian sound it carries! how fresh to memory arise the image, and the manner, of the gentle aetor!

Those who have only seen Mrs. Jordan<sup>1</sup> within the last ten or fifteen years, ean have no adequate notion of her performance of such parts as Ophelia: Helena, in All's Well that Ends Well; and Viola in this play. Her voice had latterly acquired a coarseness, which suited well enough with her Nells and Hoydens,<sup>2</sup> but in those days it sank, with her steady melting eve. into the heart. Her joyous parts-in which her memory now chiefly lives-in her youth were outdone by her plaintive ones. There is no giving an account how she delivered the disguised story of her love for Orsino. It was no set speech, that she had foreseen, so as to weave it into an harmonious period, line neeessarily following line, to make up the musicyet I have heard it so spoken, or rather read, not without its grace and beauty-but, when she had declared her sister's history to be a "blank," and that she "never told her love," there was a pause, as if the story had ended-and then the image of the "worm in the bud" came up as a new suggestionand the heightened image of "Patience" still followed after that, as by some growing (and not mechanical) process, thought springing up after thought. I would almost say, as they were watered by her tears. So in those fine lines -

> Write loyal cantos of contemmed love = Hollow your name to the reverberate hills = 3

there was no preparation made in the foregoing image for that which was to follow. She used no rhetoric in her passion; or it was nature's own rhetoric, most legitimate then, when it seemed altogether without rule or law.

Mrs. Powel (now Mrs. Renard), then in the pride of her beauty, made an admirable Olivia. She was particularly excellent in her unbending scenes in conversation with the Clown. I have seen some Olivias—and those very sensible actresses too—who in those interlocutions have seemed to set their wits at the jester, and to vie conceits with him in downright emulation. But she used him for her sport, like what he was, to triffe a leisure sentence or two with, and then to be dismissed, and she to be the Great Lady still. She touched the imperious fantastic humor of the character with nicety. Her fine spacious person filled the seene.

The part of Malvolio has in my judgment been so often misunderstood, and the *general merits* of the actor, who then played it, so unduly appreciated, that I shall hope for pardon, if I am a little prolix upon these points.

Of all the actors who flourished in my time—a melancholy phrase if taken aright, reader—Bensley<sup>1</sup> had most of the swell of soul, was greatest in the delivery of heroic conceptions, the emotions consequent upon the presentment of a great idea to the fancy. He had the true poetical enthusiasm— the rarest faculty among players. None that I remember possessed even

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a portion of that fine madness which he threw out in Hotspur's famous rant about glory,<sup>1</sup> or the transports of the Venetian incendiary 2 at the vision of the fired city. His voice had the dissonance, and at times the inspiriting effect of the trumpet. His gait was uncouth and stiff, but no way embarrassed by affeetation; and the thorough-bred gentleman was uppermost in every movement. He seized the moment of passion with the greatest truth; like a faithful elock, never striking before the time: never anticipating or leading yon to anticipate. He was totally destitute of trick and artifice. He seemed come upon the stage to do the poet's message simply, and he did it with as genuine fidelity as the nuncios in Homer deliver the errands of the gods. He let the passion or the sentiment do its own work without prop or bolstering. He would have scorned to mountebank it; and betrayed none of that cleverness which is the bane of serious acting. For this reason, his lago was the only endurable one which I remember to have seen. No spectator from his action could divine more of his artifice than Othello was supposed to do. His confessions in soliloquy alone put you in possession of the mystery. There were no by-intimations to make the audience fancy their own discernment so much greater than that of the Moor-who commonly stands like a great helpless mark set up for mine Ancient, and a quantity of barren spectators, to shoot their bolts at. The Iago of Bensley did not go to work so grossly. There was a triumphant tone about

the eharaeter, natural to a general eonseiousness of power; but none of that petty vanity which chuckles and cannot eontain itself upon any little suecessful stroke of its knavery-as is common with your small villains and green probationers in mischief. It did not elap or erow before its time. It was not a man setting his wits at a child, and winking all the while at other children who are mightily pleased at being let into the sceret; but a consummate villain entrapping a noble nature into toils, against which no discernment was available, where the manner was as fathomless as the purpose seemed dark, and without inctive. The part of Malvolio, in the Twelfth Night, was performed by Bensley, with a richness and a dignity, of which (to judge from some recent eastings of that character) the very tradition must be worn out from the stage. No manager in those days would have dreamed of giving it to Mr. Baddeley, or Mr. Parsons: when Bensley was occasionally absent from the theater, John Kemble<sup>1</sup> thought it no derogation to succeed to the part. Malvolio is not essentially ludierous. He becomes comie but by accident. He is cold, austere, repelling: but dignified, consistent, and, for what appears, rather of an over-stretched morality. Maria describes him as a sort of Puritan; and he might have worn his gold chain with honor in one of our old round-head families, in the service of a Lambert, or a Lady Fairfax. But his morality and his manners are misplaced in Illyria. He is opposed to the proper levities of the piece, and falls

in the unequal contest. Still his pride, or his gravity, (call it which you will) is inherent, and native to the man, not mock or affected, which latter only are the fit objects to excite laughter. His quality is at the best unlovely, but neither buffoon nor contemptible. His bearing is lofty, a little above his station, but probably not much above his deserts. We see no reason why he should not have been brave, honorable, accomplished. His earcless committal of the ring to the ground (which he was commissioned to restore to Cesario), bespeaks a generosity of birth and feeling. His dialect on all oceasions is that of a gentleman, and a man of cducation. We must not confound him with the eternal old, low steward of comedy. He is master of the household to a great Princess; a dignity probably conferred upon him for other respects than age or length of service. Olivia, at the first indication of his supposed madness, declares that she "would not have him miscarry for half of her dowry." Does this look as if the character was meant to appear little or insignificant? Once, indeed, she accuses him to his face-of what? -of being "sick of self-love,"-but with a gentleness and considerateness which could not have been, if she had not thought that this particular infirmity shaded some virtnes. His rebuke to the knight, and his sottish revelers, is sensible and spirited; and when we take into consideration the unprotected condition of his mistress, and the strict regard with which her state of real or dissembled mourning would

draw the eyes of the world upon her house-affairs, Malvolio might feel the honor of the family in some sort in his keeping; as it appears not that Olivia had any more brothers, or kinsmen, to look to itfor Sir Toby had dropped all such nice respects at the buttery hatch. That Malvolio was meant to be represented as possessing estimable qualities, the expression of the Duke in his anxiety to have him reconeiled, almost infers. "Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace." Even in his abused state of chains and darkness, a sort of greatness seems never to desert him. He argues highly and well with the supposed Sir Topas, and philosophizes gallantly upon his straw.\* There must have been some shadow of worth about the man; he must have been something more than a mere vapor-a thing of straw, or Jack in office -before Fabian and Maria could have ventured sending him upon a courting-errand to Olivia. There was some consonancy (as he would say) in the undertaking, or the jest would have been too bold even for that house of misrule.

Bensley, accordingly, threw over the part an air of Spanish loftiness. He looked, spake, and moved like an old Castilian.<sup>1</sup> He was stareh, spruce, opinionated, but his superstructure of pride seemed bot-

<sup>\*</sup> Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve of his opinion.

tomed upon a sense of worth. There was something in it beyond the eoxcomb. It was big and swelling, but you could not be sure that it was hollow. You might wish to see it taken down. but you felt that it was upon an elevation. He was magnificent from the outset; but when the decent sobricties of the character began to give way, and the poison of self-love, in his coneeit of the Countess's affection, gradually to work, you would have thought that the hero of La Maucha<sup>1</sup> in person stood before you. How he went smiling to himself! with what ineffable earelessness would he twirl his gold chaiu! what a dream it was! you were infected with the illusion, and did not wish that it should be removed! you had no room for laughter! if an unseasonable reflection of morality obtruded itself, it was a deep sense of the pitiable infirmity of man's nature, that eau lay him open to such frenzies -but in truth you rather admired than pitied the lunaey while it lasted—you felt that an hour of such mistake was worth an age with the eves open. Who would not wish to live but for a day in the conceit of such a lady's love as Olivia? Why, the Duke would have given his principality but for a quarter of a minute, sleeping or waking, to have been so deluded. The man secured to tread upon air, to taste manua, to walk with his head in the clouds, to mate Hyperion.<sup>2</sup> O! shake not the eastles of his pride -endure yet for a season bright moments of confidence-"stand still ye watches of the element," that Malvolio may be still in faney fair Olivia's lord-

but fate and retribution say no-I hear the mischievous titter of Maria-the witty taunts of Sir Tobythe still more insupportable triumph of the foolish knight-the counterfeit Sir Topas is unmasked-and "thus the whirligig of time," as the true clown hath it, "brings in his revenges." I confess that I never saw the eatastrophe of this character, while Bensley played it, without a kind of tragie interest. There was good foolery too. Few now remember Dodd.<sup>1</sup> What an Aguecheek the stage lost in him! Lovegrove, who eame nearest to the old actors, revived the character some few seasons ago, and made it suffieiently grotesque; but Dodd was it, as it came out of nature's hands. It might be said to remain in puris naturalibus.<sup>2</sup> In expressing slowness of apprehension this actor surpassed all others. You could see the first dawn of an idea stealing slowly over his eountenance, elimbing up by little and little, with a painful process, till it eleared up at last to the fulness of a twilight conception-its highest meridian. He seemed to keep back his intellect, as some have had the power to retard their pulsation. The balloon takes less time in filling, than it took to eover the expansion of his broad moony face over all its quarters with expression. A glimmer of understanding would appear in a corner of his eye, and for lack of fuel go out again. A part of his forehead would eatch a little intelligence, and be a long time in communicating it to the remainder.

I am ill at dates, but I think it is now better than

five and twenty years ago that walking in the gardens of Gray's Inn-they were then far finer than they are now-the accursed Verulam Buildings had not encroached upon all the east side of them, cutting out delicate green erankles, and shouldering away one or two of the stately aleoves of the terrace-the survivor stands gaping and relationless as if it remembered its brother-they are still the best gardens of any of the Inns of Court, my beloved Temple not forgotten-have the gravest character, their aspect being altogether reverend and law breathing-Baeon<sup>1</sup> has left the impress of his foot upon their gravel walks-taking my afternoon solace on a summer day upon the aforesaid terrace, a comely, sad personage eame towards me, whom, from his grave air and deportment, I judged to be one of the old Benchers of the Inn. He had a serious thoughtful forehead, and seemed to be in meditations of mortality. As I have an instinctive awe of old Benchers, I was passing him with that sort of subindicative token of respect which one is apt to demonstrate towards a venerable stranger, and which rather denotes an inclination to greet him, than any positive motion of the body to that effect-a species of humility and will-worship which I observe, nine times out of ten, rather puzzles than pleases the person it is offered to-when the face turning full upon me strangely identified itself with that of Dodd. Upon close inspection I was not mistaken. But could this sad, thoughtful countenance be the same vacant face of

folly which I had hailed so often under eireumstanees of gayety; which I had never seen without a smile, or recognized but as the usher of mirth; that looked out so formally flat in Foppington, so frothily pert in Tattle, so impotently busy in Backbite; so blankly divested of all meaning, or resolutely expressive of none, in Acres, in Fribble,1 and a thousand agreeable impertinences? Was this the face-full of thought and carefulness-that had so often divested itself at will of every trace of either to give me diversion, to elear my eloudy face for two or three hours at least of its furrows? Was this the face-manly, sober, intelligent,-which I had so often despised, made moeks at, made merry with? The remembrance of the freedoms which I had taken with it eame upon me with a reproach of insult. I could have asked it pardon. I thought it looked upon me with a sense of injury. There is something strange as well as sad in seeing actors—your pleasant fellows particularly subjected to and suffering the common lot-their fortunes, their casualties, their deaths, seem to belong to the seene, their actions to be amenable to poetie justice only. We can hardly connect them with more awful responsibilities. The death of this fine actor took place shortly after this meeting. He had quitted the stage some months; and, as I learned afterwards, had been in the habit of resorting daily to these gardens almost to the day of his decease. In these serious walks probably he was divesting himself of many seenic and some real vanities-weaning himself

from the frivolities of the lesser and the greater theater—doing gentle penance for a life of no very reprehensible fooleries,—taking off by degrees the buffoon mask which he might feel he had worn too long —and rehearsing for a more solemn cast of part. Dying he "put on the weeds of Dominie."<sup>1</sup>\*

If few can remember Dodd, many yet living will not easily forget the pleasant creature, who in those days enacted the part of the Clown to Dodd's Sir Andrew.—Richard, or rather Dieky Suett—for so in his life-time he delighted to be called, and time hath ratified the appellation—lieth buried on the north side of the eemetery of Holy Paul, to whose service his nonage and tender years were dedicated. There are who do yet remember him at that period—his pipe clear and harmonious. He would often speak of his chorister days, when he was "cherub Dicky."

What clipped his wings, or made it expedient that he should exchange the holy for the profane state; whether he had lost his good voice (his best recommendation to that office), like Sir John,<sup>2</sup> "with hallooing and singing of anthems;" or whether he was

\* Dodd was a man of reading, and left at his death a choice collection of old English literature. I should judge him to have been a man of wit. I know one instance of an impromptu which no length of study could have bettered. My merry friend, Jem White, had seen him one evening in Augecheek, and recognizing Dodd the next day in Flect Street, was irresistibly impelled to take off his hat and solute him as the identical Knight of the preceding evening with a "Save you, Sir Andrew," Dodd, not at all disconcerted at this unusual address from a stranger, with a conrecous half-rebuking wave of the hand, put him off with an "Away, Fool."

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adjudged to lack something, even in those early years, of the gravity indispensable to an occupation which professeth to "commerce with the skies"—I could never rightly learn; but we find him, after the probation of a twelvemonth or so, reverting to a secular condition, and become one of us.

I think he was not altogether of that timber, out of which eathedral seats and sounding boards are hewed. But if a glad heart—kind and therefore glad —be any part of sanctity, then might the robe of Motley, with which he invested himself with so much humility after his deprivation, and which he wore so long with so much blameless satisfaction to himself and to the public, be accepted for a surplice—his white stole, and *albe*.

The first fruits of his secularization was an engagement upon the boards of Old Drury, at which theater he commenced, as I have been told, with adopting the manner of Parsons in old men's characters. At the period in which most of us knew him, he was no more an imitator than he was in any true sense himself imitable.

He was the Robin Good-Fellow <sup>1</sup> of the stage. He eame in to trouble all things with a welcome perplexity, himself, no whit troubled for the matter. He was known, like Puck,<sup>1</sup> by his note— $\Pi a! \Pi a! \Pi a!$ —sometimes deepening to  $\Pi o! \Pi o! \Pi o!$  with an irresistible accession, derived perhaps remotely from his ecclesiastical education, foreign to his prototype of, —O La! Thousands of hearts yet respond to the chuckling *O* La! of Dicky Suett, brought back to their remembrance by the faithful transcript of his friend Mathews's mimicry. The "force of nature could no further go."<sup>1</sup> He drolled upon the stock of these two syllables richer than the cuckoo.

Care, that troubles all the world, was forgotten in his composition. Had he had but two grains (nay, half a grain) of it, he could never have supported himself upon those two spider's strings, which served him (in the latter part of his unmixed existence) as legs. A doubt or a seruple must have made him totter, a sigh have puffed him down : the weight of a frown had staggered him, a wrinkle made him lose his balance. But on he went, scrambling upon those airy stilts of his, with Robin Good-Fellow, "thorough brake, thorough briar,"<sup>2</sup> reekless of a scratched face or a torn doublet.

Shakespeare foresaw him, when he framed his fools and jesters. They have all the true Snett stamp, a loose and shambling gait, a slippery tongne, this last the ready midwife to a without-pain-delivered jest; in words, light as air, venting truths deep as the center: with idlest rhymes tagging conceit when busiest, singing with Lear in the tempest, or Sir Toby at the buttery-hateh.

Jack Bannister<sup>3</sup> and he had the fortune to be more of personal favorites with the town than any actors before or after. The difference, I take it, was this:— Jack was more *beloved* for his sweet, good-natured moral pretentions. Dicky was more *liked* for his sweet good-natured, no pretensions at all. Your whole conseience stirred with Bannister's performance of Walter in the Children in the Wood 1-but Dicky seemed like a thing, as Shakespeare says of Love, too young to know what conscience is. He puts us into Vesta's days.<sup>2</sup> Evil fled before him-not as from Jack, as from an antagonist,-but because it could not touch him, any more than a eannon-ball a fly. He was delivered from the burthen of that death; and, when Death eame himself, not in metaphor, to fetch Dicky, it is recorded of him by Robert Palmer, who kindly watched his exit, that he received the last stroke, neither varying his accustomed tranquillity, nor tune, with the simple exclamation, worthy to have been recorded in his epitaph-O La! O La! Bobby!

The elder Palmer<sup>3</sup> (of stage-treading eelebrity) eommonly played Sir Toby in those days; but there is a solidity of wit in the jests of that half-Falstaff which he did not quite fill out. He was as much too showy as Moody (who sometimes took the part) was dry and sottish. In sock or buskin there was an air of swaggering gentility about Jack Palmer. He was a *gentleman* with a slight infusion of *the footman*. His brother Bob (of recenter memory) who was his shadow in everything while he lived, and dwindled into less than a shadow afterwards—was a *gentleman* with a little stronger infusion of the *latter ingredient*; that was all. It is amazing how a little of the more

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or less makes a difference in these things. When you saw Bobby in the Duke's Servant,<sup>1</sup>\* you said, what a pity such a pretty fellow was only a servant. When you saw Jack figuring in Captain Absolute,<sup>2</sup> you thought you could trace his promotion to some lady of quality who fancied the handsome fellow in his topknot, and had bought him a commission. Therefore Jack in Dick Amulet<sup>3</sup> was insuperable.

Jack had two voices—both plausible, hypocritical, and insinuating; but his secondary or supplemental voice still more decisively histrionic than his common one. It was reserved for the spectator; and the dramatis persona were supposed to know nothing at all about it. The lies of young Wilding,\* and the sentiments in Joseph Surface,<sup>5</sup> were thus marked out in a sort of italies to the andience. This secret correspondence with the company before the curtain (which is the bane and death of tragedy) has an extremely happy effect in some kinds of comedy, in the more highly artificial comedy of Congreve or of Sheridan especially, where the absolute sense of reality (so indispensable to scenes of interest) is not required, or would rather interfere to diminish your pleasure. The faet is, you do not believe in such characters as Surface-the villain of artificial comedy -even while you read or see them. If you did, they would shock and not divert you. When Ben, in Love for Love, returns from sea, the following exquisite dialogue occurs at his first meeting with his father-

\* High Life Below Stairs.

Sir Sampson. Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.

*Ben.* Ey, ey, been! Been far enough, an that be all.— Well, father, and how do all at home? how does brother Dick, and brother Val?

Sir Sampson. Dick! body o' me, Dick has been dead these two years. I writ you word when you were at Leghorn.

Ben. Mess, that's true; Marry, I had forgot. Dick's dead, as you say — Well, and how?— I have a many questions to ask you -1

Here is an instance of insensibility which in real life would be revolting, or rather in real life could not have co-existed with the warm-hearted temperament of the character. But when you read it in the spirit with which such playful selections and specions combinations rather than strict metaphrases of nature it should be taken, or when you saw Bannister play it, neither did, nor does would the moral sense at all. For what is Ben-the pleasant sailor which Bannister gives us-but a piece of satire-a creation of Congreve's fancy—a dreamy combination of all the accidents of a sailor's character-his contempt of money-his credulity to women-with that necessary estrangement from home which it is just within the verge of credibility to suppose *might* produce such an hallucination as is here described. We never think the worse of Ben for it, or feel it as a stain upon his character. But when an actor comes, and instead of the delightful phantom-the creature dear to half-belief-which Bannister exhibited-displays before our eyes a downright concretion of a Wapping

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sailor <sup>1</sup>—a jolly warm-hearted Jack Tar—and nothing else—when instead of investing it with a delicious confnsedness of the head, and a veering undirected goodness of purpose—he gives to it a downright daylight understanding, and a full consciousness of its actions; thrusting forward the sensibilities of the character with a pretense as if it stood npon nothing else, and was to be judged by them alone—we feel the discord of the thing: the scene is disturbed; a real man has got in among the dramatis personæ, and puts them out. We want the sailor turned ont. We feel that his true place is not behind the eurtain but in the first or second gallery.

## ON THE ARTIFICIAL COMEDY OF THE LAST CENTURY

THE artificial Comedy, or Comedy of manners, is quite extinct on our stage. Congreve and Farquhar<sup>3</sup> show their heads once in seven years only, to be exploded and put down instantly. The times cannot bear them. Is it for a few wild speeches, an occasional license of dialogue? I think not altogether. The business of their dramatic characters will not stand the moral test. We screw everything up to that. Idle gallantry in a fiction, a dream, the passing pageant of an evening, startles us in the same way as the alarming indications of proffigacy in a son or ward in real life should startle a parent or guardian. We have no such middle emotions as dramatic in-

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terests left. We see a stage libertine playing his loose pranks of two hours' duration, and of no after consequence, with the severe eyes which inspect real vices with their bearings upon two worlds. We are spectators to a plot or intrigue (not reducible in life to the point of strict morality) and take it all for truth. We substitute a real for a dramatic person, and judge him accordingly. We try him in our courts, from which there is no appeal to the dramatis persona, his peers. We have been spoiled withnot sentimental comedy-but a tyrant far more pernicions to our pleasures which has succeeded to it, the exclusive and all devouring drama of common life; where the moral point is everything; where, instead of the fictitious half-believed personages of the stage (the phantoms of old comedy) we recognize ourselves, our brothers, aunts, kinsfolk, allies, patrons, enemies,-the same as in life,-with an interest in what is going on so hearty and substantial, that we cannot afford our moral judgment, in its deepest and most vital results, to compromise or slumber for a moment. What is there transacting, by no modification is made to affect us in any other manner than the same events or characters would do in our relationships of life. We earry our fire-side concerns to the theater with us. We do not go thither, like our aneestors, to escape from the pressure of reality, so much as to confirm our experience of it; to make assurance double, and take a bond of fate. We must live our toilsome lives twice over, as it was the mourn-

ful privilege of Ulysses to descend twice to the shades.<sup>1</sup> All that neutral ground of character, which stood between vice and virtue; or which in fact was indifferent to neither, where neither properly was called in question; that happy breathing-place from the burthen of a perpetual moral questioning-the sanetuary and quiet Alsatia <sup>2</sup> of hunted easuistry—is broken up and disfranchised, as injurious to the interests of society. The privileges of the place are taken away by law. We dare not dally with images, or names, of wrong. We bark like foolish dogs at shadows. We dread infection from the scenic representation of disorder; and fear a painted pustule. In our anxiety that our morality should not take cold, we wrap it up in a great blanket surtout of precaution against the breeze and sunshine.

I confess for myself that (with no great delinquencies to answer for) I am glad for a season to take an airing beyond the diocese of the strict conscience,—not to live always in the precincts of the law-courts—but now and then, for a dream-while or so, to imagine a world with no meddling restrictions to get into recesses, whither the hunter cannot follow me—

> Of woody Ida's inmost grove, While yet there was no fear of Jove —

I come back to my cage and my restraint the fresher and more healthy for it. I wear my shackles more

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contentedly for having respired the breath of an imaginary freedom. I do not know how it is with others, but I feel the better always for the perusal of one of Congreve's-nay, why should I not add even of Wycherley's-comedies.<sup>1</sup> I am the gayer at least for it; and I could never connect those sports of a witty fancy in any shape with any result to be drawn from them to imitation in real life. They are a world of themselves almost as much as fairy land. Take one of their characters, male or female (with few exceptions they are alike), and place it in a modern play, and my virtuous indignation shall rise against the profligate wretch as warmly as the Catos of the pit<sup>2</sup> could desire; because in a modern play I am to judge of the right and the wrong. The standard of police is the measure of political justice. The atmosphere will blight it, it cannot live here. It has got into a moral world, where it has no business, from which it must needs fall headlong; as dizzy, and incapable of making a stand, as a Swedenborgian<sup>3</sup> bad spirit that has wandered unawares into the sphere of one of his Good Men or Angels. But in its own world do we feel the creature is so very bad ?-The Fainalls and the Mirabels, the Dorimants and the Lady Touchwoods,4 in their own sphere, do not offend my moral sense; in fact they do not appeal to it at all. They seem engaged in their proper element. They break through no laws, or conscious restraints. They know of none. They have got out of Christendom into the land-what shall I call it ?---of cuck-

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oldry-the Utopia of gallantry, where pleasure is duty, and the manners perfect freedom. It is altogether a speculative seene of things, which has no reference whatever to the world that is. No good person can be justly offended as a spectator, because no good person suffers on the stage. Judged morally, every character in these plays-the few exceptions only are mistakes—is alike essentially vain and worthless. The great art of Congreve is especially shown in this, that he has entirely excluded from his seenes, -some little generosities on the part of Angeliea perhaps excepted,-not only anything like a faultless character, but any pretensions to goodness or good feelings whatsoever. Whether he did this designedly, or instinctively, the effect is as happy, as the design (if design) was bold. I used to wonder at the strange power which his Way of the World in particular possesses of interesting you all along in the pursuits of characters, for whom you absolutely care nothingfor you neither hate nor love his personages-and I think it is owing to this very indifference for any, that you endure the whole. He has spread a privation of moral light, I will call it, rather than by the ugly name of palpable darkness, over his creations; and his shadows flit before you without distinction or preference. Had he introduced a good character, a single gush of moral feeling, a revulsion of the judgment to actual life and actual duties, the impertinent Goshen would have only lighted to the discovery

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of deformities, which now are none, because we think them none.

Translated into real life, the characters of his, and his friend Wyeherley's dramas, are profligates and strumpets,-the business of their brief existence, the undivided pursuit of lawless gallantry. No other spring of action, or possible motive of conduct, is recognized; principles which, universally aeted upon, must reduce this frame of things to a chaos. But we do them wrong in so translating them. No such effects are produced in their world. When we are among them, we are amongst a chaotic people. We are not to judge them by our usages. No reverend institutions are insulted by their proceedings,-for they have none among them. No peace of families is violated,-for no family ties exist among them. No purity of the marriage bed is stained,-for none is supposed to have a being. No deep affections are disquieted,-no holy wedlock bands are snapped asunder, -for affection's depth and wedded faith are not of the growth of that soil. There is neither right nor wrong,-gratitude or its opposite,-claim or duty,paternity or sonship. Of what eonsequences is it to virtue, or how is she at all concerned about it, whether Sir Simon, or Dapperwit, steal away Miss Martha; or who is the father of Lord Froth's, or Sir Paul Pliant's ehildren.1

The whole is a passing pageant, where we should sit as unconcerned at the issues, for life or death, as at a battle of the frogs and mice. But, like Dou Quixote,<sup>1</sup> we take part against the puppets, and quite as impertinently. We dare not contemplate an Atlantis,<sup>2</sup> a scheme, ont of which our coxcombical moral sense is for a little transitory ease excluded. We have not the courage to imagine a state of things for which there is neither reward nor punishment. We eling to the painful necessities of shame and blame. We would indict our very dreams.

Amidst the mortifying circumstances attendant upon growing old, it is something to have seen the School for Scandal<sup>3</sup> in its glory. This comedy grew out of Congreve and Wycherley, but gathered some allays of the sentimental comedy which followed theirs. It is impossible that it should be now acted. though it continues, at long intervals, to be announced in the bills. Its hero, when Palmer played it at least, was Joseph Surface. When I remember the gay boldness, the graceful solemn plausibility, the measured step, the insinuating voice-to express it in a wordthe downright acted villany of the part, so different from the pressure of conscions actual wickedness, the hypercritical assumption of hypocrisy, which made Jack so deservedly a favorite in that character, 1 unist needs conclude the present generation of playgoers more virtuous than myself, or more dense. I freely confess that he divided the palm with me with his better brother; that, in fact, I liked him quite as well. Not but there are passages, like that, for instance, where Joseph is made to refuse a pittance to

a poor relation-incongruities which Sheridan was forced upon by the attempt to join the artificial with the sentimental comedy, either of which must destroy the other-but over these obstructions Jack's manner floated him so lightly, that a refusal from him no more shocked you, than the easy compliance of Charles gave you in reality any pleasure; you got over the paltry question as quickly as you could, to get back into the regions of pure comedy, where no cold moral reigns. The highly artificial manner of Palmer, in this character counteracted every disagreeable impression which you might have received from the contrast, supposing them real, between the two brothers. You did not believe in Joseph with the same faith with which you believed in Charles. The latter was a pleasant reality, the former a no less pleasant poetical foil to it. The comedy, I have said, is incongruons; a mixture of Congreve with sentimental incompatibilities; the gayety upon the whole is buoyant; but it required the consummate art of Palmer to reconcile the discordant elements.

A player with Jack's talents, if we had one now, would not dare to do the part in the same manner. He would instinctively avoid every turn which might tend to unrealize, and so to make the character fascinating. He must take his cue from his spectators, who would expect a bad man and a good man as rigidly opposed to each other as the death-beds of those geninses are contrasted in the prints, which I am sorry to say have disappeared from the windows of my old friend Carrington Bowles, of St. Paul's Church-yard memory-(an exhibition as venerable as the adjacent eathedral, and almost coeval) of the bad and good man at the hour of death; where the ghastly apprehensions of the former,-and truly the grim phantom with his reality of a toasting fork is not to be despised,-so finely contrast with the meek complacent kissing of the rod,-taking it in like honey and butter,-with which the latter submits to the seythe of the gentler bleeder, Time, who wields his lancet with the appreliensive finger of a popular young ladies' surgeon. What flesh, like loving grass, would not covet to meet half-way the stroke of such a delieate mower ?-John Palmer was twice an actor in this exquisite part. He was playing to you all the while that he was playing upon Sir Peter and his lady. You had the first intimation of a sentiment before it was on his lips. His altered voice was meant to you, and you were to suppose that his fictitious eoflutterers on the stage perceived nothing at all of it. What was it to you if that half-reality, the husband, was over reached by the puppetry-or the thin thing (Lady Teazle's reputation) was persuaded it was dying of a plethory? The fortunes of Othello and Desdemona were not concerned in it. Poor Jack has passed from the stage in good time, that he did not live to this our age of seriousness. The pleasant old Teazle King,<sup>1</sup> too, is gone in good time. His manner would searce have past current in our day. We must love or hate-acquit or condemn-censure or pity-

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exert our detestable coxeombry of moral judgment upon everything. Joseph Surface, to go down now, must be a downright revolting villain-no compromise—his first appearance must shock and give horror-his specious plausibilities, which the pleasurable faculties of our fathers welcomed with such hearty greetings, knowing that no harm (dramatic harm even) could come, or was meant to come of them, must inspire a cold and killing aversion. Charles (the real canting person of the seene-for the hypoerisy of Joseph has its ulterior legitimate ends, but his brother's professions of good heart, eenter in downright self-satisfaction) must be loved, and Joseph hated. To balance one disagreeable reality with another, Sir Peter Teazle must be no longer the eomie idea of a fretful old bachelor bridegroom, whose teasings (while King aeted it) were evidently as much played off at you, as they were meant to concern any body on the stage,—he must be a real person, capable in law of sustaining an injury-a person towards whom duties are to be aeknowledged-the genuine erim-eon antagonist of the villanous seducer Joseph. To realize him more, his sufferings under his unfortunate match must have the downright pungency of life-must (or should) make you not mirthful but uncomfortable, just as the same predicament would move you in a neighbor or old friend. The delieious scenes which give the play its name and zest, must affect you in the same serious manner as if you heard the reputation of a dear female friend

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attaeked in your real presence. Crabtree, and Sir Benjamin-those poor snakes that live but in the sunshine of your mirth-must be ripened by this hot-bed process of realization into asps or amphisbanas; and Mrs. Candor-O! frightful! become a hooded serpent. Oh! who that remembers Parsons and Dodd-the wasp and butterfly of the School for Scandal-in those two characters; and charming natural Miss Pope, the perfect gentlewoman as distinguished from the fine lady of comedy, in this latter part-would forego the true seenie delight-the escape from lifethe oblivion of consequences-the holiday barring out of the pedant Reflection-those Saturnalia 1 of two or three brief hours, well won from the worldto sit instead at one of our modern plays-to have his coward conscience (that forsooth must not be left for a moment) stimulated with perpetual appealsdulled rather, and blunted, as a faculty without repose must be-and his moral vanity pampered with images of notional justice, notional beneficences, lives saved without the spectators' risk, and fortunes given away that cost the author nothing?

No piece was, perhaps, ever so completely cast in all its parts as this *manager's comedy*. Miss Farren had succeeded to Mrs. Abingdon in Lady Teazle; and Smith, the original Charles, had retired when I first saw it. The rest of the characters, with very slight exceptions, remained. I remember it was then the fashion to ery down John Kemble, who took the part of Charles after Smith; but I thought, very unjustly.

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Smith, I fancy, was more airy, and took the eye with a certain gayety of person. He brought with him no somber recollections of tragedy. He had not to expiate the fault of having pleased beforehand in lofty deelamation. He had no sins of Hamlet or of Riehard to atone for. His failure in these parts was a passport to success in one of so opposite a tendency. But, as far as I could judge, the weighty sense of Kemble made up for more personal ineapaeity than he had to answer for. His harshest tones in this part came steeped and duleified in good humor. He made his defeets a grace. His exact deelamatory manner, as he managed it, only served to eonvey the points of his dialogue with more precision. It seemed to head the shafts to carry them deeper. Not one of his sparkling sentences was lost. I remember minutely how he delivered each in succession, and eannot by any effort imagine how any of them could be altered for the better. No man could deliver brilliant dialogue -the dialogue of Congreve or Wycherley-because none understood it-half so well as John Kemble. His Valentine, in Love for Love, was, to my recolleetion, faultless. He flagged sometimes in the intervals of tragie passion. He would slumber over the level parts of an heroic character. His Macbeth has been known to nod. But he always seemed to me to be particularly alive to pointed and witty dialogue. The relaxing levities of tragedy have not been touched by any since him-the playful court-bred spirit in which he condeseended to the players in Hamlet-the sport-

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ive relief which he threw into the darker shades of Richard—disappeared with him. He had his shuggish moods, his torpors—but they were the haltingstones and resting-places of his tragedy—politic savings, and fetches of the breath—husbandry of the lungs, where nature pointed him to be an economist rather, I think, than errors of the judgment. They were, at worst, less painful than the eternal tormenting unappeasable vigilance, the "lidless dragon eyes," of present fashionable tragedy.

## ON THE ACTING OF MUNDEN

Not many nights ago I had come home from seeing this extraordinary performer in Cockletop;<sup>2</sup> and when I retired to my pillow, his whimsical image still stuck by me, in a manner as to threaten sleep. In vain I tried to divest myself of it, by conjuring up the most opposite associations. I resolved to be serious. I raised up the gravest topies of life; private misery, public calamity. All would not do.

> ——— There the antic sate Mocking our state —3

his queer visnomy—his bewildering costume—all the strange things which he had raked together—his serpentine rod, swagging about in his pocket—Cleopatra's tear, and the rest of his relics—O'Keefe's wild farce, and *his* wilder commentary—till the passion of laughter, like grief in excess, relieved itself

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by its own weight, inviting the sleep which in the first instance it had driven away.

But I was not to escape so easily. No sooner did I fall into slumbers, than the same image, only more perplexing, assailed me in the shape of dreams. Not one Munden, but five hundred, were dancing before me, like the faces which, whether you will or no, come when you have been taking opium-all the strange combinations, which this strangest of all strange mortals ever shot his proper countenance into, from the day he came commissioned to dry up the tears of the town for the loss of the now almost forgotten Edwin. O for the power of the pencil to have fixed them when I awoke! A season or two since there was exhibited a Hogarth gallery. I do not see why there should not be a Munden gallery. In richness and variety the latter would not fall far short of the former.

There is one face of Farley,<sup>1</sup> one face of Knight, one (but what a one it is!) of Liston;<sup>2</sup> but Munden has none that you can properly pin down, and call his. When you think he has exhausted his battery of looks, in unaccountable warfare with your gravity, suddenly he sprouts out an entirely new set of features, like Hydra.<sup>3</sup> He is not one, but legion. Not so much a comediau, as a company. If his name could be multiplied like his countenance, it might fill a play-bill. He, and he alone, literally makes faces: applied to any other person, the phrase is a mere figure, denoting certain modifications, of the human countenance. Out of some invisible wardrobe he dips for faces, as his friend Suett used for wigs, and fetches them out as easily. I should not be surprised to see him some day put out the head of a river horse; or come forth a pewitt, or lapwing, some feathered metamorphosis.

I have seen this gifted actor in Sir Christopher Curry—in Old Dornton—diffuse a glow of sentiment which has made the pulse of a crowded theater beat like that of one man; when he has come in aid of the pulpit, doing good to the moral heart of a people. I have seen some faint approaches to this sort of excellence in other players. But in the grand grotesque of farce, Munden stands out as single and unaccompanied as Hogarth. Hogarth, strange to tell, had no followers. The school of Munden began and must end with himself.

Can any man wonder, like him? ean any man see ghosts, like him? or fight with his own shadow— "SESSA''1—as he does in that strangely-negleeted thing, the Cobbler of Preston—where his alternations from the Cobbler to the Magnifieo, and from the Magnifieo to the Cobbler, keep the brain of the spectator in as wild a ferment, as if some Arabian Night were being aeted before him. Who like him ean throw, or ever attempted to throw, a preternatural interest over the commonest daily-life objects. A table, or a joint stool, in his conception, rises into dignity equivalent to Cassiopeia's chair.<sup>2</sup> It is invested with constellatory importance. You could not speak of it with more deference, if it were mounted into the firmament. A beggar in the hands of Michael Angelo, says Fuseli,<sup>1</sup> rose the Patriareh of Poverty. So the gusto of Munden antiquates and ennobles what it touches. His pots and his ladles are as grand and primal as the seething-pots and hooks seen in old prophetic vision. A tub of butter, contemplated by him, amounts to a Platonic idea. He understands a leg of mutton in its quiddity. He stands wondering, amid the common-place materials of life, like primeval man with the sun and stars about him.

# LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA

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### PREFACE

#### BY A FRIEND OF THE LATE ELIA

This poor gentleman, who for some months past had been in a declining way, hath at length paid his final tribute to nature.

To say truth, it is time he were gone. The humor of the thing, if there ever was much in it, was pretty well exhausted; and a two years' and a half existence has been a tolerable duration for a phantom.

I am now at liberty to confess, that much which I have heard objected to my late friend's writings was well-founded. Crude they are, I grant you—a sort of unlicked, incondite things—villainously pranked in an affected array of antique modes and phrases. They had not been *his*, if they had been other than such: and better it is, that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him. Egotistical they have been pronounced by some who did not know, that what he tells us, as of himself, was often true only (historically) of another; as in a former Essay (to save many instances)—where under the *first person* (his favorite figure) he shadows forth the forlorn estate of a country-boy placed at a London school, far from his friends and connections—in direct opposition to his own early history. If it be egotism to imply and twine with his own identity the griefs and affections of another—making himself many, or reducing many unto himself—then is the skilful novelist, who all along brings in his hero or heroine, speaking of themselves, the greatest egotist of all; who yet has never, therefore, been accused of that narrowness. And how shall the intenser dramatist escape being faulty, who, doubtless, under cover of passion uttered by another, oftentimes gives blameless vent to his most inward feelings, and expresses his own story modestly.

My late friend was in many respects a singular character. Those who did not like him, hated him; and some, who once liked him, afterwards became his bitterest haters. The truth is, he gave himself too little concern what he uttered, and in whose presence. He observed neither time nor place, and would e'en out with what came uppermost. With the severe religionist he would pass for a freethinker; while the other faction set him down for a bigot, or persuaded themselves that he belied his sentiments. Few understood him; and I am not certain that at all times he quite understood himself. He too much affected that dangerous figure-irony. He sowed doubtful speeches, and reaped plain, unequivocal hatred.-Ile would interrupt the gravest discussion with some light. jest; and yet, perhaps, not quite irrelevant in ears that could understand it. Your long and much talk-

ers hated him. The informal habit of his mind, joined to an inveterate impediment of speech, forbade him to be an orator; and he seemed determined that no one else should play that part when he was present. He was *petit* and ordinary in his person and appearance. I have seen him sometimes in what is called good company, but where he has been a stranger, sit silent, and be suspected for an odd fellow; till some unlucky occasion provoking it, he would stutter out some senseless pun (not altogether senseless perhaps, if rightly taken), which has stamped his character for the evening. It was hit or miss with him; but uine times out of ten, he contrived by this device to send away a whole company his enemies. His conceptions rose kindlier than his atterance, and his happiest impromptus had the appearance of effort. He has been accused of trying to be witty, when in truth he was but struggling to give his poor thoughts articulation. He chose his companious for some individuality of character which they manifested .--Hence, not many persons of science, and a few professed literati, were of his conneils. They were, for the most part, persons of an uncertain fortune; and, as to such people commonly nothing is more obnoxious than a gentleman of settled (though moderate) income, he passed with most of them for a great miser. To my knowledge this was a mistake. His intimados.' to confess a truth, were in the world's eye' -a ragged regiment. He found them floating on the surface of society; and the color, or something else

in the weed pleased him. The burrs stuck to himbut they were good and loving burrs for all that. He never greatly cared for the society of what are ealled good people. If any of these were scandalized (and offenses were sure to arise), he could not help it. When he has been remonstrated with for not making more concessions to the feelings of good people, he would retort by asking, what one point did these good people ever concede to him? He was temperate in his meals and diversions, but always kept a little on this side of abstemionsness. Only in the use of the Indian weed 1 he might be thought a little excessive. He took it, he would say, as a solvent of speech. Marry-as the friendly vapor ascended, how his prattle would eurl up sometimes with it! the ligaments which tongue-tied him, were loosened, and the stammerer proceeded a statist!

I do not know whether I ought to bemoan or rejoice that my old friend is departed. His jests were beginning to grow obsolete, and his stories to be found out. He felt the approaches of age; and while he pretended to eling to life, you saw how slender were the ties left to bind him. Discoursing with him latterly on this subject, he expressed himself with a pettishness, which I thought unworthy of him. In onr walks about his subnrban retreat (as he called it) at Shaeklewell,<sup>2</sup> some children belonging to a school of industry had met us, and bowed and curtseyed, as he thought, in an especial manner to him. "They take me for a visiting governor," he muttered earn-

estly. He had a horror, which he carried to a foible, of looking like anything important and parochial. He thought that he approached nearer to that stamp daily. He had a general aversion from being treated like a grave or respectable character, and kept a wary eve upon the advances of age that should so entitle him. He herded always, while it was possible, with people younger than himself. He did not conform to the march of time, but was dragged along in the procession. His manners lagged behind his years. He was too much of the boy-man. The toga virilis 1 never sat gracefully on his shoulders. The impressions of infancy had burnt into him, and he resented the impertinence of manhood. These were weaknesses; but such as they were, they are a key to explicate some of his writings.

## BLAKESMOOR IN II-SHIRE

I DO not know a pleasure more affecting than to range at will over the deserted apartments of some fine old family mansion. The traces of extinct grandeur admit of a better passion than envy: and contemplations on the great and good, whom we faney in succession to have been its inhabitants, weave for us illusions, incompatible with the bustle of modern occupancy, and vanities of foolish present aristoeracy. The same difference of feeling, I think, attends us between entering an empty and a crowded church. In the latter it is chance but some present human frailty—an act of inattention on the part of some of the auditory or a trait of affection, or worse, vain-glory, on that of the preacher—puts us by our best thoughts, disharmonizing the place and the occasion. But wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness?—go alone on some week-day, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton, traverse the cool aisles of some country church: think of the piety that has kneeled there—the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there—the meek pastor—the doeile parishioner. With no disturbing emotions, no eross conflicting compassions, drink in the tranquillity of the place, till thon thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee.

Journeying northward lately, I could not resist going some few miles out of my road to look upon the remains of an old great house with which I had been impressed in this way in infancy. I was apprised that the owner of it had lately pulled it down; still I had a vague notion that it could not all have perished, that so much solidity with magnificence could not have been crushed all at once into the mere dust and rubbish which I found it.

The work of min had proceeded with a swift hand indeed, and the demolition of a few weeks had reduced it to—an antiquity.

I was astonished at the indistinction of everything Where had stood the great gates? What bounded the courtyard? Whereabout did the out-houses commence? a few bricks only lay as representatives of that which was so stately and so spacions.

Death does not shrink up his human vietim at this rate. The burnt ashes of a man weigh more in their proportion.

Had I seen these briek-and-mortar knaves at their process of destruction, at the plneking of every panel I should have felt the varlets at my heart. I should have cried out to them to spare a plank at least out of the cheerful store-room, in whose hot window-seat I used to sit and read Cowley,<sup>1</sup> with the grass-plot before, and the hum and flappings of that one solitary wasp that ever haunted it about me—it is in mine ears now, as oft as summer returns; or a panel of the yellow room.

Why, every plank and panel of that house for me had magie in it. The tapestried bed-rooms—tapestry so much better than painting—not adorning merely, but peopling the wainseots—at which childhood ever and anon would steal a look, shifting its coverlid (replaced as quickly) to exercise its tender courage in a momentary eye-encounter with those stern bright visages, staring reciprocally—all Ovid<sup>2</sup> on the walls, in colors vivider than his descriptions. Actaon in mid sprout, with the unappeasable prudery of Diana;<sup>3</sup> and the still more provoking, and almost culinary coolness of Dan Phœbus, cel-fashion, deliberately divesting of Marsyas.<sup>4</sup>

Then, that haunted room-in which old Mrs. Bat-

the died <sup>1</sup>—whereinto I have erept, but always in the day time, with a passion of fear; and a sneaking euriosity, terror-tainted, to hold communication with the past—How shall they build it up again?

It was an old deserted place, yet not so long deserted but that traces of the splendor of past inmates were everywhere apparent. Its furniture was still standing—even to the tarnished gilt leather battledores, and erumbling feathers of shuttleeoeks in the nursery, which told that children had onee played there. But I was a lonely child, and had the range at will of every apartment, knew every nook and corner, wondered and worshipped everywhere.

The solitude of childhood is not so much the mother of thought, as it is the feeder of love, and silence, and admiration. So strange a passion for the place possessed me in those years, that, though there lay-I shame to say how few roods distant from the mansion-half hid by trees, what I judged some romantie lake, such was the spell which bound me to the house, and such my earefulness not to pass its strict and proper precinets, that the idle waters lay unexplored for me; and not till late in life, curiosity prevailing over elder devotion, I found, to my astonishment, a pretty brawling brook had been the Lacus Incognitus<sup>2</sup> of my infancy. Variegated views, extensive prospects -and those at no great distance from the house-I was told of sneh-what were they to me, being out of the boundaries of my Eden? So far from a wish to roam, I would have drawn, methought, still closer

the fences of my chosen prison; and have been hemmed in by a yet securer cincture of those excluding garden walls. I could have exclaimed with that garden-loving poet—

> Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines; Curl me about, ye gadding vines; And oh so close your circles lace, That I may never leave this place; But, lest your fetters prove too weak, Ere I your silken bondage break, Do you, O brambles, chain me too, And, courtcous briars, nail me through.<sup>1</sup>

I was here as in a lonely temple. Snug firesides the low-built roof—parlors ten feet by ten—frugal boards, and all the homeliness of home— these were the condition of my birth—the wholesome soil which I was planted in. Yet, without impeachment to their tenderest lessons, I am not sorry to have had glances of something beyond; and to have taken, if but a peep, in childhood, at the contrasting accidents of a great fortune.

To have the feeling of gentility, it is not necessary to have been born gentle. The pride of ancestry may be had on cheaper terms than to be obliged to an importunate race of ancestors; and the coatless antiquary in his unemblazoned cell. revolving the long line of a Mowbray's or DeClifford's pedigree,<sup>2</sup> at those sounding names may warm himself into as gay a vanity as those who do inherit them. The claims of birth are ideal merely, and what herald shall go about to strip me of an idea? Is it trenchant to their swords? can it be hacked off as a spur can? or torn away like a tarnished garter?

What, else, were the families of the great to us? what pleasures should we take in their tedions genealogies, or their capitulatory brass monuments? What to us the uninterrupted current of their bloods, if our own did not answer within us to a cognate and corresponding elevation?

Or wherefore else, O tattered and diminished 'Seuteeon that hung upon the time-worn walls of thy princely stairs, BLAKESMOOR! have I in childhood so oft stood poring upon the mystic characters—thy emblematic supporters, with their prophetie "Resurgam"<sup>1</sup>—till, every dreg of peasantry purging off, I received into myself Very Gentility? Thou wert first in my morning eyes; and of nights, hast detained my steps from bedward, till it was but a step from gazing at thee to dreaming on thee.

This is the only true gentry by adoption; the vertible change of blood, and not, as empirics have fabled, by transfusion.

Who it was by dying that had earned the splendid trophy, I know not, I inquired not; but its fading rags, and colors cobweb-stained, told that its subjects was of two centuries back.

And what if my ancestor at that date was some Damœtas <sup>2</sup>—feeding flocks, not his own, upon the hills of Lincoln—did I in less earnest vindicate to myself the family trappings of this once proud .Egon ? <sup>3</sup>—re-

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paying by a backward triumph the insults he might possibly have heaped in his life-time upon my poor pastoral progenitor.

If it were presumption so to speeulate, the present owners of the mansion had least reason to complain. They had long forsaken the old house of their fathers for a newer trifle; and I was left to appropriate to myself what images I could pick up, to raise my fancy, or to soothe my vanity.

I was the true descendant of those old W——s; and not the present family of that name, who had fled the old waste places.

Mine was that gallery of good old family portraits, which as I have gone over, giving them in faney my own family name, one—and then another—would seem to smile—reaching forward from the canvas, to recognize the new relationship; while the rest looked grave, as it seemed, at the vacancy in their dwelling, and thoughts of fled posterity.

That Beauty with the eool blue pastoral drapery, and a lamb—that hung next the great bay window with the bright yellow H——shire hair, and eye of watehet hue—so like my Alice!—I am persuaded she was a truer Elia—Mildred Elia, I take it.

Mine too, BLAKESMOOR, was thy noble Marble Hall, with its mosaic pavements, and its Twelve Cæsars—<sup>1</sup> stately busts in marble—ranged round: of whose countenances, young reader of faces as I was, the frowning beauty of Nero,<sup>2</sup> I remember, had most of my wonder; but the mild Galba <sup>3</sup> had my love. There they stood in the coldness of death, yet freshness of immortality.

Mine too, thy lofty Justice Hall, with its one chair of authority, high-backed and wickered, once the terror of luckless poacher, or self-forgetful maiden—so common since, that bats have roosted in it.

Mine too—whose else?—thy costly fruit-garden, with its sun-baked southern wall; the ampler pleasuregarden, rising backwards from the honse in triple terraces, with flower-pots now of palest lead, save that a speek here and there, saved from the elements, bespake their pristine state to have been gilt and glittering; the verdant quarters backwarder still; and, stretching still beyond, in old formality, thy firry wilderness, the haunt of the squirrel, and the day-long murmuring wood-pigeon, with that antique image in the center, God or Goddess I wist not; but child of Athens or old Rome paid never a sincerer worship to Pan or to Sylvanus<sup>1</sup> in their native groves, than I to that fragmental mystery.

Was it for this, that I kissed my childish hands too fervently in your idol worship, walks and windings of BLAKESMOOR! for this, or what sin of mine, has the plough passed over your pleasant places? I sometimes think that as men, when they die, do not die all, so of their extinguished habitations there may be a hope—a germ to be revivified.

## POOR RELATIONS

A POOR Relation-is the most irrelevant thing in uature,-a piece of impertinent correspondency,-an odious approximation,—a haunting eonseience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of our prosperity, an unwelcome remembrancer,-a perpetually reeurring mortification,-a drain on your purse,-a more intolerable dun upon your pride,-a drawback upon success,-a rebuke to your rising,-a stain in your blood,-a blot on your 'seuteheon,-a rent in your garment,-a death's head at your banquet,--Agathoeles' pot,<sup>2</sup>--a Mordeeai in your gate,<sup>3</sup> -a Lazarus at your door,4-a lion in your path,-a frog in your ehamber,-a fly in your ointment,-a mote in your eye,-a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends,-the one thing not needful, -the hail in harvest,-the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet

a side table. He never cometh npon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. ---- will drop in to-day." He remembereth birthdays-and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He deelareth against fish, the turbot being small-yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port-yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of elaret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Everyone speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be-a tide waiter. He ealleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too hunble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent-yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanor, that your gnests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, andresents being left ont. When the company break up he proffereth to go for a coach-and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote of -

the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as "he is blest in sceing it now." He reviveth past situations to institute what he callethfavorable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture: and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old teakettle-which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yct; and did not know, till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable: his compliments perverse: his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as prccipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two uuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is a female Poor Relation. You may do something with the other: you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. "He is an old humorist," you may say, "and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a Character at your table, and truly he is one." But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. "She is plainly related to the L\_\_\_\_s; or what does she at their house? She is, in all probability, your wife's eousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the ease. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes-aliquando sufflaminandus crat<sup>1</sup>-but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped-after the gentlemen. Mr. — requests the honor of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former-because he does. She calls the servant Sir; and insists on not tronbling him to hold her plate. The honsekeeper patronizes her. The ehildren's governess takes upon her to eorrect her, when she has mistaken the piano for harpsiehord.

Riehard Amlet, Esq.,<sup>2</sup> in the play, is a noticeable instance of the disadvantages, to which this chimerical notion of affinity constituting a claim to an acquaintance, may subject the spirit of a gentleman. A little foolish blood is all that is betwixt him and a lady with a great estate. His stars are perpetually crossed by the malignant maternity of an old woman, who persists in calling him "her son Dick." But she has wherewithal in the end to recompense his indignities, and float him again npon the brilliant surface, nnder which it had been her seeming business and pleasure all along to sink him. All men, besides, are not of Diek's temperament. I knew an Amlet in real life, who wanting Diek's buoyaney, sank indeed. Poor W----- <sup>1</sup> was of my own standing at Christ's, a fine classie, and a youth of promise. If he had a blemish, it was too much pride; but its quality was inoffensive; it was not of that sort which hardens the heart, and serves to keep inferiors at a distance; it only sought to ward off derogation from itself. It was the prineiple of self-respect carried as far as it could go, without infringing upon that respect, which he would have every one else equally maintain for himself. He would have you to think alike with him on this topie. Many a quarrel have I had with him, when we were rather older boys, and our tallness made us more obnoxious to observation in the blue elothes, because I would not thread the alleys and blind ways of the town with him to elude notice, when we have been out together on a holiday in the streets of this sneering and prying metropolis. W---- went, sore with these notions, to Oxford, where the dignity and sweetness of a scholar's life, meeting with the alloy of a humble introduction, wrought in him a passionate devotion to the place, with a profound aversion to the society. The servitor's gown (worse than his school array) elung to him with Nessian 2 venom. He thought himself ridieulous in a garb, under which Latimer 3 must have walked erect; and in which Hooker,\* in his young days, possibly flaunted in a vein of no discommendable vanity. In the depths of college shades, or in his lonely enamber, the poor student shrunk

from observation. He found shelter among books, which insult not; and studies, that ask no questions of a youth's finances. He was lord of his library, and seldom eared for looking out beyond his domains. The healing influence of studions pursuits was upon him, to soothe and to abstract. He was almost a healthy man; when the waywardness of his fate broke out against him with a second and worse malignity. The father of W----- had hitherto exercised the humble profession of house-painter at N----, near Oxford. A supposed interest with some of the heads of colleges had now induced him to take up his abode in that city, with the hope of being employed upon some publie works which were talked of. From that moment I read in the countenance of the young man, the determination which at length tore him from academical pursuits for ever. To a person unacquainted with our Universities, the distance between the gownsmen and the townsmen, as they are called-the trading part of the latter especially-is carried to an excess that would appear harsh and incredible. The temperament of W----'s father was diametrically the reverse of his own. Old W---- was a little, busy, eringing tradesman, who, with his son upon his arm, would stand bowing and seraping, cap in hand, to anything that wore the semblance of a gown-insensible to the winks and opener remonstrances of the young man, to whose chamber-fellow, or equal in standing, perhaps, he was thus obsequiously and gratuitously ducking. Such a state of things could not

last. W---- must ehange the air of Oxford or be suffocated. He chose the former; and let the sturdy moralist, who strains the point of the filial duties as high as they ean bear, censure the derelietion; he cannot estimate the struggle. I stood with W----, the last afternoon I ever saw him, under the eaves of his paternal dwelling. It was in the fine lane leading from the High Street to the back of \*\*\*\* eollege, where W- kept his rooms. He seemed thoughtful, and more reconciled. I ventured to rally himfinding him in a better mood—upon a representation of the Artist Evangelist,<sup>1</sup> which the old man, whose affairs were beginning to flourish, had eaused to be set up in a splendid sort of frame over his really handsome shop, either as a token of prosperity, or badge of gratitude to his saint. W---- looked up at the Luke, and, like Satan, "knew his mounted sign-and fled." A letter on his father's table the next morning, announced that he had accepted a commission in a regiment about to embark for Portugal. He was among the first who perished before the walls of St. Sebastian.2

I do not know how, upon a subject which I began with treating half seriously, I should have fallen upon a recital so eminently painful; but this theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic associations, that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter, are certainly not attended with anything painful, or

very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father's table (no very splendid one) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman clothed in neat black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity; his words few or none; and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so-for my cuc was to admire in silence. A particular clbow chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I used to think him a prodigiously rich man. All I could make out of him was, that he and my father had been schoolfellows a world ago at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint.<sup>1</sup> The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was coincd-and I thought he was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning; a captive-a stately being, let out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of an habitual general respect which we all in common manifested towards him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument, touching their youthful days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of

my readers know) between the dwellers on the hill, and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school) and the boys whose paternal residence was on the plain; a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotinses.<sup>1</sup> My father had been a leading Mountaineer; and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the Above Boys (his own faction) over the Below Boys (so were they ealled), of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain. Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topie-the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out-and bad blood bred; even sometimes almost to the recommencement (so I expected) of actual hostilities. But my father, who seorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old Minster; in the general preference of which, before all other eathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill, and the plain-born, could meet on a conciliating level, and lay down their less important differences. Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remembered with anguish the thought that eame over me: "Perhaps he will never come here again." He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand, which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused with a resistance amounting to rigor-when my aunt, an old Lincolnian, but who

had something of this in common with my eousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press eivility out of season-uttered the following memorable application-"Do take another sliee, Mr. Billet, for you do not get pudding every day." The old gentleman said nothing at the time-but he took occasion in the eourse of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it-"Woman, you are superannuated." John Billet did not survive long, after the digesting of this affront; but he survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored! and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had oceasioned the offense. He died at the Mint (anno 1781) where he had long held, what he accounted, a comfortable independence; and with five pounds, fourteen shillings, and a penny, which were found in his escritoire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was-a Poor Relation.

### DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING

To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own.

Lord Foppington in the Relapse.<sup>2</sup>

An ingenious acquaintance of my own was so much struck with this bright sally of his Lordship, that he has left off reading altogether, to the great improvement of his originality. At the hazard of losing some credit on this head, I must confess that I dedicate no inconsiderable portion of my time to other people's thoughts. I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.

I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury<sup>3</sup> is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild<sup>4</sup> too low. I can read anything which I call a *book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such.

In this catalogue of *books which are no books biblia a-biblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books, Draught Boards, bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at Large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns,<sup>5</sup> and, generally, all those volumes which "no gentlemen's hibrary should be without:'' the historics of Flavius Josephus<sup>1</sup> (that learned Jew), and Paley's Moral Philosophy.<sup>2</sup> With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these things in books' clothing perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book, then, opening what "seem its leaves," to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay. To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find-Adam Smith.<sup>3</sup> To view a well-arranged assortment of blockheaded Encyclopædias (Anglicanas or Metropolitanas) set out in an array of Russia, or Morocco, when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably re-clothe my shivering folios; would renovate Paracelsus \* himself, and enable old Raymond Lully 5 to look like himself again in the world. I never see these impostors, but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils.

To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of Magazines, for instance, in full suit. The dislabille, or half-binding (with Russia backs ever) is *our* costume. A Shakspeare, or a Milton (unless the first editions), it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. The possession of them eonfers no distinction. The exterior of them (the things themselves being so common), strange to say, raises no sweet emotions, no tickling sense of property in the owner. Thomson's Seasons,<sup>1</sup> again, looks best (I maintain it) a little torn, and dog's-eared. How beautiful to a genuine lover of reading are the sullied leaves and worn-out appearance, nay, the very odor (beyond Russia), if we would not forget kind feelings in fastidiousness, of an old "Circulating Library" Tom Jones, or Viear of Wakefield! How they speak of the thousand thumbs, that have turned over their pages with delight !---of the lone sempstress, whom they may have eheered (milliner, or harderworking mantua-maker) after her long day's needletoil, running far into midnight, when she has snatched an hour, ill-spared from sleep, to steep her eares, as in some Lethean eup, in spelling out their enchanting eontents! Who would have them a whit less soiled? What better condition could we desire to see them in?

In some respects the better a book is, the less it demands from binding. Fielding, Smollet, Sterne,<sup>2</sup> and all that class of perpetually self-reproductive volumes—Great Nature's Stereotypes—we see them individually perish with less regret, because we know the eopies of them to be "eterne." But where a book is at once both good and rare—where the individual is almost the species, and when *that* perishes,

We know not where is that Promethean torch That can its light relumine -3.

such a book, for instance, as the Life of the Duke of Newcastle, by his Duchess <sup>1</sup>—no easket is rich enough, no easing sufficiently durable, to honor and keep safe such a jewel.

Not only rare volumes of this description, which seem hopeless ever to be reprinted; but old editions of writers, such as Sir Philip Sydney, Bishop Taylor, Milton in his prose-works, Fuller-of whom we have reprints, yet the books themselves, though they go about, and are talked of here and there, we know, have not endenizeded themselves (nor possibly ever will) in the national heart, so as to become stock books-it is good to possess these in durable and eostly eovers. I do not eare for a First Folio of Shakspeare. I rather prefer the common editions of Rowe and Tonson<sup>2</sup> without notes, and with plates, which, being so excerably bad, serve as maps, or modest remembraneers, to the text; and without pretending to any supposable emulation with it, are so much better than the Shakspeare gallery engravings, which did. I have a community of feeling with my countrymen about his Plays, and I like those editions of him best, which have been oftenest tumbled about and handled .-- On the contrary, I cannot read Beaumont and Fletcher 3 but in Folio. The Octavo editions are painful to look at. I have no sympathy with them. If they were as much read as the current editions of the other poet. I should prefer them in that shape to the older one. I do not know a more heartless sight than the reprint of the Anatomy of

Melancholy. What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic old great man, to expose them in a winding-sheet of the newest fashion to modern censure? what hapless stationer could dream of Burton ever becoming popular?-The wretched Malone<sup>1</sup> could not do worse, when he bribed the sexton of Stratford church to let him white-wash the painted effigy of old Shakspeare, which stood there, in rude but lively fashion depicted, to the very color of the cheek, the eye, the eyebrow, hair, the very dress he used to wear-the only authentic testimony we had, however imperfect, of these curious parts and parcels of him. They covered him over with a coat of white paint. By ----, if I had been a justice of peace for Warwickshire, I would have clapped both commentator and sexton fast in the stocks, for a pair of meddling sacrilegious varlets.

I think I see them at their work—these sapient trouble-tombs.

Shall I be thought fantastical, if I confess, that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or of Shakspeare? It may be, that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are, Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.<sup>2</sup>

Much depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes, before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking

up the Fairy Queen for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrewes' <sup>1</sup> sermons?

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which, who listens, had need bring doeile thoughts, and purged ears.

Winter evenings—the world shut out—with less of eeremony the gentle Shakspeare enters. At such a season, the Tempest, or his own Winter's Tale—

These two poets you cannot avoid reading aloud to yourself, or (as it chances) to some single person listening. More than one—and it degenerates into an audience.

Books of quick interest, that harry on for ineidents, are for the eye to glide over only. It will not do to read them out. I could never listen to even the better kind of modern novels without extreme irksomeness.

A newspaper, read out, is intolerable. In some of the Bank offices it is the eustom (to save so much individual time) for one of the elerks—who is the best scholar—to commerce upon the Times, or the Chroniele, and recite its entire contents aloud *pro bono publico.*<sup>2</sup> With every advantage of lungs and cloention, the effect is singularly vapid. In barbers' shops and public-houses a fellow will get up, and spell ont a paragraph which he communicates as some discovery. Another follows with *his* scleetion. So the entire journal transpires at length by piece-meal. Schomreaders are slow readers, and without this expedient

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no one in the company would probably ever travel through the contents of a whole paper.

Newspapers always excite euriosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment.

What an eternal time that gentleman in black, at Nando's <sup>1</sup> keeps the paper! I am sick of hearing the waiter bawling out incessantly, "the Chroniele is in hand, Sir."

Coming in to an inn at night—having ordered your supper—what can be more delightful than to find lying in the window-seat, left there time out of mind by the carelessness of some former guest—two or three numbers of the old Town and Country Magazine, with its amusing  $t\hat{c}tc-\hat{a}-t\hat{c}te$  pictures—"The Royal Lover and Lady G—;" "The Melting Platonic and the Old Beau,"—and such like antiquated scandal? Would you exchange it—at that time, and in that place—for a better book?

Poor Tobin,<sup>2</sup> who latterly fell blind, did not regret it so much for the weightier kinds of reading—the Paradise Lost, or Comus, he could have *read* to him —but he missed the pleasure of skimming over with his own eye a magazine, or a light pamphlet.

I should not care to be caught in the serious avenues of some cathedral alone and reading *Candide*.<sup>3</sup>

I do not remember a more whimsical surprise than having been once detected—by a familiar damsel—reclining at my ease upon the grass, on Primrose Hill<sup>4</sup> (her Cythera),<sup>5</sup> reading *Pamela*.<sup>6</sup> There was nothing in the book to make a man seriously ashamed at the exposure; but as she seated herself down by me, and seemed determined to read in company, I could have wished it had been—any other book. We read on very sociably for a few pages; and, not finding the author much to her taste, she got up, and—went away. Gentle easuist, I leave it to thee to conjecture, whether the blush (for there was one between us) was the property of the nymph or the swain in this dilemma. From me you shall never get the secret.

I am not much a friend to out-of-doors reading. I eannot settle my spirits to it. I knew a Unitarian minister, who was generally to be seen upon Snow Hill (as yet Skinner's Street was not), between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, studying a volume of Lardner.<sup>1</sup> I own this to have been a strain of abstraction beyond my reach. I used to admire how he sidled along, keeping clear of secular contacts. An illiterate encounter with a porter's knot, or a bread basket, would have quickly put to flight all the theology I am master of, and have left me worse than indifferent to the five points.

There is a class of street-readers, whom I can never contemplate without affection—the poor gentry, who, not having wherewithal to buy or hire a book, fileh a little learning at the open stalls—the owner, with his hard eye, casting envious looks at them all the while, and thinking when they will have done. Venturing tenderly, page after page, expecting every moment when he shall interpose his interdict, and yet unable to deny themselves the gratification, they "snatch a fearful joy." Martin B—,<sup>1</sup> in this way, by daily fragments, got through two volumes of Clarissa,<sup>2</sup> when the stall-keeper damped his laudable ambition, by asking him (it was in his younger days) whether he meant to purchase the work. M. declares, that under no circumstance in his life did he ever peruse a book with half the satisfaction which he took in those uneasy snatches. A quaint poetess of our day<sup>3</sup> has moralized upon this subject in two very touching but homely stanzas.

> I saw a boy with eager eye Open a book upon a stall, And read, as he'd devour it all; Which when the stall-man did espy, Soon to the boy I heard him eall, "You, Sir, you never buy a book, Therefore in one you shall not look." The boy pass'd slowly on, and with a sigh He wish'd he never had been taught to read, Then of the old churl's books he should have had no need.

Of sufferings the poor have many. Which never can the rich annoy: I soon perceiv'd another boy, Who look'd as if he had not any Food, for that day at least — enjoy The sight of cold meat in a tayern larder. This boy's case, then thought I, is surely harder. Thus hungry, longing, thus without a penny, Beholding choice of dainty-dressed meat: No wonder if he wish he ne'er had learn'd to cat.

## THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

# STAGE ILLUSION

A PLAY is said to be well or ill acted in proportion to the seenical illusion produced. Whether such illusion ean in any case be perfect, is not the question. The nearest approach to it, we are told is, when the actor appears wholly unconscious of the presence of spectators. In tragedy-in all which is to affect the feelings-this undivided attention to his stage business seems indispensable. Yet it is, in fact, dispensed with every day by our eleverest tragedians; and while these references to an audience, in the shape of rant or sentiment, are not too frequent or palpable, a sufficient quantity of illusion for the purposes of dramatic interest may be said to be prodneed in spite of them. But, tragedy apart, it may be inquired whether, in certain characters in comedy, especially those which are a little extravagant, or which involve some notion repugnant to the moral sense, it is not a proof of the highest skill in the comedian when, without absolutely appealing to an audience, he keeps up a tacit understanding with them; and makes them, unconsciously to themselves, a party in the seene. The ntmost nicety is required in the mode of doing this; but we speak only of the great artists in the profession.

The most mortifying infirmity in human nature. to feel in ourselves, or to contemplate in another, is, perhaps, cowardice. To see a coward *done to the life* 

upon a stage would produce anything but mirth. Yct we most of us remember Jack Bannister's cowards.<sup>2</sup> Could anything be more agreeable, more pleasant? We loved the rogues. How was this effected but by the exquisite art of the actor in a perpetual sub-insinuation to us, the spectators, even in the extremity of the shaking fit, that he was not half such a coward as we took him for? We saw all the common symptoms of the malady upon him; the quivering lip, the cowering knees, the teeth chattering; and could have sworn "that man was frightened." But we forgot all the while-or kept it almost a secret to ourselves-that he never once lost his self-possession; that he let out by a thousand droll looks and gestures-meant to us, and not at all supposed to be visible to his fellows in the scene, that his confidence in his own resources had never once deserted him. Was this a genuine picture of a coward? or not rather a likeness, which the clever artist contrived to palm upon us instead of an original; while we secretly connived at the delusion for the purpose of greater pleasure, than a more genuine counterfeiting of the imbeeility, helplessness, and utter self-desertion, which we know to be concomitants of cowardice in real life, could have given us?

Why are miscrs so hateful in the world, and so endurable on the stage, but because the skilful actor, by a sort of sub-reference, rather than direct appeal to us, disarms the character of a great deal of its odiousness, by seeming to engage *our* compassion for the inseeure tenure by which he holds his money bags and parehments? By this subtle vent half of the hatefulness of the eharacter—the self-closeness with which in real life it coils itself up from the sympathies of men—evaporates. The miser becomes sympathetic; *i. c.* is no genuine miser. Here again a diverting likeness is substituted for a very disagreeable reality.

Spleen, irritability—the pitiable infirmities of old men, which produce only pain to behold in the realities, counterfeited upon a stage, divert not altogether for the comic appendages to them, but in part from an inner conviction that they are *being acted* before us; that a likeness only is going on, and not the thing itself. They please by being done under the life, or beside it; not to the life. When Gatty acts an old man, is he angry indeed? or only a pleasant counterfeit, just enough of a likeness to recognize, without pressing upon us the uncasy sense of a reality.

Comedians, paradoxical as it may seem, may be too natural. It was the ease with a late actor. Nothing could be more earnest or true than the manner of Mr. Emery; this told excellently in his Tyke, and characters of a tragic cast. But when he carried the same rigid exclusiveness of attention to the stage business, and wilful blindness and oblivion of everything before the curtain into his comedy, it produced a harsh and dissonant effect. He was out of keeping with the rest of the *Personæ Dramatis*. There was as little link between him and them as betwixt him-

#### STAGE ILLUSION

self and the audience. He was a third estate, dry, repulsive, and unsocial to all. Individually considered, his execution was masterly. But comedy is not this unbending thing; for this reason, that the same degree of credibility is not required of it as to serious scenes. The degrees of credibility demanded to the two things may be illustrated by the different sort of truth which we expect when a man tells us a mournful or a merry story. If we suspeet the former of falsehood in any one tittle, we reject it altogether. Our tears refuse to flow at a suspected imposition. But the teller of a mirthful tale has latitude allowed him. We are content with less than absolute truth. 'Tis the same with dramatie illusion. We confess we love in comedy to see an audience naturalized behind the seenes, taken into the interest of the drama, welcomed as by-standers however. There is something ungraeious in a comic actor holding himself aloof from all participation or concern with those who are come to be diverted by him. Maebeth must see the dagger, and no ear but his own be told of it; but an old fool in faree may think he sees something, and by conscious words and looks express it, as plainly as he can speak, to pit, box, and gallery. When an impertinent in tragedy, an Osrie,<sup>1</sup> for instance, breaks in upon the serious passions of the seene, we approve of the contempt with which he is treated. But when the pleasant impertinent of comedy, in a piece purely meant to give delight, and raise mirth out of whimsical perplexities worries the

studious man with taking up his leisure, or making his house his home, the same sort of contempt expressed (however *natural*) would destroy the balance of delight in the spectators. To make the intrusion comie, the actor who plays the annoyed man must a little desert nature; he must, in short, be thinking of the audience, and express only so much dissatisfaction and peevishness as is consistent with the pleasure of comedy. In other words, his perplexity must seem half put on. If he repel the intruder with the sober set face of a man in earnest, and more cspeeially if he deliver his expostulations in a tone which in the world must necessarily provoke a ducl; his real-life manner will destroy the whimsical and purely dramatie existence of the other character (which to render it comie demands an antagonist comicality on the part of the character opposed to it), and convert what was meant for mirth, rather than belief, into a downright piece of impertinence indeed, which would raise no diversion in us, but rather stir pain, to see inflicted in earnest upon any unworthy person. A very judicious actor (in most of his parts) seems to have fallen into an error of this sort in his playing with Mr. Wrench in the farce of Free and Easy.

Many instances would be tedious: these may suffice to show that comic acting at least does not always demand from the performer that strict abstraction from all reference to an audience which is exacted of it; but that in some cases a sort of compromise may take place, and all the purposes of dramatic delight be attained by a judicious understanding, not too openly announced, between the ladies and gentlemen—on both sides of the curtain.

## TO THE SHADE OF ELLISTON

JOYOUSEST of once embodied spirits, whither at length hast thou flown? To what genial region are we permitted to conjecture that thou hast flitted?

Art thon sowing thy WILD OATS yet (the harvest time was still to come with thee) upon casual sands of Avernus?<sup>2</sup> or art thou enacting ROVER (as we would gladlier think) by wandering Elysian streams?<sup>3</sup>

This mortal frame, while thou didst play thy brief antics amongst us, was in truth anything but a prison to thee, as the vain Platonist <sup>4</sup> dreams of this *body* to be no better than a county gaol, forsooth, or some house of durance vile, whereof the five senses are the fetters. Thou knewest better than to be in a hurry to east off those gyves; and had notice to quit, I fear, before thou wert quite ready to abandon this fleshy tencment. It was thy Pleasure-Honse, thy Palace of Dainty Devices: thy Louvre, or thy White Hall.

What new mysterious lodgings dost thon tenant now? or when may we expect thy aërial house-warming?

Tartarus<sup>5</sup> we know, and we have read of the Blessed Shades: now cannot I intelligibly faucy thee in either?

#### THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

Is it too much to hazard to conjecture, that (as the schoolmen admitted a receptacle apart for Patriarchs and unchrisom Babes) there may exist not far perchance from that storehouse of all vanities, which Milton saw in visions—a LIMBO<sup>1</sup> somewhere for PLAYERS? and that

> Up thither like aërial vapors fly Both all Stage things, and all that in Stage things Built their fond hopes of glory, or lasting fame? All the unaccomplish'd works of Authors' hands, Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed, Damn'd upon earth fleet thither — Play, Opera, Farce, with all their trumpery.—<sup>2</sup>

There, by the neighboring moon (by some not improperly supposed thy Regent Planet upon earth) mayst thou not still be acting thy managerial pranks, great disembodied Lessee? but Lessee still, and still a Manager.

In Green Rooms, impervious to mortal eye, the muse beholds thee wielding posthumous empire.

Thin ghosts of Figurantes (never plump on earth) circle thee in endlessly, and still their song is Fic on sinful Phantasy.

Magnificent were thy eappriceios on this globe of earth, ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON! for as yet we know not thy new name in heaven.

It irks me to think, that, stripped of thy regalities, thou shouldst ferry over, a poor forked shade, in erazy Stygian wherry.<sup>3</sup> Methinks I hear the old boatman, paddling by the weedy wharf, with raueid

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voiee, bawling "Sculls, Sculls:" to which with waving hand, and majestic action, thou deignest no reply, other than in two curt monosyllables, "No: OARS."

But the laws of Pluto's kingdom <sup>1</sup> know small difference between king, and cobbler; manager, and call-boy; and, if haply your dates of life were conterminant, you are quietly taking your passage, check by check (O ignoble leveling of Death) with the shade of some recently departed candle-snuffer.

But mercy! what strippings, what tearing off of histrionic robes, and private vanities! what denudations to the bone, before the surly Ferryman<sup>2</sup> will admit you to set a foot within his battered lighter.

Crowns, scepters; shield, sword, and truncheon; thy own eoronation robes (for thou hast brought the whole property man's wardrobe with thee, enough to sink a navy); the judge's ermine; the eoxcomb's wig: the snuff-box à la Foppington <sup>3</sup>—all must overboard, he positively swears—and that ancient mariner brooks no denial; for, since the tiresome monodrame of the old Thraeian Harper,<sup>4</sup> Charon, it is to be believed, hath shown small taste for theatrieals.

Aye, now 'tis done. You are just boat weight; pura et puta anima.<sup>5</sup>

But bless me, how little you look!

So shall we all look—kings and keysars—stripped for the last voyage.

But the murky rogue pushes off. Adieu, pleasant and thrice pleasant shade! with my parting thanks

for many a heavy hour of life lightened by thy harmless extravaganzas, public or domestic.

Rhadamanthus,<sup>1</sup> who tries the lighter causes below, leaving to his two brethren the heavy calendarshonest Rhadamanth, always partial to players, weighing their parti-colored existence here upon earth,making account of the few foibles, that may have shaded thy real life, as we call it (though, substantially, scarcely less a vapor than thy idlest vagaries upon the boards of Drury) as but of so many echoes, natural re-percussions, and results to be expected from the assumed extravagances of thy secondary or mock life, nightly upon a stage-after a lenient castigation, with rods lighter than of those Medusean ringlets,2 but just enough to "whip the offending Adam out of thee," shall courteously dismiss thee at the right hand gate-the o. p. side of Hades-that conducts to masques, and merry-makings, in the Theater Royal of Proserpine.3

PLAUDITO, ET VALETO.4

### ELLISTONIANA

My acquaintance with the pleasant creature, whose loss we all deplore, was but slight.

My first introduction to E., which afterwards ripened into an acquaintance a little on this side of intimacy, was over a counter in the Leannington Spa Library, then newly entered upon by a branch of his family. E., whom nothing mis-became to auspieate, I suppose, the filial concern, and set it agoing with a luster-was serving in person two damsels fair, who had come into the shop ostensibly to inquire for some new publication, but in reality to have a sight of the illustrious shopman, hoping some conference. With what an air did he reach down the volume, dispassionately giving his opinion of the worth of the work in question, and launching out into a dissertation on its comparative merits with those of certain publications of a similar stamp, its rivals! his enchanted customers fairly hanging on his lips, subdued to their authoritative sentence. So have I seen a gentleman in comedy acting the shopman. So Lovelace 1 sold his gloves in King Street. I admired the histrionic art, by which he contrived to carry clean away every notion of disgrace, from the occupation he had so generously submitted to; and from that hour I judged him, with no after repentance, to be a person, with whom it would be a felicity to be more acquainted.

To descant upon his merits as a Comedian would be superflous. With his blended private and professional habits alone I have to do; that harmonious fusion of the manners of the player into those of everyday life, which brought the stage boards into streets, and dining-parlors, and kept up the play when the play was ended.—"I like Wrench," a friend was saying to him one day, "because he is the same natural easy creature, on the stage, that he is off." "My case exactly," retorted Elliston—with a charming forgetfulness, that the converse of a proposition does not always lead to the same conclusion— "I am the same person off the stage that I am on." The inference, at first sight, seems identical; but examine it a little, and it confesses only, that the one performer was never, and the other always acting.

And in truth this was the eharm of Elliston's private deportment. You had spirited performance always going on before your eyes, with nothing to pay. As where a monarch takes up his easual abode for a night, the poorest hovel which he honors by his sleeping in it, becomes ipso facto for that time a palace; so wherever Ellison walked, sat, or stood still, there was the theater. He earried about with him his pit, boxes, and galleries, and set up his portable playhouse at corners of streets, and in the market places. Upon flintiest pavements he trod the boards still; and if his theme ehaneed to be passionate, the green baize earpet of tragedy spontaneously rose beneath his feet. Now this was hearty and showed a love for his art. So Appelles <sup>1</sup> always painted—in thought. So G. D.<sup>2</sup> always poetizes. I hate a lukewarm artist. I have known actors—and some of them of Ellison's own stamp—who shall have agreeably been amusing you in the part of a rake or a coxeomb, through the two or three hours of their dramatic existence; but no sooner does the eurtain fall with its leaden clatter, but a spirit of lead seems to seize on all their faculties. They emerge sour, morose persons, intolerable to their families, servants, etc. Another shall have been

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expanding your heart with generous deeds and sentiments, till it even beats with yearnings of universal sympathy; you absolutely long to go home, and do some good action. The play seems tedious, till you ean get fairly out of the house, and realize your landable intentions. At length the final bell rings, and this cordial representative of all that is amiable in human breasts steps forth —a miser. Elliston was more of a piece. Did he play Ranger ? 1 and did Ranger fill the general bosom of the town with satisfaetion? why should he not be Ranger, and diffuse the same cordial satisfaction among his private eireles? with his temperament, his animal spirits, his good nature, his follies perchanee, could he do better than identify himself with his impersonation? Are we to like a pleasant rake, or coxeomb, on the stage, and give ourselves airs of aversion for the identical character presented to us in actual life? or what would the performer have gained by divesting himself of the impersonation? Could the man Elliston have been essentially different from his part, even if he had avoided to reflect to us studiously, in private circles, the airy briskness, the forwardness, and scape-goat trickeries of his prototype?

"But there is some thing not natural in this everlasting acting; we want the real man."

Are you quite sure that it is not the man himself, whom you cannot, or will not see, under some adventitions trappings, which, nevertheless, sit not at all inconsistently upon him? What if it is the nature of some men to be highly artificial? The fault is least reprehensible in *players*. Cibber <sup>1</sup> was his own Foppington, with almost as much wit as Vanbrugh could add to it.

"My conceit of his person,"—it is Ben Jonson speaking of Lord Bacon,—"was never increased towards him by his *place* or *honors*, but I have, and do reverence him for the *greatness*, that was only proper to himself; in that he seemed to me ever one of the *greatest* men, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that heaven could give him strength; for *greatness* he could not want."

The quality here commended was scarcely less conspicuous in the subject of these idle reminiseenees than in my Lord Verulam. Those who have imagined that an unexpected elevation to the direction of a great London Theater, affected the consequence of Elliston, or at all ehanged his nature, knew not the essential greatness of the man whom they disparage. It was my fortune to encounter him near St. Dunstan's Church (which, with its punctual giants, is now no more than dust and a shadow), on the morning of his election to that high office. Grasping my hand with a look of significance, he only uttered,-"'Have you heard the news?"-then with another look following up the blow, he subjoined, "I am the future Manager of Drury Lane Theater."-Breathless as he saw me, he stayed not for congratulation or reply, but mutely stalked away, leaving me to chew upon his new-born dignities at leisure. In fact, nothing could be said to it. Expressive silence alone could muse his praise. This was in his great style.

But was he less great (be witness, O ye Powers of Equanimity, that supported in the ruins of Carthage the consular exile,<sup>1</sup> and more recently transmuted for a more illustrious exile,<sup>2</sup> the barren constableship of Elba, into an image of Imperial France), when, in melancholy after-years, again, much near the same spot, I met him, when that scepter had been wrested from his hand, and his dominion was curtailed to the petty managership, and part proprietorship, of the small Olympic,<sup>3</sup> his Elba? He still played nightly upon the boards of Drury, but in parts alas! allotted to him, not magnificently distributed by him. Waiving his great loss as nothing, and magnificently sinking the sense of fallen material grandeur in the more liberal resentment of depreciations done to his more lofty intellectual pretensions. "Have you heard" (his customary exordium)--"have you heard," said he, "how they treat me? they put me in comcdy." Thought I-but his finger on his lips forbade any verbal interruption-"where could they have put you better?" Then, after a pause-"Where I formerly played Romeo, I now play Mercutio,"—and so again he stalked away, neither staying, nor caring for, responses.

O, it was a rich seene,—but Sir A—— C——,<sup>4</sup> the best of story-tellers and surgeons, who mends a lame narrative almost as well as he sets a fracture, alone

could do justice to it,-that I was a witness to, in the tarnished room (that had onee been green) of that same little Olympie. There, after his deposition from Imperial Drury, he substituted a throne. That Olympie Hill was his "highest heaven;" himself "Jove in his chair." There he sat in state, while before him, on complaint of prompter, was brought for judgment-how shall I describe her?-one of those little tawdry things that flirt at the tails of ehoruses-a probationer for the town, in either of its senses-the pertest little drab-a dirty fringe and appendage of the lamp's smoke-who, it seems, on some disapprobation expressed by a "highly respectable" audience,-had precipitately quitted her station on the boards, and withdrawn her small talents in disgust.

"And how dare you," said her manager,—assuming a eensorial severity, which would have erushed the confidence of a Vestris,<sup>1</sup> and disarmed that beautiful Rebel herself of her professional caprices-- I verily believe, he thought *her* standing before him--"how dare you, Madame, withdraw yourself, without a notice, from your theatrical duties?" "I was hissed, Sir." "And you have the presumption to decide upon the taste of the town?" "I don't know that, Sir, but I will never stand to be hissed," was the subjoinder of young Confidence—when gathering up his features into one significant mass of wonder, pity, and expostulatory indignation—in a lesson never to have been lost upon a creature less forward than she who stood before him—his words were these: "They have hissed me."

'Twas the identical argument à fortiori,<sup>1</sup> which the son of Peleus uses to Lyeaon <sup>2</sup> trembling under his lance, to persuade him to take his destiny with a good grace. "I too am mortal." And it is to be believed that in both eases the rhetoric missed of its application, for want of a proper understanding with the faculties of the respective recipients.

"Quite an Opera pit," he said to me, as he was eourteously conducting me over the benches of his Surrey Theater,<sup>3</sup> the last retreat, and recess, of his every-day waning grandeur.

Those who knew Ellison, will know the manner in which he pronounced the latter sentence of the few words I am about to record. One proud day to me he took his roast mutton with us in the Temple, to which I had superadded a preliminary haddoek. After a rather plentiful partaking of the meager banquet, not unrefreshed with the humbler sort of liguors, I made a sort of apology for the humility of the fare, observing that for my own part I never ate but one dish at dinner. "I too never eat but one thing at dinner,"--was his reply-then after a pause--"reckoning fish as nothing." The manner was all. It was as if by one peremptory sentence he had decreed the annihilation of all the savory esculents, which the pleasant and nutritions food-giving Ocean pours forth upon poor humans from her watery bosom. This was greatness, tempered with considerate *tenderness* to the feelings of his seanty but welcoming entertainer.

Great wert thou in thy life, Robert William Elliston! and not lessened in death, if report speak truly, which says that thou didst direct that thy mortal remains should repose under no inscription but one of pure Latinity. Classical was thy bringing up! and beautiful was the feeling on thy last bed, which connecting the man with the boy, took thee back to thy latest exercise of imagination, to the days when, undreaming of Theaters and Managerships, thou wert a scholar, and an early ripe one, under the roofs builded by the munificent and pious Colet.<sup>1</sup> For thee the Pauline Muses weep. In elegies, that shall silence this crude prose, they shall eelebrate thy praise.

## THE OLD MARGATE HOY

I AM fond of passing my vacation (I believe I have said so before) at one or other of the Universities. Next to these my choice would fix me at some woody spot, such as the neighborhood of Henley affords in abundance, on the banks of my beloved Thames. But somehow or other my cousin contrives to wheedle me once in three or four seasons to a watering-place. Old attachments eling to her in spite of experience. We have been dull at Worthing one summer, duller at Brighton another, dullest at Eastbourn a third, and are at this moment doing dreary penance at Hastings!—and all because we were happy many

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years ago for a brief week at Margate. That was our first sea-side experiment, and many circumstances combined to make it the most agreeable holyday of my life. We had neither of us seen the sea, and we had never been from home so long together in company.

Can I forget thee, thou old Margate Hoy, with thy weather-beaten, sun-burnt captain, and his rough accommodations—ill-exchanged for the foppery and fresh-water niceness of the modern steam packet? To the winds and waves thou committedst thy goodly freightage, and didst ask no aid of magic fumes, and spells, and boiling cauldrons. With the gales of heaven thou wentest swimmingly; or, when it was their pleasure, stoodest still with sailor-like patience. Thy comrse was natural, not foreed, as in a hot-bed; nor didst thou go poisoning the breath of ocean with sulphurous smoke—a great sea-chimæra, chimneying and furnacing the deep; or liker to that fire-god parching up Scamander.<sup>1</sup>

Can I forget thy honest, yet slender erew, with their eoy reluctant responses (yet to the suppression of anything like contempt) to the raw questions, which we of the great city would be ever and anon putting to them as to the uses of this or that strange naval implement? 'Specially can I forget thee, thou happy medium, thou shade of refuge between us and them, conciliating interpreter of their skill to our simplicity, comfortable ambassador between sea and land!—whose sailor-trousers did not more convine-

ingly assure thee to be an adopted denizen of the former, and thy white cap and whiter apron over them, with thy neat-fingered practice in thy culinary vocation, bespoke thee to have been of inland nature heretofore-a master cook of Eastcheap? How busily didst thou ply thy multifarious occupation, cook, mariner, attendant, ehamberlain: here, there, like another Ariel,<sup>1</sup> flaming at once about all parts of the deek, yet with kindlier ministration-not to assist the tempest, but, as if touched with a kindred sense of our infirmities, to sooth the qualms which that untried motion might haply raise in our erude landfancies. And when the o'er-washing billows drove us below deek (for it was far gone in October, and we had stiff and blowing weather) how did thy offieious ministerings, still catering for our comfort, with cards, and cordials, and thy more cordial conversation, alleviate the closeness and the confinement of thy else (truth to say) not very savory, nor very inviting, little cabin!

With these additaments to boot, we had on board a fellow-passenger, whose discourse in verity might have beguiled a longer voyage than we meditated, and have made mirth and wonder abound as far as the Azores.<sup>2</sup> He was a dark Spanish-complexioned young man, remarkably handsome, with an officerlike assurance, and an insuppressible volubility of assertion. He was, in fact, the greatest har I had met with then, or since. He was none of your hesitating, half story-tellers (a most painful description of mor-

tals) who go on sounding your belief, and only giving you as much as they see you can swallow at a time-the nibbling pickpockets of your patience-but one who committed downright, day-light depredations upon his neighbor's faith. He did not stand shivering upon the brink, but was a hearty, thoroughpaced liar, and plunged at once into the depths of your credulity. I partly believe, he made pretty sure of his company. Not many rich, not many wise, or learned, composed at that time the common stowage of a Margate packet. We were, I am afraid, a set of as unseasoned Londoners (let our enemies give it a worse name) as Aldermanbury, or Watling Street, at that time of day could have supplied. There might be an exception or two among us, but I seorn to make any invidious distinctions among such a jolly, companionable ship's company, as those were whom I sailed with. Something too must be eoneeded . to the Genius Loci.1 Had the confident fellow told us half the legends on land, which he favored us with on the other element, I flatter myself the good sense of most of us would have revolted. But we were in a new world, with everything unfamiliar about us, and the time and place disposed us to the reception of any prodigious marvel whatsoever. Time has obliterated from my memory much of his wild fablings; and the rest would appear but dull, as written, and to be read on shore. He had been Aide-de-eamp (among other rare aeeidents and fortunes) to a Persian prince, and at one blow had stricken off the

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head of the King of Carimania on horseback. He, of eourse, married the Prince's daughter. I forget what unlucky turn in the polities of that court, coubining with the loss of his consort, was the reason of his quitting Persia; but with the rapidity of a magieian, he transported himself, along with his hearers, back to England, where he still found him in the confidence of great ladies. There was some story of a Prineess-Elizabeth, if I remember-having intrusted to his eare an extraordinary easket of jewels, upon some extraordinary oceasion-but, as I am not certain of the name or eircumstance at this distance of time, I must leave it to the Royal daughters of England to settle the honor among themselves in private. I eannot eall to mind half his pleasant wonders; but I perfectly remember, that in the course of his travels he had seen a phœnix; and he obligingly undeceived us of the vulgar error, that there is but one of that species at a time, assuring us that they were not uncommon in some parts of Upper Egypt. Hitherto he had found the most implicit listeners. His dreaming fancies had transported us beyond the "ignorant present." But when (still hardying more and more in his triumphs over our simplicity), he went on to affirm that he had actually sailed through the legs of the Colossus at Rhodes,' it really became necessary to make a stand. And here I must do justice to the good sense and intrepidity of one of our party, a vouth, that had hitherto been one of his most deferential auditors, who, from his recent reading, made

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bold to assure the gentleman, that there must be some mistake, as "the Colossus in question had been destroyed long since;" to whose opinion, delivered with all modesty our hero was obliging enough to concede thus much, "the figure was indeed a little damaged." This was the only opposition he met with, and it did not at all seem to stagger him, for he proceeded with his fables which the same youth appeared to swallow with still more complacency than ever,—confirmed, as it were, by the extreme candor of that concession. With these prodigies he wheedled us on till we came in sight of the Reculvers,<sup>1</sup> which one of our own company (having been the voyage before) immediately recognizing, and pointing out to us, was considered by us as no ordinary seaman.

All this time sat upon the edge of the deck quite a different character. It was a lad, apparently very poor, very infirm, and very patient. His eye was ever on the sea, with a smile; and, if he caught now and then some snatches of these wild legends, it was by accident, and they seemed not to concern him. The waves to him whispered more pleasant stories. He was as one, being with us, but not of us. He heard the bell of dinner ring without stirring; and when some of us pulled out our private stores—our cold meat and our salads—he produced none, and seemed to want none. Only a solitary biscuit he had laid in; provision for the one or two days and nights, to which these vessels then were oftentimes obliged to prolong their voyage. Upon a nearer acquaintance with him, which he seemed noither to court nor decline, we learned that he was going to Margate, with the hope of being admitted into the Infirmary there for sea-bathing. His disease was a scrofula, which appeared to have eaten all over him. He expressed great hopes of a cure; and when we asked him, whether he had any friends where he was going, he replied, "he had no friends."

These pleasant, and some mournful passages with the first sight of the sea, co-operating with youth, and a sense of holydays, and out-of-door adventure, to me that had been pent up in populous cities for many months before,—have left upon my mind the fragrance as of summer days gone by, bequeathing nothing but their remembrance for cold and wintry hours to chew upon.

Will it be thought a digression (it may spare some unweleome comparisons), if I endeavor to account for the dissatisfaction which I have heard so many persons confess to have felt (as I did myself feel in part on this occasion), at the sight of the sca for the first time? I think the reason usually given—referring to the incapacity of actual objects for satisfying our preconceptions of them—scarcely goes deep enough into the question. Let the same person see a lion, an elephant, a mountain, for the first time in his life, and he shall perhaps feel himself a little mortified. The things do not fill up that space, which the idea of them seemed to take up in his mind. But they have still a correspondency to his first notion. and in time grow up to it, so as to produce a very similar impression: enlarging themselves (if I may say so) upon familiarity. But the sea remains a disappointment.-Is it not, that in the latter we had expected to behold (absurdly, I grant, but, I am afraid, by the law of imagination unavoidably) not a definite object, as those wild beasts, or that mountain eompassable by the eye, but all the sea at once, THE COMMENSURATE ANTAGONIST OF THE EARTH? I do not say we tell ourselves so much, but the eraving of the mind is to be satisfied with nothing less. I will suppose the case of a young person of fifteen (as I then was) knowing nothing of the sea, but from description. He comes to it for the first time-all that he has been reading of it all his life, and that the most enthusiastic part of life,-all he has gathered from narratives of wandering seamen; what he has gained from true voyages, and what he cherishes as credulously from romanee and poetry; erowding their images, and exacting strange tributes from expectation.-He thinks of the great deep, and of those who go down unto it; of its thousand isles, and of the vast eontinents it washes; of its receiving the mighty Plate, or Orellana,<sup>1</sup> into its bosom, without disturbanee, or sense of augmentation; of Biseay swells, and the mariner

For many a day, and many a dreadful night, Incessant laboring, round the stormy Cape;<sup>2</sup>

of fatal rocks, and the "still-vexed Bermoothes;" <sup>a</sup> of great whirlpools, and the water-spout; of sunken

ships, and sumless treasures swallowed up in the unrestoring depths: of fishes and quaint monsters, to which all that is terrible on earth—

> Be but as buggs to frighten babes withal, Compared with the creatures in the sea's entral; 1

of naked savages, and Juan Fernandez;<sup>2</sup> of pearls, and shells; of eoral beds, and of enchanted isles; of mermaids' grots—

I do not assert that in sober earnest he expects to be shown all these wonders at once, but he is under the tyranny of a mighty faculty, which hannts him with confused hints and shadows of all these; and when the aetnal object opens first upon him, seen (in tame weather too most likely) from our unromantie coasts-a speck, a slip of sea-water, as it shows to him-what can it prove but a very unsatisfying and even diminutive entertainment? Or if he has come to it from the mouth of a river, was it much more than the river widening? and, even out of sight of land, what had he but a flat watery horizon about him, nothing comparable to the vast o'er-curtaining sky, his familiar object, seen daily without dread or amazement ?- Who, in similar eireumstances, has not been tempted to exclaim with Charoba, in the poem of Gebir.

Is this the mighty ocean? is this all? 3

I love town, or country; but this detestable Cinque Port is neither. I hate these serubbed shoots,

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thrusting out their starved foliage from between the horrid fissures of dusty innutritious rocks; which the amateur calls "verdure to the edge of the sea." I require woods, and they show me stunted coppices. I cry out for the water-brooks, and pant for fresh streams, and inland murmurs. I eannot stand all day on the naked beach, watching the eapricious hues of the sea, shifting like the colors of a dying mullet. I am tired of looking out at the windows of this island-prison. I would fain retire into the interior of my cage. While I gaze upon the sea, I want to be on it, over it, across it. It binds me in with chains, as of iron. My thoughts are abroad. I should not so feel in Staffordshire. There is no home for me here. There is no sense of home at Hastings. It is a place of fugitive resort, an heterogeneous assemblage of sea-mews and stock-brokers, Amphitrites 1 of the town, and misses that coquet with the Ocean. If it were what it was in its primitive shape, and what it ought to have remained, a fair honest fishing-town, and no more, it were something -with a few straggling fishermen's huts scattered abont, artless as its cliffs, and with their materials filched from them, it were something. I could abide to dwell with Mesehek;<sup>2</sup> to assort with fisher-swains, and smugglers. There are, or I dream there are, many of this latter occupation here. Their faces become the place. I like a smuggler. He is the only honest thief. He robs nothing but the revenue,an abstraction I never greatly cared about. I could

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go out with them in their mackerel boats, or about their less ostensible business, with some satisfaction. I ean even tolerate those poor vietims to monotony, who from day to day pace along the beach, in endless progress and recurrence, to watch their illicit countrymen-townsfolk or brethren perchancewhistling to the sheathing and unsheathing of their eutlasses (their only solace), who, under the mild name of preventive service, keep up a legitimate civil warfare in the deplorable absence of a foreign one, to show their detestation of run hollands and zeal for old England. But it is the visitants from town, that come here to say that they have been here, with no more relish of the sea than a pond perch, or a dace might be supposed to have, that are my aversion. I feel like a foolish daee in these regions, and have as little toleration for myself here, as for them. What ean they want here? if they had a true relish of the ocean, why have they brought all this land luggage with them? or why pitch their eivilized tents in the desert? What mean these seanty book-rooms -marine libraries as they entitle them-if the sea were, as they would have us believe, a book "to read strange matter in?" what are their foolish concertrooms, if they come, as they would fain be thought to do, to listen to the music of the waves? All is false and hollow pretension. They come, because it is the fashion, and to spoil the nature of the place. They are mostly, as I have said, stock-brokers; but I have watched the better sort of them-now and

then, an honest eitizen (of the old stamp), in the simplicity of his heart, shall bring down his wife and daughters, to taste the sea breezes. I always know the date of their arrival. It is easy to see it in their countenance. A day or two they go wandering on the shingles, pieking up eockle-shells, and thinking them great things; but, in a poor week, imagination slackens: they begin to discover that coekles produce no pearls, and then—O then!—if I could interpret for the pretty creatures, (I know they have not the courage to confess it themselves) how gladly would they exchange their sea-side rambles for a Sunday walk on the green-sward of their accustomed Twickenham meadows!

I would ask of one of these sea-charmed emigrants, who think they truly love the sea, with its wild usages, what would their feelings bc, if some of the unsophisticated aborigines of this place, encouraged by their courteous questionings here, should venture, on the faith of such assured sympathy between them, to return the visit, and come up to see—London. I must imagine them with their fishing-tackle on their back, as we carry our town necessaries. What a sensation would it cause in Lothbury? What vehement laughter would it not excite among

The daughters of Cheapside and wives of Lombard Street.

I am sure that no town-bred, or inland-born subjects, can feel their true and natural nourishment at these sea-places. Nature, where she does not mean us for mariners and vagabonds, bids us stay at home. The salt foam seems to nourish a spleen. I am not half so good-natured as by the milder waters of my natural river. I would exchange these sea-gulls for swans, and seud a swallow for ever about the banks of Thamesis.

### THE CONVALESCENT

A PRETTY severe fit of indisposition which, under the name of a nervous fever, has made a prisoner of me for some weeks past, and is but slowly leaving me, has reduced me to an incapacity of reflecting upon any topic foreign to itself. Expect no healthy conelusions from me this month, reader; I can offer you only sick men's dreams.

And truly the whole state of siekness is such; for what else is it but a magnificent dream for a man to lie a-bed, and draw daylight eurtains about him; and, shutting out the snn, to induce a total oblivion of all the works which are going on under it? To become insensible to all the operations of life, except the beatings of one feeble pulse?

If there be a regal solitude, it is a siek bed. How the patient lords it there; what eaprices he acts without control! how king-like he sways his pillowtumbling, and tossing, and shifting, and lowering, and thumping, and flatting, and molding it, to the ever varying requisitions of his throbbing temples.

He ehanges sides oftener than a politician. Now

he lies full length, then half-length, obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite aeross the bed; and none aeeuses him of tergiversation. Within the four eurtains he is absolute. They are his Mare Clausum.<sup>1</sup>

How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to himself! he is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness is inculeated upon him as his only duty. 'Tis the Two Tables of the Law<sup>2</sup> to him. He has nothing to think of but how to get well! What passes out of doors, or within them, so he hear not the jarring of them, affects him not.

A little while ago he was greatly eoneerned in the event of a law-suit, which was to be the making or the marring of his dearest friend. He was to be seen trudging about upon this man's errand to fifty quarters of the town at once, jogging this witness, refreshing that solicitor. The cause was to come on vesterday. He is absolutely as indifferent to the deeision, as if it were a question to be tried at Pekin. Peradventure from some whispering, going on about the house, not intended for his hearing, he pieks up enough to make him understand, that things went cross-grained in the Court yesterday, and his friend is ruined. But the word "friend," and the word "rnin," disturb him no more than so much jargon. He is not to think of anything but how to get better.

What a world of foreign cares are merged in that absorbing consideration!

He has put on his strong armor of sickness, he is

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wrapped in the callous hide of suffering, he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage, under trusty lock and key, for his own use only.

He lies pitying himself, honing and moaning to himself; he yearneth over himself; his bowels are even melted within him, to think what he suffers; he is not ashamed to weep over himself.

Ile is for ever plotting how to do some good to himself; studying little stratagems and artificial alleviations.

He makes the most of himself; dividing himself by an allowable fietion, into as many distinct individuals, as he hath sore and sorrowing members. Sometimes he meditates—as of a thing apart from him—upon his poor aching head, and that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past night like a log, or palpable substance of pain, not to be removed without opening the very skull, as it seemed, to take it thence. Or he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers. He compassionates himself all over; and his bed is a very discipline of humanity, and tender heart.

He is his own sympathizer; and instinctively feels that none can so well perform that office for him. He cares for few spectators to his tragedy. Only that punctual face of the old nurse pleases him, that announces his broths, and his cordials. He likes it because it is so unmoved, and because he can pour forth his feverish ejaculations before it as unreservedly as to his bed-post.

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To the world's business he is dead. He understands not what the callings and occupations of mortals are; only he has a glimmering conceit of some such thing, when the doctor makes his daily eall; and even in the lines on that busy face he reads no multiplicity of patients, but solely conceives of himself as *the sick man*. To what other uneasy couch the good man is hastening, when he slips out of his ehamber, folding up his thin douceur so earefully for fear of rustling—is no speculation which he can at present entertain. He thinks only of the regular return of the same phenomenon at the same hour to-morrow.

Household rumors touch him not. Some faint murmur, indicative of life going on within the house. soothes him, while he knows not distinctly what it is. He is not to know anything, not to think of anything. Servants gliding up or down the distant staircase, treading as upon velvet, gently keep his ear awake, so long as he troubles not himself further than with some feeble guess at their errands. Exacter knowledge would be a burthen to him: he ean just endure the pressure of eonjecture. He opens his eye faintly at the dull stroke of the mufiled knocker, and closes it again without asking "Who was it?" He is flattered by a general notion that inquiries are making after him, but he eares not to know the name of the inquirer. In the general stillness, and awful hush of the house, he lies in state, and feels his sovereignty.

To be sick is to enjoy monarchal prerogatives. Compare the silent tread, and quiet ministry, almost by the eye only, with which he is served—with the careless demeanor, the unceremonious goings in and out (slapping of doors, or leaving them open) of the very same attendants, when he is getting a little better—and you will confess, that from the bed of sickness (throne let me rather call it) to the elbow chair of convalescence, is a fall from dignity, amounting to a deposition.

How convalescence shrinks a man back to his pristine stature! where is now the space, which he occupied so lately, in his own, in the family's eye?

The scene of his regalities, his siek room, which was his presence chamber, where he lay and acted his despotic fancies-how is it reduced to a common bed-room! The trimness of the very bed has something petty and unmeaning about it. It is made every day. How unlike to that wavy many-furrowed, oceanic surface, which it presented so short a time since, when to make it was a service not to be thought of at oftener than three or four day revolutions, when the patient was with pain and grief to be lifted for a little while out of it, to submit to the eneroachments of unwelcome neatness, and decencies which his shaken frame deprecated; then to be lifted into it again, for another three or four days' respite, to flounder it out of shape again, while every fresh furrow was a historical record of some shifting posture, some uneasy turning, some seeking for a

little ease; and the shrunken skin scaree told a truer story than the crumpled coverlid.

Hushed are those mysterious sights—those groans —so much more awful, while we knew not from what caverns of vast hidden suffering they proceeded. The Lernean<sup>1</sup> pangs are quenched. The riddle of siekness is solved; and Philoctetes<sup>2</sup> is become an ordinary personage.

Perhaps some relic of the sick man's dream of greatness survives in the still lingering visitations of the medical attendant. But how is he too changed with everything else! Can this be he—this man of news—of chat—of anecdote—of everything but physic —can this be he, who so lately came between the patient and his eruel enemy, as on some solemn embassy from Nature, creeting herself into a high mediating party?—Pshaw! 'tis some old woman.

Farewell with him all that made siekness pompous—the spell that hushed the household—the desert-like stillness, felt throughout its inmost ehambers—the mute attendance—the inquiry by looks the still softer delieacies of self-attention—the sole and single eye of distemper alonely fixed upon itself —world-thoughts excluded—the man a world unto himself—his own theater—

#### What a speek is he dwindled into!

In this flat swamp of convalescence, left by the ebb of siekness, yet far enough from the terra firma of established health, your note, dear Editor, reached

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me, requesting-an article. In Articulio Mortis,1 thought I; but it is something hard-and the quibble, wretched as it was, relieved me. The summons, unseasonable as it appeared, seemed to link me on again to the petty businesses of life, which I had lost sight of; a gentle call to activity, however trivial; a wholesome weaning from that preposterous dream of selfabsorption-the puffy state of siekness-in which I confess to have lain so long, insensible to the magazines and monarchies, of the world alike; to its laws and to its literature. The hypochondriac flatus is subsiding; the acres, which in imagination I had spread over-for the sick man swells in the sole contemplation of his single sufferings, till he becomes a Tityus<sup>2</sup> to himself-are wasting to a span; and for the giant of self-importance, which I was so lately. you have me once again in my natural pretensionsthe lean and meager figure of your insignificant Essayist.

# SANITY OF TRUE GENIUS

So far from the position holding true, that great wit (or genius, in our modern way of speaking) has a necessary alliance with insanity, the greatest wits, on the contrary, will ever be found to be the sanest writers. It is impossible for the mind to conceive a mad Shakspeare. The greatness of wit, by which the poetic talent is here chiefly to be understood, manifests itself in the admirable balance of all the faculties. Madness is the disproportionate straining or excess of any one of them. "So strong a wit," says Cowley, speaking of a poetical friend,

The ground of the mistake is, that men, finding in the raptures of the higher poetry a condition of exaltation, to which they have no parallel in their own experience, besides the spurious resemblance of it in dreams and fevers, impute a state of dreaminess and fever to the poet. But the true poet dreams being awake. He is not possessed by his subject, but has dominion over it. In the groves of Eden he walks familiar as in his native paths. He ascends the empyrean heaven, and is not intoxicated. He treads the burning marl without dismay; he wins his flight without self-loss through realms of chaos "and old night." Or if, abandoning himself to that severer chaos of a "human mind untuned," he is content awhile to be mad with Lear, or to hate mankind (a sort of madness) with Timon,<sup>1</sup> neither is that madness, nor this misanthropy, so unchecked, but that,--never letting the reins of reason wholly go, while most he seems to do so,--he has his better genius still whispering at his ear, with the good servant Kent<sup>2</sup> suggesting saner counsels, or with the honest steward Flavius recommending kindhier resolutions. Where he seems most to recede from humanity, he will be found the truest to it. From beyond the scope of Nature if he summon possible existences, he subjugates them to the law of her consistency. He is beautifully loyal to that sovereign directress, even when he appears most to betray and desert her. His ideal tribes submit to policy; his very monsters are tamed to his hand, even as that wild sea-brood, shepherded by Proteus.<sup>1</sup> He tames and he elothes them with attributes of flesh and blood, till they wonder at themselves, like Indian Islanders forced to submit to European vesture. Caliban,<sup>2</sup> the Witches, are as true to the laws of their own nature (ours with a difference), as Othello, Hamlet, and Maebeth. Herein the great and the little wits are differenced; that if the latter wander ever so little from nature or actual existence, they lose themselves, and their readers. Their phantoms are lawless; their visions nightmares. They do not create, which implies shaping and consistency. Their imaginations are not active-for to be active is to call something into act and form-but passive, as men in sick dreams. For the super-natural, or something super-added to what we know of nature, they give you the plainly non-natural. And if this were all, and that these mental hallueinations were discoverable only in the treatment of subjects out of nature, or transcending it, the judgment might with some plea be pardoned if it ran riot, and a little wantonized: but even in the describing of real and everyday life, that which

is before their eyes, one of these lesser wits shall more deviate from nature-show more of that inconsequence, which has a natural alliance with frenzy,than a great genius in his "maddest fits," as Wither <sup>1</sup> somewhere ealls them. We appeal to any one that is acquainted with the common run of Lane's <sup>2</sup> novels,--as they existed some twenty or thirty years back,those seanty intellectual viands of the whole female reading public, till a happier genius arose, and expelled for ever the innutritious phantoms,-whether he has not found his brain more "betossed," his memory more puzzled, his sense of when and where more confounded, among the improbable events, the incoherent incidents, the inconsistent characters, or no-eharaeters, of some third-rate love intriguewhere the persons shall be a Lord Glendamour and a Miss Rivers, and the seene only alternate between Bath and Bond Street-a more bewildering dreaminess induced upon him, than he has felt wandering over all the fairy grounds of Spenser. In the productions we refer to, nothing but names and places is familiar; the persons are neither of this world nor of any other eoneeivable one; an endless string of activities without purpose, or purposes destitute of motive :--- we meet phantoms in our known walks; fantasques only ehristened. In the poet we have names which announce fiction; and we have absolutely no place at all, for the things and persons of the Fairy Queen prate not of their "whereabout." But in their inner nature, and the law of their speech

and actions, we are at home and upon acquainted ground. The one turns life into a dream; the other to the wildest dreams gives the sobrieties of everyday occurrences. By what subtile art of tracing the mental processes it is effected, we are not philosophers enough to explain, but in that wonderful episode of the cave of Mammon,<sup>1</sup> in which the Money God appears first in the lowest form of a miser, is then a worker of metals, and becomes the god of all the treasures of the world: and has a daughter, Ambition, before whom all the world kneels for favorswith the Hesperian fruit,<sup>2</sup> the waters of Tantalus,<sup>3</sup> with Pilate washing his hands vainly, but not impertinently, in the same stream—that we should be at one moment in the eave of an old hoarder of treasures, at the next at the forge of the Cyclops,4 in a palaee and yet in hell, all at once, with the shifting mutations of the most rambling dream, and onr judgment yet all the time awake, and neither able nor willing to deteet the fallacy,-is a proof of that hidden sanity which still guides the poet in the widest seeming aberrations.

It is not enough to say that the whole episode is a copy of the mind's conceptions in skeep; it is, in some sort—but what a copy! Let the most romantic of ns, that has been entertained all night with the spectacle of some wild and magnificent vision, recombine it in the morning, and try it by his waking judgment. That which appeared so shifting, and yet so coherent, while that faculty was passive, when it

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comes under cool examination, shall appear so reasonless and so unlinked, that we are ashamed to have been so deluded; and to have taken, though but in sleep, a monster for a god. But the transitions in this episode are every whit as violent as in the most extravagant dream, and yet the waking judgment ratifies them.

## CAPTAIN JACKSON

Among the deaths in our obituary for this month, I observe with concern, "At his cottage on the Bath Road, Captain Jackson." The name and the attribution are common enough; but a feeling like reproach persuades me, that this could have been no other in fact than my dear old friend, who some five-and-twenty years ago rented a tenement, which he was pleased to dignify with the appellation here used, about a mile from Westbourn Green. Alack, how good men, and the good turns they do us, slide out of memory, and are recalled but by the surprise of some such sad memento as that which now lies before us!

He whom I mean was a retired half-pay officer, with a wife and two grown-up daughters, whom he maintained with the port and notions of gentlewomen upon that slender professional allowance. Comely girls they were too.

And was I in danger of forgetting this man? his cheerful suppers—the noble tone of hospitality, when first you set your foot in *the coltage*—the anxious ministerings about you, where little or nothing (God knows) was to be ministered.—Althea's horn<sup>1</sup> in a poor platter—the power of self-enehantment, by which, in his magnificent wishes to entertain you, he multiplied his means to bounties.

You saw with your bodily eyes indeed what seemed a bare serag—eold savings from the foregone meal remnant hardly sufficient to send a medicant from the door contented. But in the copious will—the reveling imagination of your host—the "mind, the mind, Master Shallow,"<sup>2</sup> whole beeves were spread before you—hecatombs—no end appeared to the profinsion.

It was the widow's ernse—the loaves and fishes; earving could not lessen nor helping diminish it the stamina were left—the elemental bone still flourished, divested of its accidents.

"Let us live while we ean," methinks I hear the open-handed ereature exclaim; "while we have, let us not want;" "here is plenty left;" "want for nothing"—with many more such hospitable sayings, the spurs of appetite, and old eoneomitants of smoking boards, and feast-oppressed eharges. Then sliding a slender ratio of Single Gloueester upon his wife's plate, or the danghters', he would eonvey the remnant rind into his own, with a merry quirk of "the nearer the bone," &e., and declaring that he universally preferred the outside. For we had our table distinctions, you are to know, and some of us in a manner sat above the salt. None but his guest or guests dreamed of tasting flesh luxuries at night, the fragments were *verè hospitibus sacra.*<sup>1</sup> But of one thing or another there was always enough, and leavings: only he would sometimes finish the remainder crust, to show that he wished no savings.

Wine we had none; nor, except on very rare occasions, spirits; but the sensation of wine was there. Some thin kind of ale I remember—"British beverage," he would say. "Push about, my boys;" "Drink to your sweethearts, girls." At every meager draught a tost must ensue, or a song. All the forms of good liquor were there, with none of the effects wanting. Shut your eyes, and you would swear a capacious bowl of punch was foaming in the center, with beams of generous Port or Madeira radiating to it from each of the table corners. You got flustered without knowing whence; tipsy upon words; and recled under the potency of his unperforming Bacchanalian encouragements.<sup>2</sup>

We had our songs—"Why, Soldiers, Why"—and the "British Grenadiers"—in which last we were all obliged to bear chorus. Both the daughters sang. Their proficiency was a nightly theme—the masters he had given them—the "no-expense" which he spared to accomplish them in a science "so necessary to young women." But then—they could not sing "without the instrument."

Saered, and, by me, never-to-be-violated, Secrets of Poverty! Should I disclose your honest aims at grandeur, your makeshift efforts of magnificence? Sleep, sleep, with all thy broken keys, if one of the bunch be extant; thrummed by a thousand ancestral thumbs; dear, eracked, spinnet of dearer Louisa! Without mention of mine, be dumb, thou thin accompanier of her thinner warble! A veil be spread over the dear delighted face of the well-deluded father, who now haply listening to eherubic notes, scarce feels sincerer pleasure than when she awakened thy time-shaken chords responsive to the twitterings of that slender image of a voice.

We were not without our literary talk either. It did not extend far, but as far as it went, it was good. It was bottomed well; had good grounds to go upon. In the cottage was a room, which tradition authenticated to have been the same in which Glover,<sup>1</sup> in his occasional retirements, had penned the greater part of his Leonidas. This eirenmstance was nightly quoted, though none of the present inmates, that I could discover, appeared ever to have met with the poem in question. But that was no matter. Glover had written there, and the aneedote was pressed into the account of the family importance. It diffused a learned air through the apartment, the little side easement of which (the poet's study window), opening upon a superb view as far as the pretty spire of Harrow, over domains and patrimonial acres, not a rood nor square yard whereof our host could call his own, yet gave occasion to an immoderate expansion of-vanity shall I call it ?- in his bosom, as he

showed them in a glowing summer evening. It was all his, he took it all in, and communicated rich portions of it to his guests. It was a part of his largess, his hospitality; it was going over his grounds; he was lord for the time of showing them, and you the implicit lookers-up to his magnificence.

He was a juggler, who threw mists before your eyes—you had no time to detect his fallacies. He would say, "Hand me the silver sugar tongs;" and before you could discover that it was a single spoon, and that *plated*, he would disturb and captivate your imagination by a misnomer of "the urn" for a tea kettle; or by calling a homely bench a sofa. Rich men direct you to their furniture, poor ones divert you from it; he neither did one nor the other. but by simply assuming that every thing was handsome about him, you were positively at a demur what you did, or did not see, at the cottage. With nothing to live on, he seemed to live on everything. He had a stock of wealth in his mind; not that which is properly termed Content, for in truth he was not to be contained at all, but overflowed all bounds by the force of a magnificent self-delusion.

Enthusiasm is catching; and even his wife, a sober native of North Britain, who generally saw things more as they were, was not proof against the continual collision of his credulity. Her daughters were rational and discret young women; in the main, perhaps, not insensible to their true circumstances. I have seen them assume a thoughtful air at times.

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But such was the preponderating opulence of his faney, that I am persuaded, not for any half hour together did they ever look their own prospects fairly in the face. There was no resisting the vortex of his temperament. His riotous imagination conjured up handsome settlements before their eyes, which kept them up in the eye of the world too, and seem at last to have realized themselves; for they both have married since, I am told, more than respectably.

It is long since, and my memory waxes dim on some subjects, or I should wish to convey some notion of the manner in which the pleasant creature described the circumstances of his own wedding-day. I faintly remember something of a chaise and four, in which he made his entry into Glasgow on that morning to fetch the bride home, or carry her thither, I forget which. It so completely made out the stanza of the old ballad—

> When we came down through Glasgow town, We were a comely sight to see; My love was clad in black velvet, And I myself in cramasic.<sup>1</sup>

I suppose it was the only oceasion, upon which his own actual splendor at all corresponded with the world's notions on that subject. In homely eart, or traveling caravan, by whatever humble vehicle they chanced to be transported in less prosperons days, the ride through Glasgow came back upon his fancy, not as a humiliating contrast, but as a fair oceasion for

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reverting to that one day's state. It seemed an "cquipage ctern" from which no power of fate or fortune, onee mounted, had power thereafter to dislodge him.

There is some merit in putting a handsome face upon indigent eircumstances. To bully and swagger away the sense of them before strangers, may not be always diseommendable. Tibbs, and Bobadil,<sup>1</sup> even when detected, have more of our admiration than contempt. But for a man to put the cheat upon himself; to play the Bobadil at home; and, steeped in poverty up to the lips, to fancy himself all the while chin-deep in riches, is a strain of constitutional philosophy, and a mastery over fortune, when was reserved for my old friend Captain Jackson.

### THE SUPERANNUATED MAN

Sera tamen respexit Libertas. Virigil.<sup>3</sup> A Clerk I was in London gay.

O'Keefe.

IF peradventure, Reader, it has been thy lot to waste the golden years of thy life—thy shining youth—in the irksome confinement of an office; to have thy prison days prolonged through middle age down to decrepitude and silver hairs, without hope of release or respite; to have lived to forget that there are such things as holydays, or to remember them but as the prerogatives of childhood; then, and then only, will you be able to appreciate my deliverance.

It is now six and thirty years since 1 took my seat at the desk in Mincing Lane. Melancholy was the transition at fourteen from the abundant playtime, and the frequently intervening vacations of school days, to the eight, uine, and sometimes ten hours' a-day attendance at a counting-house. But time partially reconciles us to anything. I gradually became content—doggedly content, as wild animals in cages.

It is true I had my Sundays to myself; but Sundays, admirable as the institution of them is for purposes of worship, are for that very reason the very worst adapted for days of unbending and recreation. In particular, there is a gloom for me attendant npon a city Sunday, a weight in the air. I miss the cheerful eries of London, the music, and the ballad-singers the buzz and stirring murmur of the streets. Those cternal bells depress me. The closed shops repel me. Prints, pictures, all the glittering and endless succession of knacks and gewgaws, and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen, which make a week-day saunter through the less busy parts of the metropolis so delightful-are shut out. No book-stalls delicionsly to idle over. No busy faces to recreate the idle man who contemplates them ever passing by- the very face of business a charm by contrast to his temporary relaxation from it. Nothing to be seen but unhappy comitenances or half-happy at best of emancipated 'prentices and little tradesfolks, with here and there a servant maid that has got leave to go out, who, slaving all the week, with the habit has lost almost the capacity of enjoying a free hour; and livelily expressing the hollowness of a day's pleasuring. The very strollers in the fields on that day looked anything but comfortable.

But besides Sundays I had a day at Easter, and a day at Christmas, with a full week in the summer to go and air myself in my native fields of Hertfordshire. This last was a great indulgence; and the prospect of its recurrence, I believe, alone kept me up through the year, and made my durance tolerable. But when the week came round, did the glittering phantom of the distance keep touch with me? or rather was it not a series of seven uneasy days, spent in restless pursuit of pleasure, and a wearisome anxiety to find out how to make the most of them? Where was the quiet, where the promised rest? Before I had a taste of it, it was vanished. I was at the desk again, counting upon the fifty-one tedious weeks that must intervene before such another snatch would come. Still the prospect of its coming threw something of an illumination upon the darker side of my captivity. Without it, as I have said, I could scarcely have sustained my thraldom.

Independently of the rigors of attendance, I have ever been haunted with a sense (perhaps a mere caprice) of incapacity for business. This, during my latter years, had increased to such a degree, that it was visible in all the lines of my countenance. My health and my good spirits flagged. I had perpetually a dread of some crisis, to which I should be found unequal. Besides my daylight servitude, I served over again all night in my sleep, and would awake with terrors of imaginary false entries, errors in my accounts, and the like. I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation presented itself. I had grown to my desk, as it were; and the wood had entered into my soul.

My fellows in the office would sometimes rally me upon the trouble legible in my countenance; but I did not know that it had raised the suspicious of any of my employers, when on the 5th of last month, a day ever to be remembered by me, L----, the junior partner in the firm, calling me on one side, directly taxed me with my bad looks, and frankly inquired the cause of them. So taxed, I honestly made confession of my infirmity, and added that I was afraid I should eventually be obliged to resign his service. He spoke some words of course to hearten me, and there the matter rested. A whole week I remained laboring under the impression that I had aeted imprudently in my disclosure; that I had foolishly given a handle against myself, and had been anticipating my own dismissal. A week passed in this manner, the most anxions one, I verily believe, in my whole life, when on the evening of the 12th of April, just as I was about quitting my desk to go home (it might be about eight o'elock) I received an awful summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled firm in the formidable back parlor. I thought now my time is surely come, I have done for myself, I am going to be told that they have no longer occasion for me. L-----, I could see, smiled at the terror I was in, which was a little relief to me,-when to my utter astonishment B----, the eldest partner, began a formal harangue to me on the length of my services, my very meritorious conduct during the whole of the time (the deuce, thought I, how did he find out that? I protest I never had the confidence to think as much). He went on to descant on the expediency of retiring at a certain time of life (how my heart panted!), and asking me a few questions as to the amount of my own property, of which I have a little, ended with a proposal, to which his three partners nodded a grave assent, that I should accept from the house, which I had scrved so well, a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary-a magnificent offer! I do not know what I answered between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I aecepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and at just ten minutes after eight I went home-for ever. This noble benefit-gratitude forbids me to conceal their names-I owe to the kindness of the most munificent firm in the worldthe house of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy.

For the first day or two I felt stunned, overwhelmed. I could only apprehend my felicity; I was too confused to taste it sincerely. I wandered about, thinking I was happy, and knowing that I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner in the Old Bastile,<sup>1</sup> suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity-for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have his Time all to himself. It seemed to me that I had more time on my hands than I could ever manage. From a poor man, poor in Time, I was suddenly lifted up into a vast revenue; I could see no end of my possessions; I wanted some steward, or judicious bailiff, to manage my estates in Time for me. And here let me caution persons grown old in active business, not lightly, nor without weighing their own resources, to forego their customary employment all at once, for there may be danger in it. I feel it by myself, but I know that my resources are sufficient; and now that those first giddy raptures have subsided, I have a quiet home-feeling of the blessedness of my condition. I am in no hurry. Having all holidays, I am as though I had none. If Time hung heavy upon me, I could walk it away; but I do not walk all day long, as I used to do in those old transient holidays, thirty miles a day, to make the most of them. If Time were troublesome, I could read it away, but I do not read in that violent measure, with which, having no Time my own but candlelight Time, I used to weary out my head and

eye-sight in by-gone winters. I walk, read, or seribble (as now) just when the fit seizes me. I no longer hunt after pleasure; I let it come to me. I am like the man

"Years," you will say; "what is this superannuated simpleton calculating upon? He has already told us he is past fifty."

I have indeed lived nominally fifty years, but deduct out of them the hours which I have lived to other people, and not to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow. For *that* is the only true Time, which a man can properly eall his own, that which he has all to himself; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live it, is other people's time, not his. The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least multiplied for me threefold. My ten next years, if I stretch so far, will be as long as any preceding thirty. 'Tis a fair rule-of-three sum.

Among the strange fantasies which beset me at the commencement of my freedom, and of which all traces are not yet gone, one was, that a vast tract of time had intervened since I quitted the Counting House. I could not conceive of it as an affair of yesterday. The partners, and the clerks with whom I had for so many years, and for so many hours in each day of the year being so closely associated—being suddenly removed from them—they seemed as

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dead to me. There is a fine passage, which may serve to illustrate this fancy, in a Tragedy, by Sir Robert Howard, speaking of a friend's death:—

> "Twas but just now he went away; I have not since had time to shed a tear; And yet the distance does the same appear As if he had been a thousand years from me. Time takes no measure in Eternity.<sup>1</sup>

To dissipate this awkward feeling, I have been fain to go among them once or twice since; to visit my old desk-fellows-my co-brethren of the quill-that I had left below in the state militant. Not all the kindness with which they received me could quite restore to me that pleasant familiarity, which I had heretofore enjoyed among them. We cracked some of our old jokes, but methought they went off but faintly. My old desk; the peg where I hung my hat, were appropriated to another. I knew it must be, but I could not take it kindly. D---- l take me if I did not feel some remorse-beast, if I had not,-at quitting my old compeers, the faithful partners of my toils for six and thirty years, that smoothed for me with their jokes and eonundrums the ruggedness of my professional road. Had it been so rugged then after all? or was I a coward simply? Well, it is too late to repent; and I also know, that these suggestions are a common fallacy of the mind on such occasions. But my heart smote me. I had violently broken the bands betwixt us. It was at least not courteous. I shall

be some time before I get quite reconciled to the separation. Farewell, old cronies, yet not for long, for again and again I will come among ye, if I shall have your leave. Farewell, Ch-, dry, sareastie, and friendly! Do----, mild, slow to move, and gentlemanly! Pl----, officious to do, and to volunteer, good services !---and thou, thou dreary pile, fit mansion for a Gresham or a Whittington of old stately House of Merchants; with thy labyrinthine passages, and light-excluding, pent-up offices, where candles for one half the year supplied the place of the sun's light; unhealthy contributor to my weal, stern fosterer of my living, farewell! In thee remain, and not in the obscure collection of some wandering bookseller, my "works!" There let them rest, as I do from my labors, piled on thy massy shelves, more MSS. in folio than ever Aquinas 1 left, and full as useful! My mantle I bequeath among ye.

A fortnight has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but had not reached it. I boasted of a calm indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left; an unsettling sense of novelty; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian,<sup>2</sup> from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned upon the world. I am now as if I had never been other than my own master. It is natural to me to go where I please, to

do what I please. I find myself at eleven o'eloek in the day in Bond Street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a book-stall, Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine pieture in the morning. Was it ever otherwise? What is become of Fish Street Hill? Where is Fenchurch Street? Stones of old Mineing Lane which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six and thirty years, to the footsteps of what toil-worn elerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer flags of Pall Mall. It is 'Change time, and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles.<sup>1</sup> It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to a passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week, or of the month. Each day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign post days; in its distance from, or propinquity to the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday feelings, my Saturday nights' sensations. The genins of each day was upon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, etc. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sat as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed the Ethiop white? What is gone of Black Monday? All days are the same. Sunday itselfthat unfortunate failure of a holiday as it too often

proved, what with my sense of its fugitiveness, and over-care to get the greatest quantity of pleasure out of it--is melted down into a week day. I can spare to go to church now, without grudging the huge eantle which it used to seem to cut out of the holiday. I have Time for everything. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much occupation when he is busiest. I ean insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May-morning. It is Lucretian <sup>1</sup> pleasure to behold the poor drudges, whom I have left behind in the world, carking and earing; like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round-and what is it all for? A man ean never have too much Time to himself, nor too little to do. IIad I a little son, I would ehristen him NOTHING-TO-DO; he should do nothing. Man, I verily believe, is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. Will no kindly earthquake come and swallow up those accursed cotton mills? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down

As low as to the fiends.

I am no longer \* \* \*, elerk to the firm of, etc. I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pace nor with any settled purpose. I walk about; not to and from. They tell me, a certain *cum dignitate*<sup>2</sup> air, that has been buried so long with my other good parts, has begun to shoot forth AR' my person. I grow into gentility perceptibly. When I take up a newspaper it is to read the state of the opera. Opus operatum est.<sup>1</sup> I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked taskwork, and have the rest of the day to myself.

### THE GENTEEL STYLE IN WRITING

It is an ordinary criticism, that my Lord Shaftesbury,<sup>3</sup> and Sir William Temple,<sup>4</sup> are models of the genteel style in writing. We should prefer savingof the lordly, and the gentlemanly. Nothing can be more unlike, than the inflated finical rhapsodies of Shaftesbury and the plain natural chit-chat of Temple. The man of rank is discernible in both writers; but in the one it is only insinuated gracefully, in the other it stands out offensively. The peer seems to have written with his coronet on, and his Earl's mantle before him: the commoner in his elbow chair and undress. What can be more pleasant than the way in which the retired statesman peeps out in his essays, penned by the latter in his delightful retreat at Shene? They scent of Nimeguen, and the Hague. Searce an authority is quoted under an ambassador. Don Francisco de Melo, a "Portugal Envoy in England," tells him it was frequent in his country for men, spent with age and other decays, so as they could not hope for above a year or two of life, to ship themselves away in a Brazil fleet, and after their arrival there to go on

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a great length, sometimes of twenty or thirty years, or more, by the force of that vigor they recovered with that remove. "Whether such an effect (Temple beautifully adds) might grow from the air, or the fruits of that elimate, or by approaching nearer the sun, which is the fountain of light and heat, when their natural heat was so far decayed: or whether the pieeing out of an old man's life were worth the pains, I eannot tell : perhaps the play is not worth the eandle." -Monsieur Pompone, "French ambassador in his (Sir William's) time at the Hague," eertifies him, that in his life he had never heard of any man in France that arrived at a hundred years of age; a limitation of life which the old gentleman imputes to the excellence of their elimate, giving them such a liveliness of temper and humor, as disposes them to more pleasures of all kinds than in other countries; and moralizes upon the matter very sensibly. The "late Robert Earl of Leieester" furnishes him with a story of a Countess of Desmond, married out of England in Edward the Fourth's time, and who lived far in King James's reign. The "same noble person" gives him an account, how such a year, in the same reign, there went about the country a set of morrice-dancers, composed of ten men who daneed, a Maid Marian,1 and a tabor and pipe; and how these twelve, one with another made up twelve hundred years. "It was not so much (says Temple) that so many in one small county (Hertfordshire) should live to that age, as that they should be in vigor and in humor to travel and to

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dance." Monsieur Zulichem, one of his "colleagues at the Hagne," informs him of a cure for the gout; which is confirmed by another "Envoy," Monsieur Serinchamps, in that town, who had tried it.—Old Prince Maurice of Nassau recommends to him the use of hammocks in that complaint; having been allured to sleep, while suffering under it himself, by the "constant motion or swinging of those airy beds." Count Egmont, and the Rhinegrave who "was killed last summer before Maestricht," impart to him their experiences.

But the rank of the writer is never more innocently disclosed, than where he takes for granted the compliments paid by foreigners to his fruit trees. For the taste and perfection of what we esteem the best, he can truly say, that the French, who have eaten his peaches and grapes at Sheuc in no very ill year, have generally concluded that the last are as good as any they have eaten in France on this side Fontaineblean; and the first as good as any they have eat in Gascony. Italians have agreed his white figs to be as good as any of that sort in Italy, which is the earlier kind of white fig there; for in the latter kind and the blue, we cannot come near the warm climates, no more than in the Frontiguae or Muscat grape. His orange-trees too, are as large as any he saw when he was young in France, except those in Fontaineblean; or what he has seen since in the Low Countries, except some very old ones of the Prince of Orange's. Of grapes he had the honor of bring-

ing over four sorts into England, which he enumerates, and supposes that they are all by this time pretty common among some gardeners in his neighborhood, as well as several persons of quality; for he ever thought all things of this kind "the commoner they are made the better." The garden pedantry with which he asserts that 'tis to little purpose to plant any of the best fruits, as peaches or grapes, hardly, he doubts, beyond Northamptonshire at the furthest northwards; and praises the "Bishop of Munster at Cosevelt," for attempting nothing beyond eherries in that cold climate; is equally pleasant and in character. "I may perhaps" (he thus ends his sweet Garden Essay with a passage worthy of Cowlev) "be allowed to know something of this trade, since I have so long allowed myself to be good for nothing else, which few men will do, or enjoy their gardens, without often looking abroad to see how other matters play, what motions in the state, and what invitations they may hope for into other scenes. For my own part, as the country life, and this part of it more particularly, were the inelination of my youth itself, so they are the pleasure of my age; and I can truly say that, among many great employments that have fallen to my share, I have never asked or sought for any of them, but have often endeavored to escape from them, into the ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may go his own way and his own pace, in the common paths and circles of life. The measure of choosing well is whether a man likes

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what he has chosen, which I thank God has befallen me; and though among the follies of my life, building and planting have not been the least, and have cost me more than I have the confidence to own; yet they have been fully recompensed by the sweetness and satisfaction of this retreat, where, since my resolution taken of never entering again into any public employments, I have passed five years without ever once going to town, though I am almost in sight of it, and have a house there always ready to receive me. Nor has this been any sort of affectation, as some have thought it, but a mere want of desire or humor to make so small a remove; for when I am in this corner, I can truly say with Horace, Mc quotics reficit, ctc.

" Me, when the cold Digentian stream revives, What does my friend believe I think or ask? Let me yet less possess, so I may live, Whate'er of life remains, unto myself. May I have books enough; and one year's store, Not to depend upon each doubtful hour: This is enough of mighty Jove to pray, Who, as he pleases, gives and takes away." 1

The writings of Temple are, in general, after this easy eopy. On one oceasion, indeed, his wit, which was mostly subordinate to nature and tenderness, has seduced him into a string of felicitous antitheses: which, it is obvious to remark, have been a model to Addison and succeeding essayists. "Who would not be covetous, and with reason," he says, "if health

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could be purchased with gold? who not ambitious, if it were at the command of power, or restored by honor? but, alas! a white staff will not help gouty feet to walk better than a common canc; nor a blue riband bind up a wound so well as a fillet. The glitter of gold, or of diamonds, will but hurt sore eyes instead of euring them; and an aching head will be no more eased by wearing a crown, than a common nighteap." In a far better style, and more accordant with his own humor of plainness, are the coneluding sentences of his "Discourse upon Poetry." Temple took a part in the controversy about the ancient and the modern learning; and, with that partiality so natural and so graceful in an old man, whose state engagements had left him little leisure to look into modern productions, while his retirement gave him occasion to look back upon the classie studies of his youth-decided in favor of the latter. "Certain it is," he says, "that, whether the fiereeness of the Gothic humors, or noise of their perpetual wars, frighted it away, or that the unequal mixture of the modern languages would not bear it-the great heights and excellency both of poetry and musie fell with the Roman learning and empire, and have never since recovered the admiration and applauses that before attended them. Yet, such as they are amongst us, they must be confessed to be the softest and the sweetest, the most general and most innocent anusements of common time and life. They still find room in the courts of princes, and the cot-

tages of shepherds. They serve to revive and animate the dead eahn of poor and idle lives, and to allay or divert the violent passions and perturbations of the greatest and the busiest men. And both these effects are of equal use to human life; for the mind of man is like the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor the voyager, in a ealm or in a storm, but is so to both when a little agitated by gentle gales; and so the mind, when moved by soft and easy passions or affections. I know very well that many who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music, as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serions men. But whoever find themselves wholly insensible to their eharms, would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question. While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure and request of these two entertainments will do so too; and happy those that content themselves with these, or any other so easy and so innocent, and do not trouble the world or other men, because they eannot be quiet themselves, though nobody hurts them." "When all is done (he concludes), human life is at the greatest and the best but like a forward child, that must be played with, and humored a little, to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the eare is over."

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## BARBARA S----

ON the noon of the 14th of November, 1743 or 4, I forget which it was, just as the clock had struck one, Barbara S—, with her accustomed punctuality, ascended the long rambling staircase, with awkward interposed landing-places, which led to the office, or rather a sort of box with a desk in it, whereat sat the then Treasurer of (what few of our readers may remember) the Old Bath Theater. All over the island it was the custom, and remains so I believe to this day, for the players to receive their weekly stipend on the Saturday. It was not much that Barbara had to claim.

This little maid had just entered her eleventh year; but her important station at the theater. as it seemed to her, with the benefits which she felt to accrue from her pious application of her small earnings, had given an air of womanhood to her steps and to her behavior. You would have taken her to have been at least five years older.

Till latterly she had merely been employed in chornses, or where children were wanted to fill up the scene. But the manager, observing a diligence and adroitness in her above her age, had for some few months past intrusted to her the performance of whole parts. You may guess the self-consequence of the promoted Barbara. She had already drawn tears in young Arthur;<sup>2</sup> had rallied Richard with infantine petulanee in the Duke of York,<sup>1</sup> and in her turn had rebuked that petulanee when she was Prince of Wales. She would have done the elder child in Morton's pathetic after-piece to the life; but as yet the "Children in the Wood" was not.

Long after this little girl was grown an aged woman, I have seen some of these small parts, each making two or three pages at most, copied out in the rndest hand of the then prompter, who doubtless transcribed a little more earefully and fairly for the grown-up tragedy ladies of the establishment. But such as they were, blotted and serawled, as for a ehild's use, she kept them all; and in the zenith of her after reputation it was a delightful sight to behold them bound up in eostliest Moroeco, each single -each small part making a book-with fine elasps, gilt-splashed, etc. She had conscientionsly kept them as they had been delivered to her; not a blot had been effaced or tampered with. They were precious to her for their affecting remembraneings. They were her principia, her rudiments; the elementary atoms; the little steps by which she pressed forward to perfeetion. "What," she would say, "eonld Indian rubber, or a pumiee stone, have done for these darlings?"

I am in no hurry to begin my story—indeed I have little or none to tell—so I will just mention an observation of hers connected with that interesting time.

Not long before she died I had been discoursing with her on the quantity of real present emotion which a great tragic performer experiences during acting. I ventured to think that though in the first instance such players must have possessed the feelings which they so powerfully ealled up in others, yet by frequent repetition those feelings must become deadened in great measure, and the performer trust to the memory of past emotion, rather than express a present one. She indignantly repelled the notion, that with a truly great tragedian the operation, by which such effects were produced upon an audience, could ever degrade itself into what was purely mechanical. With much delicacy, avoiding to instance in her self-experience, she told me, that so long ago as when she used to play the part of the Little Son to Mrs. Porter's Isabella<sup>1</sup> (I think it was), when that impressive actress has been bending over her in some heart-rending colloquy, she has felt real hot tears eome trickling from her, which (to use her powerful expression) have perfectly scalded her back.

I am not quite so sure that it was Mrs. Porter; but it was some great aetress of that day. The name is indifferent; but the fact of the sealding tears I most distinctly remember.

I was always fond of the society of players, and an not sure that an impediment in my speech (which eertainly kept me out of the pulpit) even more than certain personal disqualifications, which are often got over in that profession, did not prevent me at one time of life from adopting it. I have had the honor (1 must ever call it) once to have been admitted to the tea-table of Miss Kelly. I have played at serious whist with Mr. Liston.<sup>1</sup> I have ehatted with ever good-humored Mrs. Charles Kemble.<sup>2</sup> I have eonversed as friend to friend with her accomplished husband. I have been indulged with a classical conference with Macready;<sup>3</sup> and with a sight of the Playerpieture gallery, at Mr. Matthews's, when the kind owner, to remnnerate me for my love of the old actors (whom he loves so much), went over it with me, supplying to his capital collection, what alone the artist could not give them—voice; and their living motion. Old tones, half-faded, of Dodd, and Parsons, and Baddeley, have lived again for me at his bidding. Only Edwin he could not restore to me. I have supped with ——; but I am growing a coxeonib.

As I was about to say—at the desk of the then treasurer of the old Bath theater—not Diamond's presented herself the little Barbara S—.

The parents of Barbara had been in reputable eircumstances. The father had practised, I believe, as an apothecary in the town. But his practice, from causes which I feel my own infirmity too sensibly that way to arraign—or perhaps from that pure infelieity which accompanies some people in their walk through life, and which it is impossible to lay at the door of imprudence—was now reduced to nothing. They were in fact in the very teeth of starvation, when the manager, who knew and respected them in better days, took the little Barbara into his company. At the period I commenced with, her slender earnings were the sole support of the family, including two younger sisters. I must throw a veil over some mortifying eircumstances. Enough to say, that her Saturday's pittance was the only chance of a Sunday's (generally their only) meal of meat.

One thing I will only mention, that in some child's part, where in her theatrical character she was to sup off a roast fowl (O joy to Barbara!) some comic actor, who was for the night caterer for this dainty in the misguided humor of his part, threw over the dish such a quantity of salt (O grief and pain of heart to Barbara!) that when she erammed a portion of it into her month, she was obliged splutteringly to reject it; and what with shame of her ill-acted part, and pain of real appetite at missing such a dainty, her little heart sobbed almost to breaking, till a flood of tears, which the well-fed spectators were totally unable to comprehend, mercifully relieved her.

This was the little starved, meritorious maid, who stood before old Ravenseroft, the treasurer, for her Saturday's payment.

Ravenscroft was a man, I have heard many old theatrieal people beside herself say, of all men least ealeulated for a treasurer. He had no head for aceounts, paid away at random, kept searce any books, and summing up at the week's end, if he found himself a pound or so deficient, blest himself that it was no worse.

Now Barbara's weekly stipend was a bare half

gninea.—By mistake he popped into her hand—a whole one.

Barbara tripped away.

She was entirely unconscious at first of the mistake: God knows Ravenseroft would never have diseovered it.

But when she got down to the first of those nneouth landing-places, she became sensible of an unusual weight of metal pressing her little hand.

Now mark the dilemma.

She was by nature a good child. From her parents and those about her she had imbibed no contrary influence. But then they had taught her nothing. Poor men's smoky cabins are not always porticoes of moral philosophy. This little maid had no instinct to evil, but then she might be said to have no fixed principle. She had heard honesty commended, but never dreamed of its application to herself. She thought of it as something which concerned grown-up people, men and women. She had never known temptation, or thought of preparing resistance against it.

Her first impulse was to go back to the old treasurer, and explain to him his blunder. He was already so confused with age, besides a natural want of punctuality, that she would have had some difficulty in making him understand it. She saw *that* in an instant. And then it was such a bit of money! and then the image of a larger allowance of butcher's meat on their table next day came across her, till her little eyes glistened, and her month moistened. But

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then Mr. Ravenseroft had always been so good-natured, had stood her friend behind the seenes, and even recommended her promotion to some of her little parts. But again the old man was reputed to be worth a world of money. He was supposed to have fifty pounds a year clear of the theater. And then eame staring upon her the figures of her little stockingless and shoeless sisters. And when she looked at her own neat white eotton stockings, which her situation at the theater had made it indispensable for her mother to provide for her, with hard straining and pinching from the family stock, and thought how glad she should be to cover their poor feet with the same-and how then they could accompany her to rehearsals, which they had hitherto been preeluded from doing, by reason of their unfashionable attire,-in these thoughts she reached the second landing-place-the second, I mean from the top-for there was still another left to traverse.

Now virtue support Barbara!

And that never-failing friend did step in—for at that moment a strength not her own, I have heard her say, was revealed to her—a reason above reasoning and without her own agency, as it seemed (for she never felt her feet to move) she found herself transported back to the individual desk she had just quitted and her hand in the old hand of Ravenseroft, who in silence took back the refunded treasure and who had been sitting (good man) insensible to the lapse of minutes, which to her were anxious ages; and from that moment a deep peace fell upon her heart, and she knew the quality of honesty.

A year or two's unrepining application to her profession brightened up the feet, and the prospects, of her little sisters, set the whole family upon their legs again, and released her from the difficulty of discussing moral dogmas upon a landing-place.

I have heard her say, that it was a surprise, not much short of mortification to her, to see the coolness with which the old man pocketed the difference, which had caused her such mortal throes.

This anecdote of herself I had in the year 1800, from the mouth of the late Mrs. Crawford,\* then sixty-seven years of age (she died soon after); and to her struggles upon this childish occasion I have sometimes ventured to think her indebted for that power of rending the heart in the representation of conflicting emotions, for which in after years she was eonsidered as little inferior (if at all so in the part of Lady Randolph) even to Mrs. Siddons.

### THE TOMBS IN THE ABBEY

IN A LETTER TO R- S-, ESQ.2

THOUGH in some points of doctrine, and perhaps of discipline, I am diffident of lending a perfect assent

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<sup>\*</sup> The maiden name of this lady was Street, which she ehanged by successive marriages for those of Dancer, Barry, and Crawford. She was Mrs. Crawford, a third time a widow, when I knew her. [This note is Lamb's mystification; the story is true of Miss Kelly, though details are altered.]

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to that church which you have so worthily *historified*, yet may the ill time never come to me, when with a chilled heart, or a portion of irreverent sentiment, I shall enter her beautiful and time-hallowed Edifices. Judge then of my mortification when, after attending the choral anthems of last Wednesday at Westminster, and being desirious of renewing my acquaintance, after lapsed years, with the tombs and antiquities there, I found myself excluded; turned out like a dog, or some profane person, into the common street with feelings not very congenial to the place, or to the solemn service which I had been-listening to. It was a jar after that music.

You had your education at Westminster; and doubtless among those dim aisles and cloisters, you must have gathered much of that devotional feeling in those young years, on which your purest mind feeds still-and may it feed! The antiquarian spirit, strong in you and gracefully blending over with the religious, may have been sown in you among those wrecks of splendid mortality. You owe it to the place of your education; you owe it to your learned fondness for the architecture of your ancestors; you owe it to the venerableness of your ecclesiastical establishment, which is daily lessened and called in question through these practices-to speak aloud your sense of them; never to desist raising your voice against them, till they be totally done away with and abolished; till the doors of Westminster Abbey be no longer closed against the decent, though low-inpurse, enthusiast, or blameless devotee, who must commit an injury against his family economy, if he would be indulged with a bare admission within its walls. You owe it to the decencies which you wish to see maintained in its impressive services, that our Cathedral be no longer an object of inspection to the poor at those times only, in which they must rob from their attendance on the worship every minute which they can bestow upon the fabric. In vain the public prints have taken up this subject, in vain such poor nameless writers as myself express their indignation. A word from you, Sir-a hint in your Journal-would be sufficient to fling open the doors of the beautiful Temple again, as we can remember them when we were boys. At that time of life, what would the imaginative faculty (such as it is) in both of us, have suffered, if the entrance to so much reflection had been obstructed by the demand of so much silver! If we had scraped it up to gain an occasional admission (as we certainly should have done) would the sight of those old tombs have been as impressive to us (while we had been weighing anxiously prudence against sentiment) as when the gates stood open, as those of the adjacent Park; when we could walk in at any time, as the mood brought us, for a shorter or longer time, as that lasted? Is the being shown over a place the same as silently for ourselves detecting the genins of it? In no part of our beloved Abbey now can a person find entrance (out of service time) under the sum of two shillings. The rich and the great will smile at the antielimax, presumed to lie in these two short words. But you can tell them, Sir, how much quiet worth, how much eapaeity for enlarged feeling, how much taste and genius, may eoexist, especially in youth, with a purse incompetent to this demand.-A respected friend of ours, during his late visit to the metropolis, presented himself for admission to St. Paul's. At the same time a decently clothed man, with as decent a wife and child, were bargaining for the same indulgence. The price was only two-pence each person. The poor but decent man hesitated, desirous to go in; but there were three of them, and he turned away reluctantly. Perhaps he wished to have seen the tomb of Nelson.1 Perhaps the Interior of the Cathedral was his object. But in the state of his finances, even sixpence might reasonably seem too much. Tell the Aristoeracy of the country (no man can do it more impressively); instruct them of what value these insignificant pieces of money, these minims to their sight, may be to their humbler brethren. Shame these Sellers out of the Temple.<sup>2</sup> Stifle not the suggestions of your better nature with the pretext, that an indiscriminate admission would expose the Tombs to violation. Remember your boy-days. Did you ever see, or hear, of a mob in the Abbey, while it was free to all? Do the rabble come there, or trouble their heads about such speculations? It is all that you can do to drive them into your ehurches; they do not voluntarily

offer themselves. They have, alas! no passion for antiquities; for tomb of king or prelate, sage or poet. If they had, they would be no longer the rabble.

For forty years that I have known the Fabric, the only well-attested charge of violation adduced, has been-a ridiculous disememberment committed upon the effigy of that amiable spy, Major André.<sup>1</sup> And is it for this-the wanton mischief of some schoolboy, fired perhaps with raw notions of Transatlantic Freedom-or the remote possibility of such a mischief occurring again, so easily to be prevented by stationing a constable within the walls, if the vergers are incompetent to the duty-is it upon such wretched pretenses, that the people of England are made to pay a new Peter's Penee, so long abrogated: or must content themselves with contemplating the ragged Exterior of their Cathedral? The mischief was done about the time that you were a scholar there. Do you know anything about the unfortunate relie?---

## AMICUS REDIVIVUS

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep Clos'd o'er the head of your loved Lycidas? 3

I DO not know when I have experienced a stranger sensation, than on seeing my old friend G. D.,<sup>4</sup> who had been paying me a morning visit a few Sundays back, at my cottage at Islington, upon taking leave.

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instead of turning down the right hand path by which he had entered—with staff in hand, and at noon day, deliberately march right forwards into the midst of the stream that runs by us, and totally disappear.

A spectacle like this at dusk would have been appalling enough; but, in the broad open daylight, to witness such an unreserved motion towards self-destruction in a valued friend, took from me all power of speculation.

How I found my feet, I know not. Consciousness was quite gone. Some spirit, not my own, whirled me to the spot. I remember nothing but the silvery apparition of a good white head emerging; nigh which a staff (the hand unseen that wielded it) pointed upwards, as feeling for the skies. In a moment (if time was in that time) he was on my shoulders, and I—freighted with a load more precious than his who bore Anchises.<sup>1</sup>

And here I cannot but do justice to the officious zeal of sundry passers by, albeit arriving a little too late to participate in the honors of the rescue, in philanthropic shoals eame thronging to communicate their advice as to the recovery; prescribing variously the application, or non-application of salt, etc., to the person of the patient. Life meantime was ebbing fast away, amidst the stifle of conflicting judgments, when one, more sagacious than the rest, by a bright thought, proposed sending for the Doctor. Trite as the counsel was, and impossible, as one should think, to be missed on,—shall I confess? in this emergency,

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it was to me as if an Angel had spoken. Great previous exertions—and mine had not been inconsiderable—are commonly followed by a debility of purpose. This was a moment of irresolution.

MONOCULUS 1-for so, in default of eatching his true name, I choose to designate the medical gentleman who now appeared—is a grave, middle-aged person, who, without having studied at the college, or truckled to the pedantry of a diploma, hath employed a great portion of his valuable time in experimental processes upon the bodies of unfortunate fellow-creatures, in whom the vital spark, to mere vulgar thinking, would seem extinct, and lost for ever. He omitteth no occasion of obtruding his services, from a case of common surfeit-suffocation to the ignobler obstructions, sometimes induced by a too wilful application of the plant Cannabis<sup>2</sup> outwardly. But though he declineth not altogether these drier extinctions, his occupation tendeth for the most part to water-practice; for the convenience of which, he hath judiciously fixed his quarters near the grand repository of the stream mentioned, where, day and night, from his little watch tower, at the Middleton's Head, he listeneth to detect the wreeks of drowned mortality-partly, as he saith, to be upon the spot-and partly, because the liquids which he useth to prescribe to himself and his patients, on these distressing occasions, are ordinarily more conveniently to be found at these common hostelries, than in the shops and phials of the apotheearies. His

car hath arrived to such finesse by practice, that it is reported he can distinguish a plunge at a half furlong distance; and can tell, if it be easual or deliberate. He weareth a medal, suspended over a suit, originally of a sad brown, but which, by time, and frequency of nightly divings, has been dinged into a true professional sable. He passeth by the name of Doctor, and is remarkable for wanting his left eyc. His remedy-after a sufficient application of warm blankets, frietion, etc., is a simple tumbler, or more, of the purest Cognac, with water, made as hot as the convalescent can bear it. Where he findeth, as in the case of my friend, a squeamish subject, he condescendeth to be the taster; and showeth, by his own example, the innoeuous nature of the prescription. Nothing can be more kind or encouraging than this procedure. It addeth confidence to the patient, to see his medical adviser go hand in hand with himself in the remedy. When the doctor swalloweth his own draught, what peevish invalid can refuse to pledge him in the potion? In fine, MONOCULUS is a humane, sensible man, who, for a slender pittance, scaree enough to sustain life, is content to wear it out in the endeavor to save the lives of others-his pretensions so moderate, that with difficulty I could press a crown upon him, for the price of restoring the existence of such an invaluable creature to society as G. D.

It was pleasant to observe the effect of the subsiding alarm upon the nerves of the dear absentee.

It seemed to have given a shake to memory, calling up notice after notice, of all the providential deliverances he had experienced in the course of his long and innocent life. Sitting up in my couch-my couch which, naked and void of furniture hitherto, for the salutary repose which it administered, shall be honored with costly valance, at some price, and henceforth be a state-bed at Colebrook,-he discoursed of marvelous escapes-by carelessness of nurses-by pails of gelid, and kettles of the boiling element, in infancy-by orchard pranks, and snapping twigs, in schoolboy frolics-by descent of tiles at Trumpington, and of heavier tomes at Pembroke-by studious watchings, inducing frightful vigilance-by want, and the fear of want, and all the sore throbbings of the learned head .- Anon, he would burst into little fragments of chanting-of songs long ago-ends of deliverance hymns, not remembered before since childhood, but coming up now, when his heart was made tender as a child's-for the tremor cordis,<sup>1</sup> in the retrospeet of a recent deliverance, as in a case of impending danger, acting upon an innocent heart. will produce a self-tenderness, which we should do ill to christen eowardice; and Shakspeare, in the latter crisis, has made his good Sir Hugh 2 to remember the sitting by Babylon, and to mutter of shallow rivers.

Waters of Sir Hugh Middleton—what a spark you were like to have extinguished for ever! Your salubrious streams to this City, for now near two centuries, would hardly have atomed for what you were in a moment washing away. Mockery of a river liquid artifice—wretched conduit! henceforth rank with canals, and sluggish aqueducts. Was it for this, that, suit in boyhood with the explorations of that Abyssinian traveler,<sup>1</sup> I paeed the vales of Amwell to explore your tributary springs, to trace your salutary waters sparkling through green Hertfordshire, and cultured Enfield parks?—Ye have no swans—no Naiads <sup>2</sup>—no river God—or did the benevolent hoary aspect of my friend tempt ye to suek him in, that ye also might have the tutelary genius of your waters.

Had he been drowned in Cam<sup>3</sup> there would have been some consonancy in it; but what willows had ye to wave and rustle over his moist sepulture?—or, having no *name*, besides that unmeaning assumption of *cternal novity*, did ye think to get one by the noble prize, and henceforth to be termed the STREAM DYERIAN?

> And could such spacious virtue find a grave Beneath the imposthumed bubble of a wave?

I protest, George, you shall not venture out againno, not by daylight—without a sufficient pair of speetaeles—in your musing moods especially. Your absence of mind we have borne, till your presence of body came to be called in question by it. You shall not go wandering into Euripus with Aristotle,<sup>4</sup> if we can help it. Fie, man, to turn dipper at your years, after your many tracts in favor of sprinkling only!

I have nothing but water in my head o'nights since this frightful accident. Sometimes I am with Clarence in his dream.<sup>1</sup> At others, I behold Christian beginning to sink, and erving out to his good brother Hopeful<sup>2</sup> (that is, to me), "I sink in deep water; the billows go over my head, all the waves go over me. Selah." Then I have before me Palinurus,3 just letting go the steerage. I ery out too late to save. Next follow-a mournful processionsuicidal faces, saved against their wills from drowning; dolefully trailing a length of reluctant gratefulness, with ropy weeds pendent from loeks of watchet hue-eonstrained Lazari--Pluto's half-subjeets-stolen fees from the grave-bilking Charon 4 of his fare. At their head Arion 5-or is it G. D.?-in his singing garments marcheth singly, with harp in hand, and votive garland, which Machaon (or Dr. Hawes)<sup>6</sup> snateheth straight, intending to suspend it to the stern God of Sea. Then follow dismal streams of Lethe,<sup> $\tau$ </sup> in which the half-drenched on earth are eonstrained to drown downright, by wharfs where Ophelia twiee aets her mnddy death.8

And, donbtless, there is some notice in that invisible world, when one of us approacheth (as my friend did so lately) to their inexorable precincts. When a soul knocks once, twice, at death's door, the sensation aroused within the palace must be considerable; and the grinn Feature, by modern science so often dispossessed of his prey, must have learnt by this time to pity Tantalus.

# SONNETS OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY 413

A pulse assuredly was felt along the line of the Elysian shades, when the near arrival of G. D. was announced by no equivocal indications. From their seats of Asphodel<sup>1</sup> arose the gentler and the graver ghosts-poet, or historian,-or Grecian or of Roman lore-to crown with unfading enaplets the half-finished love labors of their unwearied scholiast. Him Markland expected-him Tyrwhitt hoped to encounter-him the sweet lyrist of Peter House, whom he had barely seen upon earth,\* with newest airs prepared to greet ----; and, patron of the gentle Christ's boy,-who should have been his patron through life-the mild Askew, with longing aspirations leaned foremost from his venerable Æseulapian chair,<sup>2</sup> to welcome into that happy company the matured virtues of the man, whose tender scions in the boy he himself upon earth had so prophetically fed and watered.

# SOME SONNETS OF SIR PHILIP SYDNEY

SYDNEY'S Sonnets—I speak of the best of them—are among the very best of their sort. They fall below the plain moral dignity, the sanctity, and high yet modest spirit of self-approval, of Milton, in his compositions of a similar structure. They are in a truth what Milton, censuring the Arcadia, says of that work (to which they are a sort of after-tune or ap-

\* GRAIUM tantum vidit.

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plication), "vain and amatorious" enough, yet the things in their kind (as he confesses to be true of the romanee) may be "full of worth and wit." They savor of the Courtier, it must be allowed, and not of the Commonwealthsman. But Milton was a Courtier when he wrote the Masque at Ludlow Castle,1 and still more a Courtier when he composed the Areades, When the national struggle was to begin, he becomingly east these vanities behind him; and if the order of time had thrown Sir Philip upon the erisis which preceded the Revolution, there is no reason why he should not have acted the same part in that emergeney, which has glorified the name of a later Sydney.<sup>2</sup> He did not want for plainness or boldness of spirit. His letter on the French match may testify, he could speak his mind freely to Princes. The times did not eall him to the seaffold.

The Sonnets which we oftenest eall to mind of Milton were the compositions of his maturest years. Those of Sydney, which I am about to produce, were written in the very hey-dey of his blood. They are stuck full of amorous fancies—far-fetched conceits, befitting his occupation: for True Love thinks no labor to send out Thoughts upon the vast, and more than Indian voyages, to bring home rich pearls, outlandish wealth, guns, jewels, spicery, to sacrifice in self-depreciating similitudes, as shadows of true amiabilities in the Beloved. We must be Lovers—or at least the cooling touch of time, the *circum pracordia frigus*,<sup>3</sup> must not have so damped our faculties, as to take away our recollection that we were once sobefore we can duly appreciate the glorious vanities, and graceful hyperboles, of the passion. The images which lie before our feet (though by some accounted the only natural) are least natural for the high Sydnean love to express its fancies by. They may serve for the loves of Tibullus,<sup>1</sup> or the dear Author of the Schoolmistress;<sup>2</sup> for passions that creep and whine in Elegies and Pastoral Ballads. I am sure Milton never loved at this rate. I am afraid some of his addresses (*ad Lconoram* <sup>3</sup> I mean) have rather erred on the farther side; and that the poet came not much short of a religious indecorum, when he could thus apostrophize a singing-girl;—

Angelus unicuique suus (sic creditc gentes) Obtigit ætheriis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major, Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum?
Ant Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia eœli, Per tua sceretò guttura serpit agens;

Serpit agens, faeilisque docet mortalia corda

Sensim immortali assuescerc posse sono. Quod si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus, In te una loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

This is loving in a strange fashion: and it requires some candor of construction (besides the slight darkening of a dead language) to east a veil over the ugly appearance of something very like blasphemy in the last two verses. I think the Lover would have been staggered, if he had gone about to express

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the same thought in English. I am sure, Sydney has no flights like this. His extravaganzas do not strike at the sky, though he takes leave to adopt the pale Dian<sup>1</sup> into a fellowship with his mortal passions.

Ι.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou elimb'st the skies; How silently; and with how wan a face! What! may it be, that even in heavenly place That busy Areher his sharp arrows tries? Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's ease; I read it in thy looks; thy languisht grace To me, that feel the like, thy state deseries. Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me, Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit! Are beauties there as proud as here they be? Do they above love to be loved, and yet Those lovers seorn, whom that love doth possess? Do they call virtue there — ungratefulness?

The last line of this poem is a little obscured by transposition. He means, Do they call ungratefulness there a virtue?

Π.

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe, The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release, The indifferent judge between the high and low: With shield of proof shield me from out the prease \* Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw; O make in me those eivil wars to cease; I will good tribute pay, if thou do so. Take thou of me, sweet pillows, sweetest bed; A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light; A rosy garland, and a weary head. And if these things, as being thine by right, Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me, Livelier than elsewhere, STELLA's image 1 see.

#### 111.

The eurious wits, seeing dull pensiveness Bewray itself in my long-settled eyes, Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise, With idle pains, and missing aims, do guess. Some, that know how my spring I did address, Deem that my Muse some fruit of knowledge piles; Others, because the Prinee my service tries, Think, that I think state errors to redress; But harder jndges judge, ambition's rage, Scourge of itself, still elimbing slippery place, Holds my young brain captiv'd in golden eage. O fools, or over-wise! alas, the race Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start, But only STELLA's eyes, and STELLA's heart.

#### IV.

Because I oft in dark abstracted guise Seem most alone in greatest company, With dearth of words, or answers quite awry, To them that would make speech of speech arise; They deem, and of their doom the rumor flies, That poison foul of bubbling *Pride* doth lie. So in my swelling breast, that only I Fawn on myself, and others do despise; Yet *Pride*, I think, doth not my soul possess, Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass; But one worse fault — Ambition — I confess, That makes me oft my best friends overpass, Unseen, unheard — while Thought to highest place Bends all his powers, even unto STELLA'S grace.

v.

Having this day, my horse, my hand, my lance, Guided so well that I obtained the prize, Both by the judgment of the English eyes, And of some sent from that *sweet enemy*,— France; Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance; Townsfolk my strength; a daintier judge applies His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise; Some lucky wits impute it but to chance; Others, because of both sides I do take My blood from them, who did excel in this, Think Nature me a man of arms did make. How far they shot awry; the true cause is, STELLA looked on, and from her heavenly face Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

#### VI.

In martial sports I had my eunning tried, And yet to break more staves did me address, While with the people's shouts (I must confess) Youth, luck, and praise, even fill'd my veins with pride — When Cupid having me (his slave) descried In Mars's 1 livery, praneing in the press, "What now, Sir Fool!" said he: "I would no less: Look here, I say." I look'd, and STELLA spied, Who hard by made a window send forth light. My heart then quak'd, then dazzled were mine eyes One hand forgot to rule, th' other to fight; Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly eries. My foe eame on, and beat the air for me — Till that her blush made me my shame to see.

#### VII.

No more, my dear, no more these counsels try; O give my passions leave to run their race; Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace; Let folk o'ercharged with brain against me ery; Let elouds bedim my face, break in mine eye; Let me no steps, but of lost labor, trace; Let all the earth with seorn recount my case — But do not will me from my love to fly. I do not envy Aristotle's wit, Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame; Nor aught do care, though some above me sit Nor hope, nor wish, another course to frame, But that which onee may win thy cruel heart: Thou art my wit, and thou my virtue art.

#### VIII.

LOVE still a boy, and oft a wanton, is, School'd only by his mother's tender eye; What wonder then, if he his lesson miss, When for so soft a rod dear play he try? And yet my STAR, because a sugar'd kiss In sport, I suck'd, while she asleep did lie, Doth lour, nay chide, nay threat, for only this. Sweet, it was saucy LOVE, not humble I But no 'seuse serves; she makes her wrath appear In beauty's throne — see now who dares come near Those scarlet judges threat'ning bloody pain? O heav'nly Fool, thy most kiss-worthy face Anger invests with such a lovely grace, That anger's self I needs must kiss again.

#### IX.

I never drank of Aganippe<sup>1</sup> well, Nor ever did in shade of Temple<sup>2</sup> sit, And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell; Poor lay-man I, for sacred rites unfit. Some do I hear of Poet's fury tell, But (God wot) wot not what they mean by it; And this I swear by blackest brook of hell, I am no pick-purse of another's wit. How falls it then, that with so smooth an ease My thoughts I speak, and what I speak doth flow In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please? Guess me the cause — what is it thus?— fye, no. Or so?— much less. How then? sure thus it is, My lips are sweet, inspired by STELLA'S kiss.

#### х.

Of all the kings that ever here did reign, Edward, named Fourth, as first in praise I name, Not for his fair outside, nor well-lined brain Although less gifts imp feathers oft on Fame. Nor that he could, young-wise, wise-valiant, frame Ilis sire's revenge, join'd with a kingdom's gain; And, gain'd by Mars could yet mad Mars so tame, That Balanee weigh'd what Sword did late obtain. Nor that he made the Floure-de-luce 1 so 'fraid, Though strongly hedged of bloody Lions' paws, That witty Lewis 2 to him a tribute paid. Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause — But only, for this worthy knight durst prove To lose his crown rather than fail his love.

#### XI.

O happy Thames, that didst my STELLA bear, I saw thyself, with many a smiling line Upon thy cheerful face, Joy's livery wear, While those fair planets on thy streams did shine The boat for joy could not to dance forbear, While wanton winds, with beauty so divine Ravish'd, stay'd not, till in her golden hair, They did themselves (O sweetest prison) twine. And fain those Æol's<sup>1</sup> youth there would their stay Have made; but, foreed by nature still to fly, First did with puffing kiss those locks display. She, so dishevell'd, blush'd! from window I With sight thereof eried out, O fair disgraee, Let honor's self to thee grant highest place!

#### XII.

Highway, since you my chief Parnassus<sup>2</sup> be; And that my Muse, to some cars not unsweet, Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet. More soft than to a chamber melody; Now blessed You bear onward blessed Me To her, where I my heart safe left shall meet, My Muse and I must you of duty greet With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully, Be you still fair, honor'd by public heed, By no eneroachment wrong'd nor time forgot; Nor blam'd for blood, nor shamed for sinful deed. And that you know. I envy you no lot Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss, Hundreds of years you STELLA's feet may kiss.

Of the foregoing, the first, the second, and the last sonnet, are my favorites. But the general beauty of them all, is, that they are so perfectly characteristical. The spirit of "learning and of chivalry," of which union, Spenser has entitled Sydney to have been the "president,"—shines through them. I confess I can see nothing of the "jejune" or "frigid" in them; much less of the "stiff" and "cumbrous"— which I have sometimes heard objected to the Areadia. The verse runs off swiftly and gallantly. It might have been tuned to the trumpet; or tempered (as himself expresses it) to "trampling horses' feet." They abound in felicitous phrases—

O heav'nly Fool, thy most kiss-worthy face -

Sth Sonnet.

A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;

A rosy garland, and a weary head.

2nd Sonnet.

5th Sonnet.

But they are not rich in words only, in vagne and unlocalized feelings—the failing too much of some poetry of the present day—they are full, material, and circumstantiated. Time and place appropriates every one of them. It is not a fever of passion wasting itself upon a thin diet of dainty words, but a transcendent passion pervading and illuminating action, pursuits, studies, feats of arms, the opinions of contemporaries and his judgment of them. An historical thread runs through them, which almost affixes a date to them; marks the *when* and *where* they were written.

I have dwelt the longer upon what I conceive the merit of these poems, because I have been hart by the wantonness (I wish I could treat it by a gentler name) with which W. H.<sup>1</sup> takes every occasion of insulting the memory of Sir Philip Sydney. But the decisions of the Author of Table Talk, etc. (most profound and subtle where they are, as for the most part, just) are more safely to be relied upon, on subjeets and authors he has a partiality for, than on such as he has conceived an aceidental prejudice against. Milton wrote Sonnets, and was a king-hater; and it was eongenial perhaps to sacrifice a courtier to a patriot. But I was unwilling to lose a fine idea from my mind. The noble images, passions, sentiments, and poetical delieacies of character, scattered all over the Arcadia (spite of some stiffness and encumberment), justify to me the character which his contemporaries have left us of the writer. I eannot think with the Critic, that Sir Philip Sydney was that opprobrious thing which a foolish nobleman in his insolent hostility ehose to term him. I call to mind the epitaph made on him, to guide me to juster thoughts of him; and I repose upon the beautiful lines in the "Friend's Passion for his Astrophel," 1 printed with the Elegies of Spenser and others.

> You knew — who knew not Astrophel? (That I should live to say I knew, And have not in possession still!)— Things known permit me to renew —

Of him you know his merit such, I cannot say — you hear — too much.

Within these woods of Aready He chief delight and pleasure took; And on the mountain Partheny, Upon the crystal liquid brook, The muses met him every day, That taught him sing, to write, and say. When he descended down the mount, Ilis personage seemed most divine: A thousand graces one might count Upon his lovely cheerful eyne.

To hear him speak, and sweetly smile, You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet altractive kind of grace; A full assurance given by looks; Continual comfort in a face The lineaments of Gospel books I trow that count'nance cannot lye,

Whose thoughts are legible in the eye. \* \* \* \*

Above all others this is he, Which erst approved in his song That love and honor might agree, And that pure love will do no wrong. Sweet saints, it is no sin or blame

\*

To love a man of virtuous name. Did never love so sweetly breathe In any mortal breast before: Did never Muse inspire beneath A Poet's brain a finer store. He wrote of Love with high conceit,

And beauty rear'd above her height.

Or let any one read the deeper sorrows (grief running into rage) in the Poem,-the last in the collection accompanying the above,-which from internal testimony I believe to be Lord Brooke's, beginning with "Silence augmenteth grief,"-and then seriously ask himself, whether the subject of such absorbing and confounding regrets could have been that thing which Lord Oxford termed him.

# NEWSPAPERS THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

DAN STUART once told us, that he did not remember that he ever deliberately walked into the Exhibition at Somerset Honse in his life. He might oceasionally have escorted a party of ladies across the way that were going in; but he never went in of his own head. Yet the office of the Morning Post newspaper stood then just where it does now—we are carrying you back, Reader, some thirty years or more—with its gilt-globe-topped front faeing that emporium of our artists' grand Annual Exposure. We sometimes wish that we had observed the same abstinence with Daniel.

A word or two of D. S. He ever appeared to us one of the finest tempered of Editors. Peary, of the Morning Chroniele, was equally pleasant, with a dash, no slight one either, of the courtier. S. was frank, plain, and English all over. We have worked for both these gentlemen.

It is soothing to contemplate the head of the Ganges; to trace the first little bubblings of a mighty river;

With holy reverence to approach the rocks, Whence glide the streams renowned in ancient song.

Fired with a perusal of the Abyssinian Pilgrim's<sup>2</sup> exploratory ramblings after the eradle of the infant Nilus, we well remember on one fine summer holyday

(a "whole day's leave" we called at Christ's Hospital) sallying forth at rise of sun, not very well provisioned either for such an undertaking, to trace the current of the New River-Middletonian stream !-to its scaturicut source, as we had read, in meadows by fair Amwell. Gallantly did we commence our solitary quest-for it was essential to the dignity of a DISCOVERY, that no eye of schoolboy, save our own, should beam on the detection. By flowery spots, and verdant lanes skirting Hornsey, Hope trained us on in many a baffling turn; endless hopeless meanders, as it seemed; or as if the jealous waters had dodged us, reluctant to have the humble spot of their nativity revealed; till spent, and nigh famished, before set of the same sun, we sat down somewhere by Bowes. Farm, near Tottenham, with a tithe of our proposed labors only yet accomplished; sorely convinced in spirit, that that Brncian enterprise was as yet too arduous for our young shoulders.

Not more refreshing to the thirsty euriosity of the traveler is the tracing of some mighty waters up to their shallow fontlet, than it is to a pleased and candid reader to go back to the inexperienced essays, the first callow flights in authorship, of some established name in literature; from the Gnat which preluded to the Æneid,<sup>1</sup> to the Duck~which Samuel Johnson trod on.<sup>2</sup>

In those days every Morning Paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an author, who was bound to furnish daily a quantum of witty paragraphs. Sixpence a joke, and it was thought pretty high too—was Dan Stuart's settled remuneration in these cases. The chat of the day, seandal, but, above all, *dress*, furnished the material. The length of no paragraph was to exceed seven lines. Shorter they might be, but they must be poignant.

A fashion of flesh, or rather pink-colored hose for the ladies, luckily coming up at the juncture, when we were on our probation for the place of Chief Jester to S.'s Paper, established our reputation in that line. We were pronounced a "capital hand." O the conceits which we varied upon red in all its prismatic differences! from the trite and obvious flower of Cytherea,<sup>1</sup> to the flaming costume of the lady that has her sitting upon "many waters." Then there was the collateral topic of ankles. What an occasion to a truly chaste writer, like ourself, of touching that nice brink, and yet never tumbling over it, of a seemingly ever approximating something "not quite proper;" while, like a skilful posture-master, balancing betwixt decornms and their opposites, he keeps the line, from which an hair's-breadth deviation is destruction: hovering in the confines of light and darkness, or where "both seem either;" a hazy uneertain delieacy; Autolycus-like in the Play,<sup>2</sup> still putting off his expectant auditory with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man!" But, above all, that conceit arrided us most at that time, and still tickles our midriff to remember, where allusively to the flight of Astrava 3-ultima Calestûm terras reliquit 4-we pronounced—in reference to the stockings still—that MODESTY, TAKING HER FINAL LEAVE OF MORTALS, HER LAST BLUSH WAS VISIBLE IN HER ASCENT TO THE HEAVENS BY THE TRACT OF THE GLOWING INSTEP. This might be called the crowning conceit; and was esteemed tolerable writing in those days.

But the fashion of jokes, with all other things, passes away; as did the transient mode which had so favored us. The ankles of our fair friends in a few weeks began to reassume their whiteness, and left ns scarce a leg to stand upon. Other female whims followed, but none, methought, so pregnant, so invitatory of shrewd conceits, and more than single meanings.

Somebody has said, that to swallow six cross-buns daily consecutively for a fortnight, would surfeit the stoutest digestion. But to have to furnish as many jokes daily, and that not for a fortnight, but for a long twelvemonth, as we were constrained to do, was a little harder exaction. "Man goeth forth to his work until the evening"-from a reasonable hour in the morning, we presume it was meant. Now, as our main occupation took us from eight till five every day in the city; and as our evening hours, at that time of life, had generally to do with any thing rather than business, it follows, that the only time we could spare for this manufactory of jokes-our supplementary livelihood, that supplied us in every want beyond mere bread and cheese-was exactly that part of the day which (as we have heard of No Man's Land)' may be fitly denominated No Man's Time; that is, no

time, in which a man ought to be up, and awake, in. To speak more plainly, it is that time, of an hour, or an hour and a half's duration, in which a man, whose occasions call him up so preposterously, has to wait for his breakfast.

O those headaches at dawn of day, when at five, or half-past five in summer, and not much later in the dark seasons, we were compelled to rise, having been perhaps not above four hours in bed-(for we were no go-to-beds with the lamb, though we anticipated the lark ofttimes in her rising-we like a parting eup at midnight, as all young men did before these effeminate times, and to have our friends about us-we were not constellated under Aquarius, that watery sign,1 and therefore ineapable of Baeehus,2 eold, washy, bloodless-we were none of your Basilian watersponges,<sup>3</sup> nor had taken our degrees at Mount Ague <sup>4</sup> -we were right toping Capulets,<sup>5</sup> jolly eompanions, we and they)-but to have to get up, as we said before, eurtailed of half our fair sleep, fasting, with only a dim vista of refreshing Bohea in the distanee-to be necessitated to rouse ourselves at the detestable rap of an old hag of a domestie, who seemed to take a diabolical pleasure in her announcement that it was "time to rise;" and whose ehappy knuekles we have often yearned to amputate, and string them up at our ehamber-door, to be a terror to all such unreasonable rest-breakers in future-

"Faeil" and sweet, as Virgil sings, had been the "deseending" of the over-night, balmy the first sink-

### THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

ing of the heavy head upon the pillow; but to get up, as he goes on to say,

- revocare gradus, superasque evadere ad auras -1

and to get up moreover to make jokes with malice prepended—there was the "labor," there the "work."

No Egyptian taskmaster ever devised a slavery like to that, our slavery. No fractious operants ever turned out for half the tyranny, which this necessity exercised upon us. Half a dozen jests in a day (bating Sunday too), why, it seems nothing! We make twice that number every day in our lives as a matter of course, and claim no Sabbatical exemptions. But then they eome into our head. But when the head has to go out to them—when the mountain must go to Mahomet <sup>2</sup>—

Reader, try it for once, only for one short twelvemonth.

It was not every week that a fashion of pink stockings came up; but mostly instead of it, some rugged, untraetable subject; some topic impossible to be contorted into the risible; some feature upon which no smile could play; some flint, from which no process of ingenuity could procure a distillation. There they lay; there your appointed tale of brickmaking was set before yon, which you must finish, with or without straw, as it happened. The craving Dragon—the Public—like him in Bel's temple <sup>3</sup> must be fed; it expected its daily rations; and Daniel,

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and ourselves, to do us justice, did the best we could on this side bursting him.

While we were wringing out eoy sprightliness for the Post, and writhing under the toil of what is ealled "easy writing," Bob Allen, our quondam schoolfellow, was tapping his impracticable brains in a like service for the "Oracle." Not that Robert troubled himself much about wit. If his paragraphs had a sprightly air about them, it was sufficient. He earried this nonehalance so far at last, that a matter of intelligence, and that no very important one, was not seldom palmed upon his employers for a good jest; for example sake-"" Walking yesterday morning casually down Snow Hill who should we meet but Mr. Deputy Humphreys; we rejoice to add that the worthy Deputy appeared to enjoy a good state of health. We do not ever remember to have seen him look better." This gentleman so surprisingly met upon Snow Hill, from some peenliarities in gait or gesture, was a constant butt for mirth to the small paragraph-mongers of the day; and our friend thought that he might have his fling at him with the rest. We met A. in Holborn shortly after this extraordinary renconnter, which he told with tears of satisfaction in his eyes, and chuckling at the anticipated effects of its announcement next day in the paper. We did not quite comprehend where the wit of it lay at the time; nor was it easy to be detected, when the think came out, advantaged by type and letterpress. He had better have met any thing that

morning than a Common Council Man. His services were shortly after dispensed with, on the plea that his paragraphs of late had been deficient in point. The one in question, it must be owned, had an air, in the opening especially, proper to awaken curiosity; and the sentiment, or moral, wears the aspect of humanity and good neighborly feeling. But somehow the conclusion was not judged altogether to answer to the magnificent promise of the premises. We traced our friend's pen afterwards in the "True Briton," the "Star," the "Traveler,"-from all which he was successively dismissed, the Proprietors having "no further occasion for his services." Nothing was easier than to detect him. When wit failed, or topics ran low, there constantly appeared the following-"It is not generally known that the three Blue Balls at the Pawnbroker's shops are the ancient arms of Lombardy. The Lombards were the first money-brokers in Europe." Bob has done more to set the public right on this important point of blazonry, than the whole College of Heralds.

The appointment of a regular wit has long ceased to be a part of the economy of a Morning Paper. Editors find their own jokes, or do as well without them. Parson Este, and Topham, brought up the set custom of "witty paragraphs" first in the *World*. Boaden was a reigning paragraphist in his day, and succeeded poor Allen in the Oracle. But, as we said, the fashion of jokes passes away; and it would be difficult to discover in the Biographer of Mrs. Siddons, any traces of that vivaeity and fancy which charmed the whole town at the commencement of the present century. Even the prelusive delicacies of the present writer the curt "Astræan allusion"—would be thought pedantic and out of date, in those days.

From the office of the Morning Post (for we may as well exhaust our Newspaper Reminiseenees at onee) by ehange of property in the paper, we were transferred, mortifying exchange! to the office of the Albion Newspaper, late Raekstrow's Museum, in Fleet Street. What a transition-from a handsome apartment, from rose-wood desks, and silver inkstands, to an office-no office, but a den rather, but just redeemed from the occupation of dead monsters, of which it seemed redolent-from the center of loyalty and fashion, to a focus of vulgarity and sedition! Here in murky eloset, inadequate from its square eontents to the receipt of the two bodies of Editor, and humble paragraph-maker together at one time, sat in the discharge of his new Editorial functions (the "Bigod" of Elia) the redoubted John Fenwiek.

F., without a guinea in his poeket, and having left not many in the pockets of his friends whom he might command, had purchased (on tiek doubtless) the whole and sole Editorship, Proprietorship, with all the rights and titles (such as they are worth) of the Albion, from one Lovell: of whom we know nothing, save that he had stood in the pillory for a libel on the Prince of Wales. With this hopeless concern—for it had been sinking ever since its commencement, and could now reekon upon not more than a hundred subscribers—F. resolutely determined upon pulling down the Government in the first instance, and making both our fortunes by way of corollary. For seven weeks and more did this infatuated Democrat go about borrowing seven-shilling pieces, and lesser coin, to meet the daily demands of the Stamp Office, which allowed no eredit to publications of that side in polities. An outcast from politer bread, we attached our small talents to the forlorn fortunes of our friend. Our occupation now was to write treason.

Recollections of feelings-which were all that now remained from our first boyish heats kindled by the French Revolution, when, if we were misled, we erred in the company of some, who are accounted very good men now-rather than any tendency at this time to Republican doctrines-assisted us in assuming a style of writing, while the paper lasted, consonaut in no very under tone-to the right earnest fanaticism of F. Our ene was now to insinnate, rather than reeommend, possible abdieations. Blocks, axes, Whitehill tribunals, were covered with flowers of so cunning a periphrasis—as Mr. Bayes 1 says, never naming the thing directly-that the keen eye of an Attorney General was insufficient to detect the lurking snake among them. There were times, indeed, when we sighed for our more gentleman-like occupation under Stnart. But with change of masters it is ever change of service. Already one paragraph, and auother, as we learned afterwards from a gentleman at the

Treasury, had begun to be marked at that office, with a view of its being submitted at least to the attention of the proper Law Officers-when an unlucky, or rather lucky epigram from our pen, aimed at Sir J-s M-h,<sup>1</sup> who was on the eve of departing for India to reap the fruits of his apostasy as F. pronounced it (it is hardly worth particularizing), happening to offend the nice sense of Lord, or as he then delighted to be called, Citizen Stanhope, deprived F. at once of the last hopes of a guinea from the last patron that had stuck by us; and breaking up our establishment, left us to the safe, but somewhat mortifying, neglect of the Crown Lawyers. It was about this time, or a little earlier, that Dan Stuart made that curious confession to us, that he had "never deliberately walked into an Exhibition at Somerset House in his life."

# BARRENNESS OF THE IMAGINATIVE FAC-ULTY IN THE PRODUCTIONS OF MODERN ART

HOGARTH excepted, ean we produce any one painter within the last fifty years, or since the humor of exhibiting began, that has treated a story *imaginatively*? By this we mean, upon whom his subject has so acted, that it has seemed to direct *him*—not to be arranged by him? Any upon whom its leading or collateral points have impressed themselves so tyrannically, that he dared not treat it otherwise, lest

he should falsify a revelation? Any that has imparted to his compositions, not merely so much truth as is enough to convey a story with clearness, but that individualizing property, which should keep the subject so treated distinct in feature from every other subject, however similar, and to common apprehensions almost identical; so as that we might say, this and this part could have found an appropriate place in no other picture in the world but this? Is there any thing in modern art-we will not demand that it should be equal-but in any way analogous to what Titian has effected, in that wonderful bringing together of two times in the "Ariadne," in the National Gallery? Precipitous, with his reeling Satyr<sup>2</sup> rout about him, re-peopling and re-illuming suddenly the waste places, drunk with a new fury beyond the grape, Baechus, born in fire, fire-like flings himself at the Cretan. This is the time present. With this telling of the story-an artist, and no ordinary one, might remain righly proud. Guido<sup>3</sup> in his harmonious version of it, saw no further. But from the depth of the imaginative spirit Titian has recalled past time, and laid it contributory with the present to one simultaneons effect. With the desert all ringing with the mad eymbals of his followers, made hield with the presence and new offers of a god,-as if unconscious of Baeehus, or but idly easting her eyes as upon some unconcerning pageant-her soul undistracted from Theseus 4-Ariadne is still pacing the solitary shore in as much heart-silence, and in almost the same

local solitude, with which she awoke at day-break to eatch the forlorn last glances of the sail that bore away the Athenian.

Here are two points miraeulously eo-uniting; fieree society, with the feeling of solitude still absolute, noon-day revelations, with the accidents of the dull gray dawn unquenehed and lingering; the *present* Baeehus, with the *past* Ariadne; two stories, with double Time; separate, and harmonizing. Had the artist made the woman one shade less indifferent to the God; still more, had she expressed a rapture at his advent, where would have been the story of the mighty desolation of the heart previous? merged in the insipid accident of a flattering offer met with a weleome acceptance. The broken heart for Theseus was not lightly to be pieced up by a God.

We have before us a fine rough print, from a pieture by Raphael <sup>1</sup> in the Vatiean. It is the Presentation of the new-born Eve to Adam by the Almighty. A fairer mother of mankind we might imagine, and a goodlier sire perhaps of men since born. But these are matters subordinate to the conception of the *situation*, displayed in this extraordinary production. A tolerably modern artist would have been satisfied with tempering certain raptures of connubial anticipation, with a suitable acknowledgment to the Giver of the blessing, in the countenance of the first bridegroom; something like the divided attention of the child (Adam was here a child man) between the given toy, and the mother who had just blest it with the

bauble. This is the obvious, the first-sight view, the superficial. An artist of a higher grade, considering the awful presence they were in, would have taken care to subtract something from the expression of the more human passion, and to heighten the more spiritual one. This would be as much as an exhibition goer, from the opening of Somerset House to last year's show, has been encouraged to look for. It is obvious to hint at a lower expression yet, in a picture, that for respects of drawing and coloring, might be deemed not wholly inadmissible within these art-fostering walls, in which the raptures should be as ninety-nine, the gratitude as one, or perhaps Zero! By neither the one passion nor the other has Raphael expounded the situation of Adam. Singly upon his brow sits the absorbing sense of wonder at the created miracle. The moment is seized by the intuitive artist, perhaps not self-conscious of his art, in which neither of the conflicting emotions—a moment how abstracted-have had time to spring up, or to battle for indecorous mastery.-We have seen a landscape of a justly admired neoterie, in which he aimed at delineating a fietion, one of the most severely beautiful in antiquity-the gardens of the Hesperides.<sup>1</sup> To do Mr.— justice he had painted a laudable orchard, with fitting seclusion and a veritable dragon (of which a Polypheme,<sup>2</sup> by Poussin,<sup>3</sup> is somehow a facsimile for the situation) looking over into the world shut out backwards, so that none but a "still-climbing Hercules" could hope to catch a peep

at the admired Ternary of Recluses. No conventual porter could keep his eyes better than this custos with the "lidless eyes." He not only sees that none do intrude into that privaey, but, as clear as daylight, that none but Hercules aut Diabolus 1 by any manner of means can. So far all is well. We have absolute solitude here or nowhere. Ab extra<sup>2</sup> the damsels are snug enough. But here the artist's courage seems to have failed him. He began to pity his pretty charge, and, to comfort the irksomeness, has peopled their solitude with a bevy of fair attendants, maids of honor, or ladies of the bed-chamber, according to the approved etiquette at a court of the nineteenth century; giving to the whole seene the air of a fête champêtre,3 if we will but excuse the absence of the gentlemen. This is well, and Watteauish.4 But what is to become of the solitary mystery-the

> Daughters three, That sing around the golden tree?

This is not the way in which Poussin would have treated this subject.

The paintings, or rather the stupendous architectural designs, of a modern artist, have been urged as objections to the theory of our motto. They are of a character, we confess, to stagger it. His towered structures are of the highest order of the material sublime. Whether they were dreams, or transcripts of some elder workmanship—Assyrian ruins old —restored by this mighty artist, they satisfy our most stretched and craving conceptions, of the glories of the antique world. It is a pity that they were ever peopled. On that side, the imagination of the artist halts, and appears defective. Let us examine the point of the story in the "Belshazzar's Feast."<sup>1</sup> We will introduce it by an apposite anecdote.

The court historians of the day record, that at the first dinner given by the late King (then Prince Regent) at the Pavilion, the following characteristic frolic was played off. The guests were select and admiring; the banquet profuse and admirable; the lights lustrous and oriental; the eye was perfectly dazzled with the display of plate, among which the great gold salt-cellar, brought from the regalia in the Tower for this especial purpose, itself a tower! stood conspicuous for its magnitude. And now the Rev. \* \* \*, the then admired court Chaplain, was proceeding with the grace, when, at a signal given, the lights were suddenly overcast, and a huge transparency was discovered, in which glittered in gold letters—

BRIGHTON-EARTHQUAKE-SWALLOW-UP-ALIVE:

Imagine the confusion of the guests; the Georges and garters, jewels, bracelets, molted upon the occasion! The fans dropped, and pieked up the next morning by the sly court pages! Mrs. Fitz-what's-her-name fainting, and the Countess of \* \* \* holding the smelling bottle, till the good-humored Prince caused harmony to be restored by calling in fresh candles, and

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declaring that the whole was nothing but a pantonime *hoax*, got up by the ingenious Mr. Farley, of Covent Garden, from hints which his Royal Highness himself had furnished! Then imagine the infinite applause that followed, the mutual rallyings, the declarations that "they were not much frightened," of the assembled galaxy.

The point of time in the picture exactly answers to the appearance of the transparency in the anecdote. The huddle, the flutter, the bustle, the escape, the alarm, and the mock alarm; the prettinesses heightened by consternation; the courtier's fear which was flattery, and the lady's which was affectation; all that we may conceive to have taken place in a mob of Brighton courtiers, sympathizing with the well-acted surprise of their sovereign; all this, and no more, is exhibited by the well-dressed lords and ladies in the Hall of Behus. Just this sort of consternation we have seen among a flock of disquicted wild geese at the report only of a gun having gone off!

But is this vulgar fright, this mere animal anxiety for the preservation of their persons,—such as we have witnessed at a theater, when a slight alarm of fire has been given—an adequate exponent of a supernatural terror? the way in which the finger of God, writing judgments, would have been met by the withered conscience? There is a human fear, and a divine fear. The one is disturbed, restless, and bent upon escape. The other is bowed down, effortless, passive. When the spirit appeared before Eliphaz<sup>1</sup> in the visions of the night, and the hair of his flesh stood up, was it in the thoughts of the Temanite to ring the bell of his enamber, or to call up the servants? But let us see in the text what there is to justify all this hnddle of vulgar consternation.

From the words of Daniel it appears that Belshazzar had made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. The golden and silver vessels are gorgeously enumerated, with the princes, the king's concubines, and his wives. Then follows—

"In the same hour eame forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the eandlestiek upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palaee; and the *king* saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the *king*'s eountenanee was ehanged, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosened, and his knees smote one against another."

This is the plain text. By no hint can it be otherwise inferred, but that the appearance was solely confined to the fancy of Belshazzar, that his single brain was troubled. Not a word is spoken of its being seen by any else there present, not even by the queen herself, who merely undertakes for the interpretation of the phenomenon, as related to her, doubtless, by her husband. The lords are simply said to be astonished; *i. e.*, at the trouble and the change of countenance in their sovereign. Even the prophet does not appear to have seen the seroll, which the king saw. He recalls it only, as Joseph did the

Dream to the King of Egypt.<sup>1</sup> "Then was the part of the hand sent from him [the Lord], and this writing was written." He speaks of the phantasm as past.

Then what becomes of this needless multiplication of the miracle? this message to a royal conscience, singly expressed—for it was said, "thy kingdom is divided,"—simultaneously impressed upon the fancies of a thousand courtiers, who were implied in it neither directly nor grammatically?

But admitting the artist's own version of the story, and that the sight was seen also by the thousand courtiers—let it have been visible to all Babylon—as the knees of Belshazzar were shaken, and his countenanee troubled, even so would the knees of every man in Babylon, and their countenances, as of an individual man, have been troubled; bowed, bent down, so would they have remained, stupor-fixed, with no thought of struggling with that inevitable judgment.

Not all that is optically possible to be seen, is to be shown in every picture. The eye delightedly dwells upon the brilliant individualities in a "Marriage at Cana," by Veronese,<sup>2</sup> or Titian, to the very texture and color of the wedding garments, the ring glittering upon the bride's fingers, the metal and fashion of the wine-pots; for at such seasons there is leisure and luxury to be curious. But in a "day of jndgment," or in a "day of lesser horrors, yet divine," as at the impious feast of Belshazzar, the eye should see, as the actual eye of an agent or patient in the immediate scene would see, only in masses and indistinction. Not only the female attire and jewelry exposed to the critical eye of fashion, as minutely as the dresses in a lady's magazine, in the criticized pieture,—but perhaps the curiosities of anatomical science, and studied diversities of posture in the falling angels and sinners of Michael Angelo, —have no business in their great subjects. There was no leisure for them.

By a wise falsification, the great masters of painting got at their true conclusions; by not showing the actual appearances, that is, all that was to be seen at any given moment by an indifferent eye, but only what the eye might be supposed to see in the doing or suffering of some portentous action. Suppose the moment of the swallowing up of Pompeii. There they were to be seen-houses, columns, architectural proportions, differences of public and private buildings, men and women at their standing occupations, the diversified thousand postures, attitudes, dresses, in some confusion truly, but physically they were visible. But what eye saw them at that eclipsing moment, which reduces confusion to a kind of unity, and when the senses are upturned from their proprieties, when sight and hearing are feeling only? A thousand years have passed, and we are at leisure to contemplate the weaver fixed standing at his shuttle, the baker at his oven, and to turn over with antiquarian coolness the pots and pans of Pompeii.

"Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon." Who, in reading this magnificent Hebraism, in his conception, sees aught but the heroic son of Nun, with the outstretched arm, and the greater and lesser light obsequious? Doubtless there were to be seen hill and dale, and chariots and horsemen, on open plain, or winding by secret defiles, and all the circumstances and stratagems of war. But whose eyes would have been conscious of this array at the interposition of the synchronic miracle? Yet in the picture of this subject by the artist of the "Belshazzar's Feast"no ignoble work either-the marshaling and landscape of the war is everything, the miracle sinks into an anecdote of the day: and the eye may "dart though rank and file traverse'' for some minutes, before it shall discover among his armed followers, which is Joshua! Not modern art alone, but ancient, where only it is to be found if anywhere, can be detected erring, from defect of this imaginative faculty. The world has nothing to show of the preternatural in painting, transcending the figure of Lazarus bursting his grave-clothes, in the great pieture at Augerstein's.<sup>2</sup> It seems a thing between two beings. A ghastly horror at itself struggles with newly-apprehending gratitude at second life bestowed. It cannot forget that it was a ghost. It has hardly felt that it is a body. It has to tell of the world of spirits.-Was it from a feeling, that the crowd of half-impassioned by-standers, and the still more ir-

relevant herd of passers-by at a distance, who have not heard or but faintly have been told of the passing miracle, admirable as they are in design and hue -for it is a glorified work-do not respond adequately to the action-that the single figure of the Lazarus has been attributed to Michael Angelo, and the mighty Sebastian unfairly robbed of the fame of the greater half of the interest? Now that there were not indifferent passers-by, within actual scope of the eyes of those present at the miracle, to whom the sound of it had but faintly, or not at all, reached, it would be hardihood to deny; but would they see them? or can the mind in the conception of it admit of such unconcerning objects? can it think of them at all? or what associating league to the imagination can there be between the seers, and the seers not, of a presential miracle?

Were an artist to paint upon demand a picture of a Dryad,<sup>1</sup> we will ask whether, in the present low state of expectation, the patron would not, or ought not be fully satisfied with a beantiful naked figure recumbent under wide-stretched oaks? Disseat those woods, and place the same figure among fountains, and fall of pellneid water, and you have a Naiad!<sup>2</sup> Not so in a rough print we have seen after Julio Romano,<sup>3</sup> we think—for it is long since—there, by no process, with mere change of scene, could the figure have reciprocated characters. Long, grotesque, fantastic, yet with a grace of her own, beautiful in convolution and distortion, linked to her con-

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natural tree, co-twisting with its limbs her own, till both seemed either—these, animated branches; those, disanimated members—yet the animal and vegetable lives sufficiently kept distinct—his Dryad lay—an approximation of two natures, which to conceive, it must be seen; analogous to, not the same with, the delicacies of Ovidian transformations.

To the lowest subjects, and, to a superficial comprehension, the most barren, the Great Masters gave loftiness and fruitfulness. The large eye of genius saw in the meanness of present objects their capabilities of treatment from their relations to some grand Past or Future. How has Raphael-we must still linger about the Vatiean-treated the humble eraft of the ship-builder, in his "Building of the Ark?" It is in that scriptural series, to which we have referred, and which, judging from some fine rough old graphic sketches of them which we possess, seem to be of a higher and more poetie grade than even the Cartoons. The dim of sight are the timid and the shrinking. There is a cowardiee in modern art. As the Frenchmen, of whom Coleridge's friend made the prophetic guess at Rome, from the beard and horns of the Moses of Miehael Angelo eolleeted no inferences beyond that of a He Goat and a Cornuto; so from this subject, of mere mechanic promise, it would instinctively turn away, as from one ineapable of investiture with any grandeur. The doek-yards at Woolwich would object derogatory associations. The depôt at Chatham would be the

#### THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

mote and the beam in its intellectual eye. But not to the nautical preparations in the shipyards of Civita Veechia did Raphael look for instructions, when he imagined the Building of the Vessel that was to be conservatory of the wrecks of the species of drowned mankind. In the intensity of the action, he keeps ever out of sight the meanness of the operation. There is the Patriarch, in calm forethought, and with holy prescience giving directions. And there are his agents-the solitary but sufficient Three-hewing, sawing, every one with the might and earnestness of a Deminrgus;<sup>1</sup> under some instinctive rather than technical guidance! giant-muscled; every one a Hercules, or liker to those Vulcanian Three,<sup>2</sup> that in sounding eaverns under Mongibello wrought in fire-Brontes, and black Steropes, and Pyraemon. So work the workmen that should repair a world!

Artists again err in the confounding of *poetic* with *pictorial subjects*. In the latter, the exterior aceidents are nearly everything, the unseen qualities as nothing. Othello's color—the infirmities and corpulence of a Sir John Falstaff—do they haunt us perpetually in the reading? or are they obtruded upon our conceptions one time for ninety-nine that we are lost in admiration at the respective moral or intellectual attributes of the character? But in a picture Othello is *always* a Blackamoor; and the other only Plump Jack. Deeply corporealized, and enehained hopelessly in the grovelling fetters of externality, must be the mind, to which, in its better moments, the image of the high-souled, high-intelligenced Quixote 1-the errant Star of Knighthood, made more tender by eelipse-has never presented itself, divested from the unhallowed accompaniment of a Sancho, or a rabblement at the heels of Rosinante.<sup>2</sup> That man has read his book by halves; he has laughed, mistaking his author's purport, which was-tears. The artist that pietures Quixote-(and it is in this degrading point that he is every season held up at our Exhibitions) in the shallow hope of exciting mirth, would have joined the rabble at the heels of his starved steed. We wish not to see that counterfeited, which we would not have wished to see in the reality. Conscious of the heroic inside of the noble Quixote, who, on hearing that his withered person was passing, would have stepped over his threshold to gaze upon his forlorn habiliments, and the "strange bed-fellows which misery brings a man acquainted with?" Shade of Cervantes! who in thy Second Part could put into the month of thy Quixote those high aspirations of a super-chivalrous gallantry, where he replies to one of the shepherdesses, apprehensive that he would spoil their pretty net-works, and inviting him to be a guest with them, in aecents like these: "Truly, fairest Lady, Actaon a was not more astonished when he saw Diana bathing herself at the fountain, than I have been in beholding your beauty: I commend the manner of your pastime, and thank you for your kind offers; and, if I may serve yon, so I may be sure you will be obeyed, you

may command me : for my profession is this, To show myself thankful, and a doer of good to all sorts of people, especially of the rank that your person shows you to be; and if those nets, as they take up but a little piece of ground, should take up the whole world, I would seek out new worlds to pass through, rather than break them: and (he adds) that you may give credit to this my exaggeration, behold at least he that promiscth you this, is Don Quixote de la Mancha, if haply this name hath come to your hearing." Illustrious Romaneer! were the "fine frenzies," which possessed the brain of thy own Quixote, a fit subject, as in this Second Part, to be exposed to the jeers of Duennas and Serving Men? to be monstered, and shown up at the heartless banquets of great men? Was that pitiable infirmity, which in thy First Part misleads him, always from within, into half-ludicrous, but more than half-compassionable and admirable errors, not infliction enough from heaven, that men by studied artifiees must devise and practice upon the humor, to inflame where they should sooth it? Why, Goneril would have blushed to practice upon the abdieated king at this rate, and the she-wolf Regan<sup>1</sup> not have endured to play the pranks upon his fled wits, which thou hast made thy Quixote suffer in Duchesses' halls, and at the hands of that nuworthy nobleman.\*

In the First Adventures, even, it needed all the

\* Yet from this Second Part, our cried-up pictures are mostly selected, the waiting-women with beards, etc. art of the most consummate artist in the Book way that the world hath yet seen, to keep up in the mind of the reader the heroie attributes of the character without relaxing; so as absolutely that they shall suffer no alloy from the debasing fellowship of the If it ever obtrudes itself as a disharmony, clown. are we inclined to laugh; or not, rather, to indulge a contrary emotion ?- Cervantes, stung, perchanec, by the relish with which his Reading Publie had reeeived the fooleries of the man, more to their palates than the generosities of the master, in the sequel let his pen run riot, lost the harmony and the balance, and sacrificed a great idea to the taste of his contemporaries. We know that in the present day the Knight has fewer admirers than the Squire. Anticipating, what did actually happen to him-as afterwards it did to his searce inferior follower, the Author of "Guzman de Alfarache" 1-that some less knowing hand would prevent him by a spurious Second Part; and judging, that it would be easier for his competitor to out-bid him in the eomicalities, than in the romance, of his work, he abandoned his Knight, and has fairly set up the Squire for his Hero. For what else has he unsealed the eyes of Sancho; and instead of that twilight state of semi-insanity-the madness at second-hand—the contagion, caught from a stronger mind infected-that war between native eunning, and hereditary deference, with which he has hitherto accompanied his master-two for a pair almost-does he substitute a downright Knave, with open eyes, for his own ends only following a confessed Madman; and offering at one time to lay, if not actually laying, hands upon him! From the moment that Sancho loses his reverence, Don Quixote is become—a treatable hunatie. Our artists handle him accordingly.

# REJOICINGS UPON THE NEW YEAR'S COM-ING OF AGE

THE Old Year being dead, and the New Year coming of age, which he does, by Calendar Law, as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the Days in the year were invited. The Festivals, whom he deputed as his stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said. in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below; and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty. It was stiffly debated among them, whether the Fasts should be admitted. Some said the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was over-ruled by Christmas Day, who had a design upon Ash Wednesday 2 (as you shall hear), and a mighty desire to see how the Old Dominie would behave himself in his cups. Only the Vigils were requested to come with their lanterns. to light the gentlefolks home at night.

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All the *Days* eame to their day. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table; with an oceasional knife and fork at the side-board for the *Twenty-Ninth of February*.

I should have told you, that eards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the *Hours;* twelve little, merry, whirligig footpages, as you should desire to see, that went all round, and found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of *Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday,*<sup>1</sup> and a few such *Moveables*, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met at last, foul Days, fine Days, all sorts of Days, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but, Hail! fellow Day,-well met -brother Day-sister Day,-only Lady Day<sup>2</sup> kept a little on the aloof, and seemed somewhat seornful. Yet some said, Twelfth Day<sup>3</sup> eut her out and out, for she eame in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a queen on a frost-cake, all royal glittering and Epiphanous. The rest came, some in green, some in white,but old Lent and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy Days came in dripping; and sunshiny Days helped them to ehange their stockings. Wedding Day was there in his marriage finery, a little the worse for wear. Pay Day eame late, as he always does; and the Doomsday sent word-he night be expected.

April Fool (as my young lord's jester) took upon himself to marshal the guests, and wild work he made it. It would have posed old Erra Pater<sup>4</sup> to have found out any given *Day* in the year, to erect a scheme upon—good *Days*, bad *Days*, were so shuffled together, to the confounding of all sober horoscopy.

He had stuck the Twenty First of June next to the Twenty Second of December, and the former looked like a Maypole siding a marrow-bone. Ash Wednesday got wedged in (as was concerted) betwixt Christmas and Lord Mayor's days. Lord! how he laid about him! Nothing but barons of beef and turkeys would go down with him-to the great greasing and detriment of his new sackcloth bib and tucker. And still Christmas Day was at his elbow, plying him with the wassail-bowl, till he roared, and hiecupp'd, and protested there was no faith in dried ling, but commended it to the devil for a sour, windy, acrimonius, censorious, hy-po-crit-crit-critical mess, and no dish for a gentleman. Then he dipped his fist into the middle of the great custard that stood before his left-hand neighbor, and daubed his hungry beard. all over with it, till you would have taken him for the Last Day in December, it so hung in icicles.

At another part of the table, Shrove Tuesday was helping the Second of September to some cock broth, —which courtesy the latter returned with the delicate thigh of a hen pheasant—so there was no love lost for that matter. The Last of Lent was spunging npon Shrove-tide's paneakes; which April Fool perceiving, told him he did well, for paneakes were proper to a good fry-day.

In another part, a hubbub arose about the Thirtieth

of January, who, it seems being a sour puritanie character, that thought nobody's meat good or sanctified enough for him, had smuggled into the room a calf's head, which he had had eooked at home for that purpose, thinking to feast thereon incontinently: but as it lay in the dish March Manywcathers, who is a very fine lady, and subject to the megrims, screamed out there was a "human head in the platter," and raved about Herodias'<sup>1</sup> daughter to that degree, that the obnoxious viand was obliged to be removed; nor did she recover her stomach till she had gulped down a Restorative, confected of Oak Apple, which the merry Twenty Ninth of May always carries about with him for that purpose.

The King's health \* being called for after this, a notable dispute arose between the *Twelfth of August* (a zealous old Whig gentlewoman), and the *Twenty Third of April* (a new-fangled lady of the Tory stamp), as to which of them should have the honor to propose it. *August* grew hot upon the matter, affirming time out of mind the prescriptive right to have lain with her, till her rival had basely supplanted her; whom she represented as little better than a *kept* mistress, who went about in *fine clothes*, while she (the legitimate BIRTHDAY) had searcely a rag, &e.

April Fool, being made mediator, confirmed the right in the strongest form of words to the appellant, but decided for peace' sake that the exercise of it should remain with the present possessor. At the same time, he slyly rounded the first lady in the ear, that an action might lie against the Crown for *bi-geny*.

It beginning to grow a little duskish, *Candlemas*<sup>1</sup> lustily bawled out for lights, which was opposed by all the *Days*, who protested against burning daylight. Then fair water was handed round in silver ewers, and the *same lady* was observed to take an unusual time in *Washing* herself.

May Day, with that sweetness which is peculiar to her, in a neat speech proposing the health of the founder, erowned her goblet (and by her example the rest of the company) with garlands. This being done, the lordly New Year from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks. He felt proud on an occasion of meeting so many of his worthy father's late tenants, promised to improve their farms, and at the same time to abate (if anything was found unreasonable) in their rents.

At the mention of this, the four *Quarter Days* involuntarily looked at each other, and smiled; *April Fool* whistled an old tune of "New Brooms;" and a surly old rebel at the further end of the table (who was discovered to be no other than the, *Fifth of November*) muttered out, distinctly enough to be heard by the whole company words to this effect, that "when the old one is gone, he is a fool that looks for a better." Which rudeness of his, the guests resenting, unanimously voted his expulsion: and the male-content was thrust out neck and heels into the cellar, as the properest place for such a boutcfcu<sup>1</sup> and firebrand as he had shown himself to be.

Order being restored—the young lord (who, to say truth, had been a little ruffled, and put beside his oratory) in as few, and yet as obliging words as possible, assured them of entire welcome; and, with a graceful turn, singling out poor *Twenty Ninth of February*, that had sat all this while mumchance at the side-board, begged to couple his health with that of the good company before him—which he drank accordingly; observing, that he had not seen his honest face any time these four years—with a number of endearing expressions besides. At the same time removing the solitary *Day* from the forlorn seat which had been assigned him, he stationed him at his own board, somewhere between the *Greek Calends* and *Latter Lammas*.

Ash Wednesday, being now called upon for a song, with his eyes fast stuck in his head, and as well as the Canary he had swallowed would give him leave, struck up a Carol, which Christmas Day had taught him for the nonce; and was followed by the latter, who gave "Miserere" in fine style, hitting off the mumping notes and lengthened drawl of Old Mortification with infinite humor. April Fool swore they had exchanged conditions: but Good Friday was observed to look extremely grave; and Sunday held her fan before her face, that she might not be seen to smile.

## THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

Shrove-tide, Lord Mayor's Day and April Fool next joined in a glee—

Which is the properest day to drink?

in which all the *Days* chiming in, made a merry burden.

They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed, who had the greatest number of followers—the *Quarter Days* said, there could be no question as to that; for they had all the ereditors in the world dogging their heels. But *April Fool* gave it in favor of the *Forty Days before Easter;* because the debtors in all eases outnumbered the creditors, and they kept *lent* all the year.

All this while, Valentine's Day kept courting pretty May, who sat next him, slipping amorous billcts-doux under the table till the Dog Days (who are naturally of a warm constitution) began to be jealous, and to bark and rage exceedingly. April Fool, who likes a bit of sport above measure, and had some pretensions to the lady besides, as being but a cousin once removed,-elapped and halloo'd them on; and as fast as their indignation cooled, those mad wags, the Ember Days, were at it with their bellows, to blow it into a flame; and all was in a fervent; till old Madam Scptuagesima<sup>1</sup> (who boasts herself the Mother of the Days) wisely diverted the conversation with a tedious tale of the loves which she could reckon when she was young; and of one Master Rogation Day<sup>2</sup> in particular, who was forever putting the question to her; but she kept him at a distance, as the chronicle would tell-by which I apprehend she meant the Almanaek. Then she rambled on to the Days that were gone, the good old Days, and so to the Days before the Flood-which plainly showed her old head to be little better than erazed and doited. Day being ended, the Days ealled for their eloaks and great coats, and took their leaves. Lord Mayor's Day went off in a mist, as usual; Shortest Day in a deep black Fog, that wrapped the little gentleman all round like a hedgehog. Two Vigils-so watchmen are called in heaven-saw Christmas Day safe home-they had been used to the business before. Another Vigil—a stout, sturdy patrol, ealled the Eve of St. Christopher 1-seeing Ash Wednesday in a condition little better than he should be-e'en whipped him over his shoulders, pieka-pack fashion, and Old Mortification went floating home singing-

#### On the bat's back do 1 fly

and a number of old snatches besides, between drunk and sober, but very few Aves or Penitentiaries (you may believe me) were among them. Longest Day set off westward in a beautiful crimson and gold—the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but Valentine and pretty May took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day could wish to set in.

#### THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

### THE WEDDING

I do not know when I have been better pleased than at being invited last week to be present at the wedding of a friend's daughter. I like to make one at these eeremonies, which to us old people give back our youth in a manner, and restore our gayest season, in the remembrance of our own success, or the regrets, searcely less tender, of our own youthful disappointments, in this point of a settlement. On these occasions I am sure to be in good-humor for a week or two after, and enjoy a reflected honey-moon. Being without a family, I am flattered with these temporary adoptions into a friend's family; I feel a sort of eousinhood or uneleship, for the season; I am inducted into degrees of affinity; and, in the participated socialities of the little community, I lay down for a brief while my solitary bachelorship. I earry this humor so far, that I take it unkindly to be left out, even when a funeral is going on in the house of a dear friend. But to my subject.----

The union itself had been long settled, but its celebration had been hitherto deferred, to an almost unreasonable state of suspense in the lovers, by some invincible prejudices which the bride's father had unhappily contracted upon the subject of the too early marriages of females. He has been lecturing any time these five years—for to that length the courtship has been protracted—upon the propriety of

putting off the solemnity, till the lady should have completed her five and twentieth year. We all began to be afraid that a suit, which as yet had abated of none of its ardors, might at last be lingered on, till passion had time to cool, and love go out in the experiment. But a little wheedling on the part of his wife, who was by no means a party to these overstrained notions, joined to some serious expostulations on that of his friends, who from the growing infirmities of the old gentleman, could not promise ourselves many years' enjoyment of his company, and were anxious to bring matters to a conclusion during his life-time, at length prevailed; and on Monday last the daughter of my old friend, Admiral-, 1 having attained the womanly age of nineteen, was conducted to the church by her pleasant eousin J----2, who told some few years older.

Before the youthful part of my female readers express their indignation at the abominable loss of time oceasioned to the lovers by the preposterous notions of my old friend, they will do well to consider the reluctance which a fond parent naturally feels at parting with his child. To this unwillingness, I believe, in most cases may be traced the difference of opinion on this point between child and parent, whatever pretenses of interest or prudence may be held out to cover it. The hardheartness of fathers is a fine theme for romance writers, a sure and moving topic: but is there not something untender, to say no more of it, in the hurry which a beloved child is sometimes in to tear herself from the paternal stock, and commit herself to strange graftings? The case is heightened where the lady, as in the present instance, happens to be an only child. I do not understand these matters experimentally, but I can make a shrewd gness at the wounded pride of a parent upon these occasions. It is no new observation, I believe, that a lover in most cases has no rival so much to be feared as the lather. Certainly there is a jealousy in unparallel subjects, which is little less heart-rending than the passion which we more strictly christen by that name. Mothers' semples are more easily got over; for this reason, I suppose, that the protection transferred to a husband is less a derogation and a loss to their anthority than to the paternal. Mothers, besides, have a trembling foresight, which paints the inconveniences (impossible to be conceived in the same degree by the other parent) of a life of forlorn celibacy, which the refusal of a tolerable match may entail upon their child. Mothers' instinct is a surer gnide here, than the cold reasonings of a father on such a topic. To this instinct may be imputed, and by it alone may be excused, the unbescenning artifices, by which some wives push on the matrimonial projects of their daughters, which the husband, however, approving, shall entertain with comparative indifference. A little shamelessness on this head is pardonable. With this explanation, forwardness becomes a grace, and maternal importunity receives the name of a virtue. But the parson stays, while I preposterously assume his office; I am preaching, while the bride is on the threshold.

Nor let any of my female readers suppose that the sage reflections which have just escaped me have the obliquest tendency of application to the young lady, who, it will be seen, is about to venture upon a change in her condition, at a *mature and competent age*, and not without the fullest approbation of all parties. I only deprecate very hasty marriages.

It had been fixed that the ceremony should be gone through at an early hour, to give time for a little *déjeuné* afterwards, to which a select party of friends had been invited. We were in church a little before the clock struck eight.

Nothing could be more judicions or graceful than the dress of the bride-maids-the three charming Miss Foresters-on this morning. To give the bride an opportunity of shining singly, they had come habited all in green. I am ill at describing female apparel; but while she stood at the altar in vestments white and candid as her thoughts, a sacrificial whiteness, they assisted in robes, such as might become Diana's uymphs '-Foresters indeed—as such who had not yet come to the resolution of putting off cold virginity. These young maids, not being so blest as to have a mother living, I am told, keep single for their father's sake, and live all together so happy with their remaining parent, that the hearts of their lovers are ever broken with the prospect (so inauspicious to their hopes) of such uninterrupted and provoking

home-comfort. Gallant girls! each a victim worthy of Iphigenia!<sup>1</sup>

I do not know what business I have to be present in solemn places. I cannot divest me of an unseasonable disposition to levity upon the most awful occasions. I was never cut out for a public functionary. Ceremony and I have long shaken hands; but I could not resist the importunities of the young lady's father, whose gout unhappily confined him at home, to act as parent on this occasion, and give away the bride. Something Indierous occurred to me at this most serious of all moments-a sense of my anfitness to have the disposal, even in imagination, of the sweet young creature beside me. I fear I was betrayed to some lightness, for the awful eye of the parson-and the rector's eye of Saint Mildred's in the Poultry is no trifle of a rebuke-was upon me in an instant, souring my incipient jest to the tristful severities of a funeral.

This was the only misbehavior which I can plead to upon this solemn occasion, unless what was objected to me after the ceremony by one of the handsome Miss T——s, be accounted a solecism. She was pleased to say that she had never seen a gentleman before me give away a bride in black. Now black has been my ordinary apparel so long—indeed I take it to be the proper costume of an author—the stage sanctions it—that to have appeared in some lighter color would have raised more mirth at my expense, than the anomaly had created censure. But I could perceive that the bride's mother, and some elderly ladies present (God bless them !) would have been well content, if I had come in any other color than that. But I got over the omen by a lucky apologue, which I remembered ont of Pilpay.1 or some Indian author, of all the birds being invited to the linnets' wedding, at which, when all the rest came in their gayest feathers, the raven alone apologized for his cloak because "he had no other." This tolerably reconciled the elders. But with the young people all was merriment. and shaking of hands, and congratulations and kissing away the bride's tears, and kissings from her in return, till a young lady, who assumed some experience in these matters, having worn the nuptial bands some four or five weeks longer than her friend, rescued her, arehly observing, with half an eye upon the bridegroom, that at this rate she would have "none left."

My friend the admiral was in fine wig and buckle on this occasion—a striking contrast to his usual neglect of personal appearance. He did not once shove up his borrowed locks (his custom ever at his morning studies) to betray the few gray stragglers of his own beneath them. He wore an aspect of thoughtful satisfaction. I trembled for the hour, which at length approached, when after a protraeted *breakfast* of three hours—if stores of cold fowls, tongues, hams, botargoes, dried fruits, wines, cordials, etc., can deserve so meager an appellation—the coach was announced, which was come to carry off the bride and bridegroom for a season (as custom has sensibly ordained) into the country; upon which design, wishing them a felicitous journey, let us return to the assembled guests.

> As when a well-graced actor leaves the stage, The eyes of men Are idly bent on him that enters next,

so idly did we bend our eyes upon one another, when the chief performers in the morning's pageant had vanished. None told his tale. None sipped her glass. The poor Admiral made an effort-it was not much. I had anticipated so far. Even the infinity of full satisfaction, that had betrayed itself through the prim looks and quiet deportment of his lady, began to wane into something of misgiving. No one knew whether to take their leaves or stay. We seemed assembled upon a silly occasion. In this crisis, betwixt tarrying and departure, I must do justice to a foolish talent of mine, which had otherwise like to have brought me into disgrace in the fore-part of the day; I mean a power, in any emergency, of thinking and giving vent to all manner of strange nonsense. In this awkward dilemma I found it sovereign. I rattled off some of my most excellent absurdities. All were willing to be relieved, at any expense of reason, from the pressure of the intolerable vacuum which had succeeded to the morning bustle. By this means I was fortunate in keeping together the better part of the company to a late hour: and a rubber of

whist (the Admiral's favorite game) with some rare strokes of ehance, as well as skill, which came opportunely on his side—lengthened out till midnight dismissed the old gentleman at last to his bed with comparatively easy spirits.

I have been at my old friend's various times since. I do not know a visiting place where every guest is so perfectly at his ease; nowhere, where harmony is so strangely the result of confusion. Every body is at cross purposes, yet the effect is so much better than uniformity. Contradictory orders; servants pulling one way; master and mistress driving some other, yet both diverse; visitors huddled up in eorners; ehairs unsymmetrized; eandles disposed by chance; meals at odd hours, tea and supper at once, or the latter preceding the former; the host and the guest conferring, yet each upon a different topic, each understanding himself, neither trying to understand or hear the other; draughts and politics, chess and political economy, cards and conversation on nautieal matters, going on at onee, without the hope, or indeed the wish, of distinguishing them, make it altogether the most perfect concordia discors you shall meet with. Yet somehow the old house is not quite what it should be. The Admiral still enjoys his pipe, but he has no Miss Emily to fill it for him. The instrument stands where it stood, but she is gone, whose delicate touch could sometimes for a short minute appease the warring elements. He has learned, as Marvel 1 expresses it, to "make his destiny his choice."

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He bears bravely up, but he does not eome out with his flashes of wild wit so thick as formerly. His sea songs seldomer escape him. His wife, too, looks as if she wanted some younger body to seeld and set to rights. We all miss a junior presence. It is wonderful how one young maiden freshens up, and keeps green, the paternal roof. Old and young seem to have an interest in her, so long as she is not absolutely disposed of. The youthfulness of the house is flown. Emily is married.

# THE CHILD ANGEL

#### A DREAM

I CHANCED upon the prettiest, oddest, fantastical thing of a dream the other night, that you shall hear of. I had been reading the "Loves of the Angels,"<sup>2</sup> and went to bed with my head full of speculations, suggested by that extraordinary legend. It had given birth to innumerable conjectures; and, I remember, the last waking thought, which I gave expression to on my pillow, was a sort of wonder "what could eome of it."

I was suddenly transported, how or whither I could scarcely make ont but to some celestial region. It was not the real heavens neither—not the down-right Bible heaven—but a kind of fairylaud heaven, about which a poor human fancy may have leave to sport and air itself, I will hope, without presumption.

Methought—what wild things dreams are!—I was present—at what would you imagine?—at an angel's gossiping.

Whence it came, or how it eame, or who bid it come, or whether it came purely of its own head, neither you nor I know—but there lay, sure enough, wrapped in its little eloudy swaddling bands—a Child Angel.

Sun-threads—filmy beams—ran through the celestial napery of what seemed its princely cradle. All the winged orders hovered round, watching when the new-born should open its yet closed eyes: which, when it did, first one, and then the other—with a solicitude and apprehension, yet not such as, stained with fear, dim the expanding eye-lids of mortal infants, but as if to explore its path in those its unhereditary palaees —what an inextinguishable titter that time spared not celestial visages! Nor wanted there to my sceming— O the inexplicable simpleness of dreams!—bowls of that cheering nectar,

- which mortals caudle call below.

Nor were wanting faces of female ministrants, stricken in years, as it might seem,—so dexterous were those heavenly attendants to counterfeit kindly similitudes of earth, to greet, with terrestrial ehildrites the young *present*, which earth had made to heaven.

Then were celestial harpings heard, not in full symphony as those by which the spheres are tutored; but, as loudest instruments on earth speak oftentimes,

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mufiled; so to accommodate their sound the better to the weak ears of the imperfect-born. And, with the noise of those subdued soundings, the Angelet sprang forth, fluttering its rudiments of pinions—but forthwith flagged and was recovered into the arms of those full-winged angels. And a wonder it was to see how, as years went round in heaven—a year in dreams is as a day—continually its white shoulders put forth buds of wings, but, wanting the perfect angelie nutriment, anon was shorn of its aspiring, and fell fluttering—still caught by angel hands—for ever to put forth shoots, and to fall fluttering, because its birth was not of the unmixed vigor of heaven.

And a name was given to the Babe Angel, and it was to be called Ge-Urania,<sup>1</sup> because its production was of earth and heaven.

And it could not taste of death, by reason of its adoption into immortal palaces: but it was to know weakness, and reliance, and the shadow of human imbecility; and it went with a lame gait; but in its goings it exceeded all mortal children in grace and swiftness. Then pity first sprang up in angelic bosoms; and yearnings (like the human) touched them at the sight of the immortal lame one.

And with pain did then first those Intuitive Essences, with pain and strife to their natures (not grief), put back their bright intelligences, and reduce their ethereal minds, schooling them to degrees and slower processes, so to adapt their lessons to the gradual illumination (as must needs be) of the half-

earth-born; and what intuitive notices they could not repel (by reason that their nature is, to known all things at once), the half-heavenly novice, by the better part of its nature, aspired to receive into its understanding; so that Humility and Aspiration went on even-paced in the instruction of the glorious Amphibium.

But, by reason that Mature Humanity is too gross to breathe the air of that super-subtile region, its portion was, and is, to be a child for ever.

And because the human part of it might not press into the heart and inwards of the palace of its adoption, those full-natured angels tended it by turns in the purlicus of the palace, where were shady groves and rivulets, like this green earth from which it came: so Love, with Voluntary Humility, waited upon the entertainment of the new-adopted.

And myriads of years rolled round (in dreams Time is nothing), and still it kept, and is to keep, perpetual childhood, and is the Tutelar Genius<sup>1</sup> of Childhood upon earth, and still goes lame and lovely.

By the banks of the river Pison is seen, lone-sitting by the grave of the terrestrial Adah, whom the angel Nadir loved, a Child; but not the same which I saw in heaven. A mournful hue overcasts its lineaments: nevertheless, a correspondency is between the child by the grave, and that celestial orphan, whom I saw above: and the dinness of the grief upon the heavenly, is a shadow or emblem of that which stains the beauty of the terrestial. And this correspondency is not to be understood but by dreams.

And in the archives of heaven I had grace to read, how that once the angel Nadir, being exiled from his place for mortal passion, upspringing on the wings of parental love (such power had parental love for a moment to suspend the else-irrevoeable law) appeared for a brief instant in his station; and, depositing a wondrous Birth, straightway disappeared, and the palaces knew him no more. And this charge was the self-same Babe, who goeth lame and lovely but Adah sleepeth by the river Pison.

# OLD CHINA

I HAVE an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I enquire for the china-eloset, and next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying, that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to: but I am not conscions of a time when china jars and sancers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnanee then—why should I now have?—to those little, lawless, azure-tinetured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china tea-cup.

I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our opties), yet on *terra firma* still—for so we must in courtesy interpret that speek of deeper blue, which the deeorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions:

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on tea-cups —is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this cahn garden river, with a dainty mineing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angels go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here—a eow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive —so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.<sup>1</sup>

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson, (which we are old fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon) some of these *speciosa miracula*<sup>2</sup> upon a set of extraordinary old blue china ( a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking, how favorable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to overshade the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean, that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state"—so she was pleased to ramble on,—"in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have mouey enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!)—we were used to have a debate two or three days before, aud to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it."

"Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon yon, it grew so thread-bare and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher,<sup>1</sup> which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you

set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late -and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures-and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfeetness of it (collating you called it)-and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak-was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity, with which you flaunted it about in that overworn suit-your old corbeau-for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen-or sixteen shillings was it ?---a great affair we thought it then-which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any niee old purchases now."

"When you came home with twenty apologics for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo,<sup>1</sup> which we christened the 'Lady Blanch:' when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi's, and buy a wilderness of Lionardos.<sup>1</sup> Yet do you?"

"Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter's Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holyday-holydays, and all other fnn, are gone, now we are rich-and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savory cold lamb and salad-and how you would pry about at noon-tide for some decent house, where we might go in, and produce our store—only paying for the ale that you must eall for-and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-eloth—and wish for such another honest hostess, as Izaak Walton<sup>2</sup> has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a fishing-and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us-but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now,-when we go out a day's pleasuring, which is seldom moreover, we ride part of the way-and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense -which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome."

"You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the Battle of Hexham, and the Surrender of Calais,<sup>3</sup> and Bannister and Mrs.

Bland in the Children in the Wood 1-when we squeezed out our shillings a-piece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery-where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me-and more strongly 1 felt obligation to you for having brought me-and the pleasure was the better for a little shame-and when the eurtain drew up, what eared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden,<sup>2</sup> or with Viola at the Court of Illyria? 3 You used to say, that the Gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially-that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going-that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage-because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then-and I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation, than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the erowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough,-but there was still a law of eivility to woman recognized to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money and walk in. You cannot see,

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you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then—but sight, and all, I think is gone with our poverty.''

"There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common-in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear-to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat ean we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now-that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the aetnal poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat—when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxnry, which both like; while each apologizes, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now-what I mean by the word-we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

"I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet,—and much ado we used to have every Thirtyfirst Night of December to account for our exceedings —many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much—or that we had not spent so much or that it was impossible we should spend so much

## OLD CHINA

next year—and still we found our slender eapital decreasing—but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and eompromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this eharge, and doing without that for the future—and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now) we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with 'lusty brimmers' (as you used to quote it out of *hearty cheerful Mr. Cotton*,<sup>1</sup> as you called him), we used to weleome in the 'coming guest.' Now we have no reekoning at all at the end of the old year—no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us.''

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions, that when she gets into rhetorieal vein, I am eareful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of a poor-hundred pounds a year. "It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my eousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened, and knit our compact eloser. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power-those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which eircumstances cannot straiten-with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplementary youth, a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride, where we formerly walked: live better, and lie softer-and shall be wise to do so-than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return-could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a-daycould Bannister and Mrs. Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them-could the good old one-shilling gallery days return-they are dreams, my cousin, now-but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument, by our well-carpeted fireside, sitting on this luxurious sofa-be once more struggling up those inconvenient stair cases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers-could I once more hear those anxions shricks of yours-and the delicious Thank God, we are safe, which always followed when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theater down beneath us-1 know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in than Crossins 1 had, or the great Jew R-2 is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half Madonna-ish chit of a lady in that very blue summer house."

# CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD

DEHORTATIONS from the use of strong liquors have been the favorite topic of sober declaimers in all ages, and have been received with abundance of applause by water-drinking eritics. But with the patient himself, the man that is to be eured, unfortunately their sound has seldom prevailed. Yet the evil is aeknowledged, the remedy simple. Abstain. No force can oblige a man to raise the glass to his head against his will. 'Tis as easy as not to steal, not to tell lies.

Alas! the hand to pilfer, and the tongue to bear false witness, have no constitutional tendency. These are actions indifferent to them. At the first instance of the reformed will, they can be brought off without a murmur. The itehing finger is but a figure in speech, and the tongue of the liar can with the same natural delight give forth useful truths, with which it has been accustomed to seatter their pernicions contraries. But when a man has commenced sot—

O pause, then sturdy moralist, then person of stout nerves and a strong head, whose liver is happily untouched, and ere thy gorge riseth at the *name* which I have written, first learn what the *thing* is; how much of eompassion, how much of human allowance, thou mayst virtuously mingle with thy disapprobation. Trample not on the rnins of a man. Exact not, nuder so terrible a penalty as infamy, a resuscitation from a state of death almost as real as that from which Lazarus rose not but by a miracle.

Begin a reformation, and custom will make it easy. But what if the beginning be dreadful, the first steps not like climbing a mountain but going through fire? what if the whole system must undergo a change violent as that which we conceive of the mutation of form in some insects? what if a process comparable to flaying alive be to be gone through? is the weakness that sinks under such struggles to be confounded with the pertinacity which elings to other vices, which have induced no constitutional necessity, no engagement of the whole victim, body and soul?

I have known one in that state, when he has tried to abstain but for one evening,—though the poisonous potion had long ceased to bring back its first enchantments, though he was sure it would rather deepen his gloom than brighten it,—in the violence of the struggle, and the necessity he has felt of getting rid of the present sensation at any rate, I have known him to scream out, to cry alond, for the anguish and pain of the strife within him.

Why should I hesitate to declare, that the man of whom I speak is myself? I have no puling apology to make to mankind. I see them all in one way or another deviating from the pure reason. It is to my own nature alone I am accountable for the woe that I have brought upon it.

I believe that there are constitutions, robust heads and iron insides, whom scarce any excesses can hurt; whom brandy (I have seen them drink it like wine), at all events whom wine, taken in ever so plentiful measure, can do no worse injury to than just to muddle their faculties, perhaps never very pellucid. On them this discourse is wasted. They would but laugh at a weak brother, who, trying his strength with them, and coming off foiled from the contest, would fain persuade them that such agonistic exercises are dangerous. It is to a very different description of persons I speak. It is to the weak, the nervous; to those who feel the want of some artificial aid to raise their spirits in society to what is no more than the ordinary pitch of all around them without it. This is the secret of our drinking. Such must fly the convivial board in the first instance, if they do not mean to sell themselves for term of life.

Twelve years ago I had completed my six-andtwentieth year. I had lived from the period of leaving school to that time pretty much in solitude. My companions were chiefly books, or at most one or two living ones of my own book-loving and sober stamp. I rose early, went to bed betimes, and the faculties which God had given me, I have reason to think did not rust in me unused.

About that time I fell in with some companions of a different order. They were men of boisterous spirits, sitters up a-nights, disputants, drunken; yet seemed to have something noble about them. We dealt about the wit, or what passes for it after midnight jovially. Of the quality called fancy I certainly possessed a larger share than my companions. Encouraged by their applause, 1 set up for a professed joker! I, who of all men am least fitted for such an occupation, having, in addition to the greatest difficulty which I experience at all times of finding words to express my meaning, a natural nervous impediment in my speech!

Reader, if you are gifted with nerves like mine, aspire to any character but that of a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongne disposing you to that sort of conversation, especially if you hind a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play. Write an essay, pen a character or description,—but not as I do now, with tears trickling down your cheeks.

To be an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes; to be suspected by strangers, stared at by fools; to be esteemed dull when yon cannot be witty, to be applanded for witty when yon know that yon have been dull; to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no premeditation can give; to be spurred on to efforts which end in contempt; to be set on to provoke mirth which procures the procurer hatred; to give pleasure and be paid with squinting malice; to swallow dranghts of life-destroying wine which are to be distilled into airy breath to tickle vain auditors; to mortgage miscrable

morrows for nights of madness; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable drops of grudging applause,—are the wages of buffoonery and death.

Time, which has a sure stroke at dissolving all connections which have no solider fastening than this liquid cement, more kind to me than my own taste or penetration, at length opened my eyes to the supposed qualities of my first friends. No trace of them is left but in the vices which they introduced, and the habits they infixed. In them my friends survive still, and exercise ample retribution for any supposed infidelity that I may have been guilty of towards them.

My next more immediate companions were and are persons of such intrinsic and felt worth, that though accidentally their acquaintance has proved permicious to me, I do not know that if the thing were to do over again, I should have the courage to eachew the mischief at the price of forfeiting the benefit. I came to them recking from the steams of my late over-heated notions of companionship; and the slightest fuel which they unconsciously afforded, was sufficient to feed my old fires into a propensity.

They were no drinkers, but, one from professional habits, and another from a custom derived from his father, smoked tobaceo. The devil could not have devised a more subtle trap to re-take a blacksliding penitent. The transition, from gulping down draughts of liquid fire to puffing out innocuous blasts of dry smoke, was so like cheating him. But he is too hard for ns when we hope to commute. He beats us at barter; and when we think to set off a new failing against an old infirmity, 'tis odds but he puts the trick upon us of two for one. That (comparatively) white devil of tobacco brought with him in the end seven worse than himself.

It were impertinent to carry the reader through all the processes by which, from smoking at first with malt liquor, I took my degrees through thin wines, through stronger wine and water, through small punch, to those juggling compositions, which, under the name of mixed liquors, shur a great deal of brandy or other poison under less and less water continually, until they come next to uone, and so to uone at all. But it is hateful to disclose the secrets of my Tartarus.<sup>1</sup>

I should repel my readers, from a mere incapacity of believing me, were I to tell them what tobacco has been to me, the drndging service which I have paid, the slavery which I have vowed to it. How, when I have resolved to quit it, a feeling as of ingratitude has started up: how it has put on personal claims and made the demands of a friend upon me. How the reading of it casually in a book, as where Adams takes his whiff in the chimney-corner of some inn in Joseph Andrews,<sup>2</sup> or Piscator in the Complete Angler <sup>3</sup> breaks his fast upon a morning pipe in that delicate room *Piscatoribus Sacrum*, has in a moment broken down the resistence of weeks. How a pipe was ever in my midnight path before me, till the vision foreed me to realize it,—how then its ascending vapors curled, its fragrance lulled, and the thousand delicious ministerings conversant about it, employing every faculty, extracted the sense of pain. How from illuminating it came to darken, from a quick solace it turned to a negative relief, thenee to a restlessness and dissatisfaction, thence to a positive misery.

How, even now, when the whole seeret stands eonfessed in all its dreadful truth before me, I feel myself linked to it beyond the power of revocation. Bone of my bone——

Persons not accustomed to examine the motives of their actions, to reekon up the countless nails that rivet the chains of habit, or perhaps being bound by none so obdurate as those I have confessed to, may recoil from this as from an overcharged picture. But what short of such a bondage is it, which in spite of protesting friends, a weeping wife and a reprobating world, chains down many a poor fellow, of no original indisposition to goodness, to his pipe and his pot?

I have seen a print after Correggio,<sup>1</sup> in which three female figures are ministering to a man who sits fast bound at the root of a tree. Sensuality is soothing him. Evil Habit is nailing him to a branch, and Repugnance at the same instant of time is applying a snake to his side. In his face is feeble delight, the recollection of past rather than perception of present pleasures, languid enjoyment of evil with utter imbecility to good, a Sybaritic effeminacy, a submission to bondage, the springs of the will gone down like a broken clock, the sin and the suffering co-instantaneous, or the latter forerunning the former, remorse preceding action—all this represented in one point of time.—When I saw this, I admired the wonderful skill of the painter. But when I went away, I wept, because I thought of my own condition.

Of that there is no hope that it should ever change. The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would ery out to all those who have but set foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will,-to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruins; -could be see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this 'night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry honrly with feebler and feebler outery to be delivered,-it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation; to make him clasp his teeth,

and not undo 'em To suffer WET DAMNATION to run thro' 'em.

Yea, but (methinks I hear somebody object) if sobriety be that fine thing you would have us to understand, if the comforts of a cool brain are to be preferred to that state of heated excitement which you describe and deplore, what hinders in your own instance that you do not return to those habits from which you would induce others never to swerve? if the blessing be worth preserving, is it not worth reeovering?

*Recovering1*—O if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to thee, pure element, the drink of children, and of child-like holy hermit. In my dreams I can sometimes famey thy cool refreshment purling over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes innocenee, only makes me siek and faint.

But is there no middle way betwixt total abstinence and the excess which kills you?—For your sake, reader, and that you may never attain to my experience, with pain I must utter the dreadful truth, that there is none, none that I can find. In my stage of habit (I speak not of habits less confirmed—for some of them I believe the advice to be most prudential) in the stage which I have reached, to stop short of that measure which is sufficient to draw on torpor and

# THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

sleep, the benumbing apoplectic sleep of the drunkard, is to have taken none at all. The pain of the self-deuial is all one. And what that is, I had rather the reader should believe on my credit, than know from his own trial. He will come to know it, whenever he shall arrive in that state, in which, paradoxical as it may appear, reason shall only visit him through intoxication: for it is a fearful truth, that the intellectual faculties by repeated acts of intemperance may be driven from their orderly sphere of action, their clear day-light ministries, until they shall be brought at last to depend, for the faint manifestation of their departing energies, upon the returning periods of the fatal madness to which they owe their devastation. The drinking man is never less himself than during his sober intervals. Evil is so far his good.\*

Behold mc then, in the robust period of life, reduced to imbecility and decay. Hear me count my gains, and the profits which I have derived from the midnight cup.

Twelve years ago I was possessed of a healthy frame of mind and body. I was never strong, but I think my constitution (for a weak one) was as happily exempt from the tendency to any malady as it was possible to be. I scarce knew what it was to ail

\* When poor M\_\_\_\_\_ painted his last picture, with a pencil in one trembling hand and a glass of brandy and water in the other, his fingers owed the comparative steadiness, with which they were enabled to go through their task in an imperfect manner, to a temporary firmness derived from a repetition of practices, the general effect of which had shaken both them and him so terribly.

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anything. Now, except when I am losing myself in a sea of drink, I am never free from those uneasy sensations in head and stomach, which are so much worse to bear than any definite pains or aches.

At that time I was seldom in bcd after six in the morning, summer and winter. I awoke refreshed, and seldom without some merry thoughts in my head, or some piece of a song to welcome the new-born day. Now, the first feeling which besets me, after stretching out the hours of recumbence to their last possible extent, is a forecast of the wearisome day that lies before me, with a secret wish that I could have lain on still, or never awaked.

Life itself, my waking life, has much of the eonfusion, the trouble, and obscure perplexity, of an ill dream. In the day time I stumble upon dark mountains.

Business, which, though never particularly adapted to my nature, yet as something of necessity to be gone through, and therefore best undertaken with cheerfulness, I used to enter upon with some degree of alacrity, now wearies, affrights, perplexes me. I fancy all sorts of discouragements, and am ready to give up an occupation which gives me bread, from a harassing eonceit of incapacity. The slightest commission given me by a friend, or any small duty which I have to perform for myself, as giving orders to a tradesman, etc., haunts me as a labor impossible to be got through. So much the springs of action are broken.

# THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

The same cowardice attends me in all my intercourse with mankind. I dare not promise that a friend's honor, or his cause, would be safe in my keeping, if I were put to the expense of any manly resolution in defending it. So much the springs of moral action are deadened within me.

My favorite occupations in times past, now cease to entertain. I can do nothing readily. Application for ever so short a time kills me. This poor abstract of my condition was penned at long intervals, with scarcely any attempt at connection of thought, which is now difficult to me.

The noble passages which formerly delighted me in history or poetic fiction, now only draw a few weak tears, allied to dotage. My broken and dispirited nature seems to sink before anything great and admirable.

I perpetually catch myself in tears, for any cause, or none. It is inexpressible how much this infirmity adds to a sense of shame, and a general feeling of deterioration.

These are some of the instances, concerning which I can say with truth, that it was not always so with me.

Shall I lift up the veil of my weakness any further? or is this disclosure sufficient?

I am a poor nameless egotist, who have no vanity to consult by these Confessions. I know not whether I shall be laughed at, or heard seriously. Such as they are, I commend them to the reader's attention, if

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he find his own case any way touched. I have told him what I am come to. Let him stop in time.

#### POPULAR FALLACIES

#### Ι

#### THAT A BULLY IS ALWAYS A COWARD

THIS axiom contains a principle of compensation, which disposes us to admit the truth of it. But there is no safe trusting to dictionaries and definitions. We should more willingly fall in with this popular language, if we did not find brutality sometimes awkwardly coupled with valor in the same vocabulary. The comic writers, with their poetical justice, have contributed not a little to mislead us upon this point. To see a hectoring fellow exposed and beaten upon the stage, has something in it wonderfully diverting. Some people's share of animal spirits is notoriously low and defective. It has not strength to raise a vapor, or furnish out the wind of a tolerable bluster. These love to be told that huffing is no part of valor. The truest courage with them is that which is the least noisy and obtrusive. But confront one of these silent heroes with the swaggerer of real life, and his confidence in the theory quickly vanishes. Pretensions do not uniformly bespeak non-performance. A modest inoffensive deportment does not necessarily imply valor; neither does the absence of it justify us

# THE ESSAYS OF ELLA

in denying that quality. Hickman<sup>1</sup> wanted modesty -we do not mean him of Clarissa-but who ever doubted his courage? Even the poets-upon whom this equitable distribution of qualities should be most binding-have thought it agreeable to nature to depart from the rule upon occasion. Harapha, in the "Agonistes," 2 is indeed a bully upon the received no-Milton has made him at once a blusterer, a tions. giant, and a dastard. But Almanzor,3 in Dryden, talks of driving armies singly before him-and does it. Tom Brown<sup>4</sup> had a shrewder insight into this kind of character than either of his predecessors. He divides the palm more equably, and allows his hero kicked by half the town, and half the town kicked by Bully Dawson." This was true distributive justice.

# $\mathbf{II}$

#### THAT ILL-GOTTEN GAIN NEVER PROSPERS

The weakest part of mankind have this saying commonest in their mouth. It is the trite consolation administered to the easy dupe, when he has been tricked out of his money or estate, that the acquisition of it will do the owner *no good*. But the rogues of this world—the prudenter part of them, at least know better: and, if the observation had been as true as it is old, would not have failed by this time to have discovered it. They have pretty sharp distinctions of the fluctuating and the permanent.

"Lightly eome, lightly go," is a proverb, which they ean very well afford to leave, when they leave little else, to the losers. They do not always find manors, got by rapine or chicanery, insensibly to melt away, as the poets will have it; or that all gold glides, like thawing snow, from the thief's hand that grasps it. Church land, alienated to lay uses, was formerly denounced to have this slippery quality. But some portions of it somehow always stuck so fast, that the denunciators have been fain to postpone the prophecy of refundment to a late posterity.

## III

# THAT A MAN MUST NOT LAUGH AT HIS OWN JEST

The severest exaction surely ever invented upon the self-denial of poor human nature! This is to expect a gentleman to give a treat without partaking of it; to sit esurient at his own table, and commend the flavor of his venison upon the absurd strength of his never touching it himself. On the contrary, we love to see a wag *taste* his own joke to his party; to watch a quirk, or a merry conceit, flickering upon the lips some seconds before the tongue is delivered of it. If it be good, fresh, and racy—begotten of the occasion; if he that utters it never thought it before, he is naturally the first to be tickled with it; and any suppression of such complacence we hold to be churlish and insulting. What does it seem to imply, but that your company is weak or foolish enough to be moved by an image or a fancy, that shall stir you not at all, or but faintly? This is exactly the humor of the fine gentleman in Mandeville,<sup>1</sup> who, while he dazzles his guests with the display of some costly toy, affects himself to "see nothing considerable in it."

# IV

# THAT SUCH A ONE SHOWS HIS BREEDING-THAT IT IS EASY TO PERCEIVE HE IS NO GENTLEMAN

A speech from the poorer sort of people, which always indicates that the party vituperated is a gentle-The very fact which they deny, is that which man. galls and exasperates them to use this language. The forbearance with which it is usually received, is a proof what interpretation the bystander sets upon it. Of a kin to this, and still less politic, are the phrases with which, in their street rhetoric, they ply one another more grossly; - He is a poor creature. - He has not a rag to cover\_\_\_\_, etc.; though this last, we confess is more frequently applied by females to females. They do not perceive that the satire glances upon themselves. A poor man, of all things in the world, should not upbraid an antagonist with poverty. Are there no other topics-as, to tell him his father was hanged-his sister, etc.----, without exposing a secret, which should be kept snug between them; and doing an affront to the order to which they have the honor equally to belong? All this while they do not

see how the wealthier man stands by and laughs in his sleeve as both.

V

#### THAT THE POOR COPY THE VICES OF THE RICH

A smooth text to the latter; and, preached from the pulpit, is sure of a doeile audience from the pews lined with satin. It is twice sitting upon velvet to a foolish squire to be told, that he-and not perverse nature, as the homilies would make us imagine, is the true cause of all the irregularities in his parish. This is striking at the root of free-will indeed, and denying the originality of sin in any sense. But men are not such implicit sheep as this comes to. If the abstinence from evil on the part of the upper elasses is to derive itself from no higher principle than the apprehension of setting ill patterns to the lower, we beg leave to discharge them from all squeamishness on that score: they may even take their fill of pleasures, where they can find them. The Genius of Poverty. hampered and straitened as it is, is not so barren of invention but it can trade upon the staple of its own vice, without drawing upon their capital. The poor are not quite such servile imitators as they take them for. Some of them are very elever artists in their way. Here and there we find an original. Who taught the poor to steal, to pilfer? They did not go to the great for schoolmasters in these faculties surely. It is well if in some views they allow us to be-no

copyists. In no other sense is it true that the poor eopy them, than as servants may be said to *take after* their masters and mistresses, when they succeed to their reversionary cold meats. If the master, from indisposition or some other cause, neglect his food, the servant dines notwithstanding.

"O, but (some will say) the force of example is great." We knew a lady who was so serupulous on this head, that she would put up with the calls of the most impertinent visitor, rather than let her servant say she was not at home, for fear of teaching her maid to tell an untruth; and this in the very face of the fact, which she knew well enough, that the wench was one of the greatest liars upon the earth without teaching; so much so, that her mistress possibly never heard two words of consecutive truth from her in her life. But nature must go for nothing: example must be everything. This liar in grain, who never opened her mouth without a lie, must be guarded against a remote inference, which she (pretty easuist!) might possibly draw from a form of words-literally false, but essentially deceiving no one-that under some eireumstances a fib might not be so exceedingly sinful-a fiction, too, not at all in her own way, or one that she could be suspected of adopting, for few servant-wenches care to be denied to visitors.

This word *example* reminds us of another fine word which is in use upon these oceasions—*encouragement*. "People in our sphere must not be thought to give eneouragement to such proceedings." To such a frantic height is this principle eapable of being earricd, that we have known individuals who have thought it within the scope of their influence to sanction despair, and give *eclat* to—suicide. A domestie in the family of a county member lately deceased, from love, or some unknown eause, cut his throat, but not successfully. The poor fellow was otherwise much loved and respected; and great interest was used in his behalf, upon his recovery, that he might be permitted to retain his place; his word being first pledged, not without some substantial sponsors to promise for him, that the like should never happen again. His master was inclinable to keep him, but his mistress thought otherwise; and John in the end was dismissed, her ladyship deelaring that she "could not think of encouraging any such doings in the county."

#### VI

#### THAT ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST

Not a man, woman, or child in ten miles round Guildhall, who really believes this saying. The inventor of it did not believe it himself. It was made in revenge by somebody, who was disappointed of a regale. It is a vile cold-serag-of-mutton sophism; a lie pahned upon the palate, which knows better things. If nothing else could be said for a feast, this is sufficient, that from the superflux there is usually something left for the next day. Morally interpreted, it

belongs to a class of proverbs, which have a tendency to make us undervalue money. Of this east are those notable observations, that money is not health; riches cannot purchase every thing; the metaphor which makes gold to be mere muck, with the morality which traces fine clothing to the sheep's back, and denounces pearl as the unhandsome excretion of an oyster. Hence, too, the phrase which inputes dirt to acresa sophistry so barefaced, that even the literal sense of it is true only in a wet season. This, and abundance of similar sage saws assuming to inculcate content, we verily believe to have been the invention of some cunning borrower, who had designs upon the purse of his wealthier neighbor, which he could only hope to carry by force of these verbal jugglings. Translate any one of these sayings out of the artful metonyme which envelops it, and the trick is apparent. Goodly legs and shoulders of mutton, exhilarating cordials, books, pictures, the opportunities of seeing foreign countries, independence, heart's ease, a man's own time to himself, are not muck-however we may be pleased to scandalize with that appellation the faithful metal that provides them for us.

### VII

## OF TWO DISPUTANTS, THE WARMEST IS GENERALLY IN THE WRONG

Our experience would lead us to quite an opposite conclusion. Temper, indeed, is no test of truth; but

warmth and carnestness are a proof at least of a man's own conviction of the rectitude of that which he maintains. Coolness is as often the result of an unprincipled indifference to truth or falsehood, as of a sober confidence in a man's own side in a dispute. Nothing is more insulting sometimes than the appearance of this philosophic temper. There is little Titubus, the stammering law-stationer in Lincoln's Inn-we have seldom known this shrewd little fellow engaged in an argument where we were not convinced he had the best of it, if his tongue would but fairly have seconded him. When he has been spluttering excellent broken sense for an hour together, writhing and laboring to be delivered of the point of dispute-the very gist of the controversy knocking at his teeth, which like some obstinate iron-grating still obstructed its deliverance-his puny frame convulsed, and face reddening all over at an unfairness in the logic which he wanted articulation to expose, it has moved our gall to see a smooth portly fellow of an adversary, that cared not a button for the merits of the question, by merely laying his hand upon the head of the stationer, and desiring him to be calm (your tall disputants have always the advantage), with a provoking sneer carry the argument clean from him in the opinion of all the bystanders, who have gone away clearly convinced that Titubus must have been in the wrong because he was in a passion; and that Mr----, meaning his opponent, is one of the fairest, and at the same time one of the most dispassionate arguers breathing.

#### VIII

# THAT VERBAL ALLUSIONS ARE NOT WIT, BECAUSE THEY WILL NOT BEAR A TRANSLATION

The same might be said of the wittiest local allusions. A eustom is sometimes as difficult to explain to a foreigner as a pun. What would become of a great part of the wit of the last age, if it were tried by this test? How would certain topics, as aldermanity, cuckoldry, have sounded to a Terentian auditory, though Terence 1 himself had been alive to translate them? Senator urbanus, with Curruca<sup>2</sup> to boot for a synonym, would but faintly have done the business. Words, involving notions, are hard enough to render; it is too much to expect us to translate a sound, and give an elegant version to a jingle. The Virgilian harmony is not translatable, but by substituting harmonious sounds in another language for it. To Latinize a pun, we must seek a pun in Latin, that will answer to it; as, to give an idea of the double endings in Hudibras,3 we must have recourse to a similar practice in the old monkish doggerel. Dennis,4 the fiercest oppugner of puns in ancient or modern times, professes himself highly tiekled with the "a stick" chiming to "eeclesiastie." Yet what is this but a species of pun, a verbal consonance?

### POPULAR FALLACIES

## IX

#### THAT THE WORST PUNS ARE THE BEST

If by the worst be only meant the most far-fctched and startling, we agree to it. A pun is not bound by the laws which limit niecr wit. It is a pistol let off at the ear; not a feather to tickle the intellect. It is an antic which does not stand upon manners, but comes bounding into the presence, and does not show the less comic for being dragged in sometimes by the head and shoulders. What though it limp a little, or prove defective in one lcg-all the better. A pun may easily be too curious and artificial. Who has not at one time or other been at a party of professors (himself perhaps an old offender in that line), where, after ringing a round of the most ingenious eoneeits, every man contributing his shot, and some there the most experts shooters of the day; after making a poor word run the gauntlet till it is ready to drop; after hunting and winding it through all the possible ambages of similar sounds; after squeezing and hauling, and tugging at it, till the very milk of it will not yield a drop further,-suddenly some obscure, unthought-of fellow in the corner, who was never prentice to the trade, whom the company for very pity passed over, as we do by a known poor man when a money-subscription is going round, no one calling upon him for his quota -- has all at once come out with something so whimsical, yet so pertinent; so brazen in its pretensions, yet so impossible to be denied; so exquisitely good, and so deplorably bad, at the same time,—that it has proved a Robin Hood's shot;<sup>1</sup> any thing ulterior to that is despaired of; and the party breaks up, unanimously voting it to be the very worst (that is, best) pun of the evening. This species of wit is the better for not being perfect in all its parts. What it gains in completeness, it loses in naturalness. The more exactly it satisfies the critical, the less hold it has upon some other facenttics. The puns which are most entertaining are those which will least bear an analysis. Of this kind is the following, recorded with a sort of stigma, in one of Swift's Miseellanies.<sup>2</sup>

An Oxford scholar, meeting a porter who was earrying a hare through the streets, accosts him with this extraordinary question: "Prithee, friend, is that thy own hare, or a wig?"

There is no excusing this, and no resisting it. A man might blur ten sides of paper in attempting a defense of it against a critic who should be laughterproof. The quibble in itself is not considerable. It is only a new turn given, by a little false pronunciation, to a very common, though not very courteous inquiry. Put by one gentleman to another at a dinner-party, it would have been vapid; to the mistress of the house, it would have shown much less wit than rudeness. We must take in the totality of time, place, and person; the pert look of the inquiring scholar, the desponding looks of the puzzled porter;

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the one stopping at leisure, the other hurrying on with his burthen; the innocent though rather abrupt tendency of the first member of the question, with the utter and inextricable irrelevancy of the second; the place-a public street, not favorable to frivolous investigations; the affrontive quality of the primitive inquiry (the common question) invidiously transferred to the derivative (the new turn given to it) in the implied satire; namely, that few of that tribe are expected to eat of the good things which they carry, they being in most countries considered rather as the temporary trustees than owners of such dainties,—which the fellow was beginning to understand; but then the wig again comes in, and he can make nothing of it; all put together constitute a picture: Hogarth could have made it intelligible on canvas.

Yet nine out of ten crities will pronounce this a very bad pun, because of the defectiveness in the coneluding member, which is its very beauty, and constitutes the surprise. The same persons shall cry up for admirable the cold quibble from Virgil about the broken Cremona;\*<sup>1</sup> because it is made out in all its parts, and leaves nothing to the imagination. We venture to call it cold; because of thousands who have admired it, it would be difficult to find one who has heartily chuckled at it. As appealing to the judgment merely (setting the risible faculty aside), we must pronounce it a monument of curious felicity. But as some stories are said to be too good to be true,

it may with equal truth be asserted of this bi-verbal allusion, that it is too good to be natural. One cannot help suspecting that the incident was invented to fit the line. It would have been better had it been less perfect. Like some Virgilian hemistichs, it has suffered by filling up. The *nimium Vicina*<sup>1</sup> was enough in conscience; the *Cremonæ* afterwards loads it. It is in fact a double pun; and we have always observed that a superfætation in this sort of wit is dangerous. When a man has said a good thing, it is seldom politic to follow it up. We do not care to be cheated a second time; or, perhaps, the mind of man (with reverence be it spoken) is not capacious enough to lodge two puns at a time. The impression, to be foreible, must be simultaneous and undivided.

# Х

#### THAT HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES

Those who use this proverb can never have seen Mrs. Conrady.

The soul, if we may believe Plotinus,<sup>2</sup> is a ray from the celestial beauty. As she partakes more or less of this heavenly light, she informs, with corresponding characters, the fleshly tenement which she chooses, and frames to herself a suitable mansion.

All which only proves that the soul of Mrs. Conrady, in her pre-existent state, was no great judge of architecture.

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To the same effect, in a Hymn in honor of Beauty, divine Spenser *platonizing*, sings:—

> " — Every spirit as it is more pure, And hath in it the more of heavenly light, So it the fairer body doth procure To habit in, and it more fairly dight With cheerful grace and amiable sight. For of the soul the body form doth take: For sonl is form and doth the body make."

But Spenser, it is clear, never saw Mrs. Conrady.

These poets, we find, are no safe guides in philosophy; for here, in his very next stanza but one, is a saving clause, which throws us all out again, and leaves us as much to seek as ever:—

> "Yet oft it falls, that many a gentle mind Dwells in deformed tabernaele drown'd, Either by chance, against the course of kind, Or through unaptness in the substance found, Which it assumed of some stubborn ground, That will not yield unto her form's direction, But is performed with some foul imperfection." 1

From which it would follow, that Spenser had seen somebody like Mrs. Conrady.

The spirit of this good lady—her previous anima —must have stumbled upon one of these untoward tabernacles which he speaks of. A more rebellious commodity of clay for a ground, as the poet calls it, no gentle mind—and sure hers is one of the gentlest—ever had to deal with.

Pondering upon her inexplicable visage-inexpli-

eable, we mean, but by this modification of the theory—we have come to a conclusion that, if one must be plain, it is better to be plain all over, than, amidst a tolerable residue of features, to hang out one that shall be exceptionable. No one can say of Mrs. Conrady's countenance that it would be better if she had but a nose. It is impossible to pull her to pieces in this manner. We have seen the most malicious beauties of her own sex baffled in the attempt at a selection. The tout ensemble defies particularizing. It is too complete-too consistent, as we may sayto admit of these invidious reservations. It is not as if some Appelles 1 had pieked out here a lip-and there a ehin-out of the collected ugliness of Greece, to frame a model by. It is a symmetrical whole. We ehallenge the minutest connoisseur to eavil at any part or pareel of the countenance in question; to say that this, or that, is improperly placed. We are convinced that true ugliness, no less than is affirmed of true beauty, is the result of harmony. Like that too it reigns without a competitor. No one ever saw Mrs. Conrady, without pronouncing her to be the plainest woman that he ever met with in the course of his life. The first time that you are indulged with a sight of her face, is an era in your existence ever after. You are glad to have seen it-like Stonehenge. No one can pretend to forget it. No one ever apologized to her for meeting her in the street on such a day and not knowing her: the pretext would be too bare. Nobody ean mistake her for another. Nobody ean say of her, "I think I have seen that face somewhere, but I cannot call to mind where." You must remember that in such a parlor it first struck you-like a bust. You wondered where the owner of the house had pieked it up. You wondered more when it began to move its lips-so mildly too! No one ever thought of asking her to sit for her pieture. Loekets are for remembrance; and it would be clearly superfluous to haug an image at your heart, which, onee seen, ean never be out of it. It is not a mean face either; its entire originality preeludes that. Neither is it of that order of plain faces which improve upon aequaintance. Some very good but ordinary people, by an unwearied perseverance in good offices, put a cheat upon our eyes; juggle our senses out of their natural impressions; and set us upon diseovering good indications in a countenance, which at first sight promised nothing less. We deteet gentleness, which had escaped us, lurking about an under lip. But when Mrs. Conrady has done you a service, her face remains the same; when she has done you a thousand, and you know that she is ready to double the number, still it is that individual face. Neither ean you say of it, that it would be a good face if it were not marked by the small pox-a compliment which is always more admissive than excusatoryfor either Mrs. Conrady never had the small pox: or, as we say, took it kindly. No, it stands upon its ownmerits fairly. There it is. It is her mark, her token; that which she is known by.

## $\mathbf{XI}$

#### THAT WE MUST NOT LOOK A GIFT-HORSE IN THE MOUTH

Nor a lady's age in the parish register. We hope we have more delieacy than to do either; but some faces spare us the trouble of these dental inquiries. And what if the beast, which my friend would force npon my acceptance, prove, upon the face of it, a sorry Rosinante, a lean, ill-favored jade, whom no gentleman could think of setting up in his stables? Must I, rather than not be obliged to my friend, make her a companion to Eclipse or Lightfoot? A horse-giver, no more than a horse-seller, has a right to palm his spavined article upon us for good ware. An equivalent is expected in either case; and, with my own good will, I would no more be cheated out of my thanks than out of my money. Some people have a knack of putting upon you gifts of no real value, to engage you to substantial gratitude. We thank them for nothing. Onr friend Mitis earries this humor of never refusing a present, to the very point of absurdity-if it were possible to eouple the ridienlous with so much mistaken delicacy, and real good nature. Not an apartment in his fine honse (and he has a true taste in household decorations), but is stuffed up with some preposterons print or mirror-the worst adapted to his panels that may be-the presents of his friends that know his weakness; while his noble Vandykes are displaced, to make

room for a set of daubs, the work of some wretched artist of his aequaintance, who, having had them returned upon his hands for bad likenesses, finds his account in bestowing them here gratis. The good ereature has not the heart to mortify the painter at the expense of an honest refusal. It is pleasant (if it did not vex one at the same time) to see him sitting in his dining parlor, surrounded with obseurc aunts and cousins to God knows whom, while the true Lady Marys and Lady Bettys of his own honorable family, in favor to these adopted frights, are consigned to the stairease and the lumber-room. In like manner his goodly shelves are one by one stripped of his favorite old authors, to give place to a collection of presentation eopies-the flour and bran of modern poetry. A presentation copy, reader, —if haply you are yet innocent of such favors—is a eopy of a book which does not sell, sent you by the author, with his foolish autograph at the beginning of it; for which, if a stranger, he only demands your friendship; if a brother author he expects from you a book of yours, which does sell, in return. We can speak to experience, having by us a tolerable assortment of these gift-horses. Not to ride a metaphor to death-we are willing to aeknowledge, that in some gifts there is sense. A duplicate out of a friend's library (where he has more than one copy of a rare author) is intelligible. There are favors, short of the pecuniary—a thing not fit to be hinted at among gentlemen—which eonfer as much grace upon the ac-

eeptor as the offerer; the kind, we confess, which is most to our palate, is of those little coneiliatory missives, which for their vehicle generally choose a hamper-little odd presents of game, fruit, perhaps wine -though it is essential to the delicacy of the latter that it be home-made. We love to have our friend in the country sitting thus at our table by proxy; to apprehend his presence (though a hundred miles may be between us) by a turkey, whose goodly aspeet reflects to us his "plump eorpusculum;" to taste him in grouse or woodcock; to feel him gliding down in the toast peculiar to the latter; to concorporate him in a slice of Canterbury brawn. This is indeed to have him within ourselves; to know him intimately: such participation is methinks unitive, as the old theologians phrase it. For these considerations we should be sorry if certain restrictive regulations, which are thought to bear hard upon the pleasantry of this country, were entirely done away with. A hare, as the law now stands, makes many friends. Caius eoneiliates Titius (knowing his gout) with a leash of partridges. Titius (suspecting his partiality for them) passes them to Lueins; who in his turn, preferring his friend's relish to his own, makes them over to Marcius; till in their ever-widening progress, and round of uneonscious circum-migration, they distribute the seeds of harmony over half a parish. We are well disposed to this kind of sensible remembranees; and are the less apt to be taken by those little airy tokens-impalpable to the palate-which,

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under the names of rings, loekets, keep-sakes, amuse some people's fancy mightily. We could never away with these indigestible trifles. They are the very kiekshaws and foppery of friendship.

### $\mathbf{XII}$

#### THAT HOME IS HOME THOUGH IT IS NEVER SO HOMELY

Homes there are, we are sure, that are no homes; the home of the very poor man, and another which we shall speak to presently. Crowded places of cheap entertainment, and the benehes of ale-houses, if they could speak, might bear mournful testimony to the first. To them the very poor man resorts for an image of the home, which he eannot find at home. For a starved grate, and a seanty firing, that is not enough to keep alive the natural heat in the fingers of so many shivering ehildren with their mother, he finds in the depths of winter always a blazing hearth, and a hob to warm his pittanee of beer by. Instead of the elamors of a wife, made gaunt by famishing, he meets with a eheerful attendance beyond the merits of the trifle which he can afford to spend. He has companions which his home denies him, for the very poor man has no visitors. He ean look into the goings on of the world, and speak a little to polities. At home there are no polities stirring, but the domestie. All interests, real or imaginary, all topics that should expand the mind of man, and connect him to a sympathy with general existence,

are erushed in the absorbing considerations of food to be obtained for the family. Beyond the price of bread, news is senseless and impertinent. At home there is no larder. Here there is at least a show of plenty; and while he eooks his lean serap of butcher's meat before the common bars, or munches his humbler eold viands, his relishing bread and cheese with an onion, in a eorner, where no one reflects upon his poverty, he has a sight of the substantial joint providing for the landlord and his family. He takes an interest in the dressing of it; and while he assists in removing the trivet from the fire, he feels that there is such a thing as beef and cabbage, which he was beginning to forget at home. All this while he deserts his wife and ehildren. But what wife, and what ehildren? Prosperous men, who object to this desertion, image to themselves some elean contented family like that which they go home to. But look at the countenance of the poor wives who follow and persecute their good man to the door of the public house, which he is about to enter, when something like shame would restrain him, if stronger misery did not induce him to pass the threshold. That face, ground by want, in which every eheerful, every conversable lineament has been long effaced by misery,is that a face to stay at home with? is it more a woman, or a wild eat? alas! it is the face of the wife of his youth, that once smiled upon him. It can smile no longer. What comforts can it share? what burthen can it lighten? Oh, 'tis a fine thing to talk

of the humble meal shared together! But what if there be no bread in the cupboard? The innocent prattle of his ehildren takes out the sting of a man's poverty. But the children of the very poor do not prattle. It is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is no childishness in its dwellings. Poor people, said a sensible old nurse to us once, do not bring up their children; they drag them up. The little careless darling of the wealthicr nursery, in their hovel is transformed betimes into a premature reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it, no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to soothe it, to toss it up and down, to humor it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it eries, it can only be beaten. It has been prettily said that "a babe is fed with milk and praise." But the aliment of this poor babe was thin, unnourishing; the return to its little baby-tricks, and efforts to engage attention, bitter ceaseless objurgation. It never had a toy, or knew what a coral meant. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses, it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing caress, the attracting novelty, the eostlier plaything, or the eheaper off-hand contrivance to divert the child; the prattled nonsense (best sense to it), the wise impertinences, the wholesome lies, the apt story interposed, that puts a stop to present sufferings, and awakens the passion of young wonder. It was never sung to-no one ever told to it a tale of the unrsery. It was dragged up, to live or to die as it happened. It had not

young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of life. A child exists not for the very poor as any object of dalliance; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labor. It is the rival, till it can be the co-operator, for food with the parent. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace; it never makes him young again, with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have no young times. It makes the very heart to bleed to overhear the casual street-talk between a poor woman and her little girl, a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition rather above the squalid beings which we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery books, of summer holidays (fitting that age); of the promised sight, or play; of praised sufficiency at school. It is of mangling and elear-starching, of the price of coals, or of potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very outpourings of euriosity in idleness, are marked with forecast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman,-before it was a child. It has learned to go to market; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs; it is knowing, acute, sharpened; it never prattles. Had we not reason to say, that the home of the very poor is no home?

There is yet another home, which we are constrained to deny to be one. It has a larder, which the home of the poor man wants; its fireside conveniences, of which the poor dream not. But with all this, it is no home. It is—the house of the man that is infested with many visitors. May we be branded for the veriest churl, if we deny our heart to the many nobleheated friends that at times exchange their dwelling for our poor roof! It is not of guests that we complain, but of endless, purposeless visitants; droppers in, as they are called. We sometimes wonder from what sky they fall. It is the very error of the position of our lodgings; its horoseopy was ill ealeulated, being just situate in a medium-a plaguy suburban midspace-fitted to eatch idlers from town or country. We are older than we were, and age is easily put out of its way. We have fewer sands in our glass to reekon upon, and we cannot brook to see them drop in endlessly succeeding impertinences. At our time of life, to be alone sometimes is as needful as sleep. It is the refreshing sleep of the day. The growing infirmities of age manifest themselves in nothing more strongly, than in an inveterate dislike of interruption. The thing which we are doing, we wish to be permitted to do. We have neither much knowledge nor devices; but there are fewer in the place to which we hasten. We are not willingly put out of our way, even at a game of nine-pins. While youth was, we had vast reversions in time future; we are reduced to a present pittanee, and obliged to economize in that article. We bleed away our moments now as hardly as our dueats. We cannot bear to have our thin wardrobe eaten and fretted into by moths. We are willing to barter our good

time with a friend, who gives us in exchange his own. Herein is the distinction between the genuine guest and the visitant. This latter takes your good time, and gives you his bad in exchange. The guest is domestic to you as your good eat, or household bird; the visitant is your fly, that flaps in at your window, and out again, leaving nothing but a sense of disturbance, and victuals spoiled. The inferior functions of life begin to move heavily. We cannot eoncoet our food with interruptions. Our ehief meal, to be nutritive, must be solitary. With difficulty we can eat before a guest; and never understood what the relish of public feasting meant. Meats have no sapor, nor digestion fair play, in a crowd. The unexpected coming in of a visitant stops the machine. There is a punctual generation who time their ealls to the precise commencement of your dining-hournot to eat—but to see you eat. Our knife and fork drop instinctively, and we feel that we have swallowed our latest morsel. Others again show their genius, as we have said, in knocking the moment you have just sat down to a book. They have a peculiar compassionate sneer, with which they "hope that they do not interrupt your studies." Though they flutter off the next moment, to earry their impertinences to the nearest student that they eall their friend, the tone of the book is spoiled; we shut the leaves, and, with Dante's lovers,<sup>1</sup> read no more that day. It were well if the effect of intrusion were simply eo-extensive with its presence; but it mars all the good hours afterwards. These scratches in appearance leave an orifice that closes not hastily. "It is a prostitution of the bravery of friendship," says worthy Bishop Taylor, "to spend it upon impertinent people, who are, it may be, loads to their families, but can never ease my loads." This is the secret of their gaddings, their visits, and morning calls. They too have homes, which are—no homes.

## $\mathbf{XIII}$

#### THAT YOU MUST LOVE ME AND LOVE MY DOG

"Good sir, or madam, as it may be--we most willingly embraced the offer of your friendship. We long have known your excellent qualitics. We have wished to have you nearer to us; to hold you within the very innermost fold of our heart. We can have no reserve towards a person of your open and noble nature. The frankness of your humor suits us exactly. We have been long looking for such a friend. Quick --let us disburthen our troubles into each other's bosom---let us make our single joys shine by reduplication---But yap, yap, yap! what is this confounded eur? he has fastened his tooth, which is none of the bluntest, just in the fleshy part of my leg."

"It is my dog, sir. You must love him for my sake. Here, Test—Test—Test!"

"But he has bitten me."

"Ay, that he is apt to do, till you are better ac-

quainted with him. I have had him three years. He never bites me."

Yap, yap, yap!---"He is at it again."

"Oh, sir, you must not kiek him. He does not like to be kieked. I expect my dog to be treated with all the respect due to myself."

"But do you always take him out with you, when you go a friendship-hunting?"

"Invariably. "Tis the sweetest, prettiest, best-conditioned animal. I call him my *test*—the touchstone by which I try a friend. No one can properly be said to love me, who does not love him."

"Exense us, dear sir—or madam aforesaid—if upon further consideration we are obliged to decline the otherwise invaluable offer of your friendship. We do not like dogs."

"Mighty well, sir—you know the conditions—you may have worse offers. Come along, Test."

The above dialogue is not so imaginary, but that in the intercourse of life, we have had frequent oceasions of breaking off an agreeable intimacy by reason of these canine appendages. They do not always come in the shape of dogs; they sometimes wear the more plausible and human character of kinsfolk, near acquaintances, my friend's friend, his partner, his wife, or his children. We could never yet form a friendship—not to speak of more delicate correspondences—however much to our taste, without the intervention of some third anomaly, some impertinent clog affixed to the relation—the understood *dog* in

the proverb. The good things of life are not to be had singly, but come to us with a mixture; like a sehoolboy's holiday, with a task affixed to the tail of it. What a delightful eompanion is \* \* \*, if he did not always bring his tall eousin with him! He seems to grow with him; like some of those double births which we remember to have read of with such wonder and delight in the old "Athenian Oraele," where Swift commenced author by writing Pindarie Odes 1 (what a beginning for him!) upon Sir William Temple. There is the pieture of the brother, with the little brother peeping out at his shoulder; a species of fraternity, which we have no name of kin elose enough to comprehend. When \* \* \* comes, poking in his head and shoulder into your room, as if to feel his entry, you think, surely you have now got him to yourself-what a three-hours' ehat we shall have !- but ever in the hauneh of him, and before his diffident body is well disclosed in your apartment, appears the haunting shadow of the cousin, over-peering his modest kinsman, and sure to overlay the expected good talk with his insufferable procerity of stature, and uneorresponding dwarfishness of observation. Misfortunes seldom eome alone. 'Tis hard when a blessing eomes accompanied. Cannot we like Sempronia, without sitting down to chess with her eternal brother? or know Sulpieia, without knowing all the round of her card-playing relations? must my friend's brethren of necessity be mine also? must we be hand and glove with Dick Selby the par-

son, or Jack Selby the calico-printer, because W. S., who is neither, but a ripe wit and a critic, has the misfortune to claim a common parentage with them? Let him lay down his brothers; and 'tis odds but we will cast him in a pair of ours (we have a superflux) to balance the concession. Let F. H. lay down his garrulous uncle; and Honorins dismiss his vapid wife, and superfluous establishment of six boys: things between boy and manhood—too ripe for play, too raw for conversation—that come in, impudently staring their father's old friend out of countenance; and will neither aid, nor let alone, the conference: that we may once more meet upon equal terms, as we were wont to do in the disengaged state of bachelorhood.

It is well if your friend, or mistress, be content with these canicular probations. Few young ladies but in this sense keep a dog. But when Rutilia hounds at yon her tiger aunt; or Ruspina expects you to cherish and fondle her viper sister, whom she has preposterously taken into her bosom, to try stinging conclusions upon your constancy; they must not complain if the house be rather thin of suitors. Scylla<sup>1</sup> must have broken off many excellent matches in her time, if she insisted upon all, that loved her, loving her dogs also.

An excellent story to this moral is told of Merry.<sup>2</sup> of Della Cruscan memory. In tender youth, he loved and courted a modest appanage to the Opera, in truth a dancer, who had won him by the artless contrast

between her manners and situation. She seemed to him a native violet, that had been transplanted by some rude accident into that exotic and artificial hotbed. Nor, in truth, was she less genuine and sincere than she appeared to him. He wooed and won this flower. Only for appearance's sake, and for due honor to the bride's relations, she craved that she might have the attendance of her friends and kindred at the approaching solemnity. The request was too amiable not to be conceded: and in this solicitude for conciliating the good-will of mere relations, he found a presage of her superior attentions to himself, when the golden shaft should have "killed the flock of all affections else." The morning came : and at the Star and Garter, Richmond-the place appointed for the breakfasting-accompanied with one English friend, he impatiently awaited what reinforcements the bride should bring to grace the ceremony. A rich muster she had made. They came in six coaches-the whole corps du ballet-French, Italian, men and women. Monsieur De B., the famous pirouetter of the day, led his fair spouse, but craggy, from the banks of the Seine. The Prima Donna had sent her excuse. But the first and second Buffa were there; and Signor Se-, and Signora Ch-, and Madame V-, with a countless cavalcade besides of chorusers, figurantes, at the sight of whom Merry afterwards declared, that "then for the first time it struck him seriously that he was about to marry-a dancer." But there was no help for it. Besides, it was her day; these were,

in fact, her friends and kinsfolk. The assemblage, though whimsical, was all very natural. But when the bride-handing out of the last coach a still more extraordinary figure than the rest presented to him as her father—the gentleman that was to give her away-no less a person than Signor Delpini himself -with a sort of pride, as much as to say, See what I have brought to do us honor!---the thought of so extraordinary a paternity quite overcame him; and slipping away under some pretense from the bride and her motley adherents, poor Merry took horse from the back yard to the nearest sea-coast, from which, shipping himself to America, he shortly after consoled himself with a more congenial match in the person of Miss Brunton; relieved from his intended clown father, and a bevy of painted Buffas for bridemaids.

## XIV

#### THAT WE SHOULD RISE WITH THE LARK

At what precise minute that little airy musician doffs his night gear, and prepares to tune up his unseasonable matins, we are not naturalists enough to determine. But for a mere human gentleman—that has no orchestra business to call him from his warm bed to such preposterous exercises—we take ten, or half after ten (eleven, of course, during this Christmas solstice), to be the very earliest honr, at which he can begin to think of abandoning his pillow. To think of it, we say; for to do it in earnest, requires another half-hour's good eonsideration. Not but there are pretty sun-risings, as we are told, and such like gawds, abroad in the world, in summer time espeeially, some hours before what we have assigned; which a gentleman may see, as they say, only for getting up. But, having been tempted onee or twiee, in earlier life, to assist at those eeremonies, we confess our euriosity abated. We are no longer ambitious of being the sun's eourtiers, to attend at his morning levees. We hold the good hours of the dawn too saered to waste them upon such observances; which have in them, besides, something Pagan and Persie.<sup>1</sup> To say truth, we never anticipated our usual hour, or got up with the sun (as 'tis ealled), to go a journey, or upon a foolish whole day's pleasuring, but we suffered for it all the long hours after in listlessness and headaches; Nature herself sufficiently deelaring her sense of our presumption in aspiring to regulate our frail waking courses by the measures of that celestial and sleepless traveler. We deny not that there is something sprightly and vigorous, at the outset especially, in these break-of-day exeursions. It is flattering to get the start of a lazy world; to eonquer death by proxy in his image. But the seeds of sleep and mortality are in us; and we pay usually in strange qualms before night falls, the penalty of the unnatural inversion. Therefore, while the busy part of mankind are fast huddling on their clothes, are already up and about their occupations, content to have swallowed their sleep by wholesale;

we choose to linger a-bed, and digest our dreams. It is the very time to recombine the wandering images, which night in a confused mass presented; to snatch them from forgetfulness; to shape, and mold them. Some people have no good of their dreams. Like fast feeders, they gulp them too grossly, to taste them euriously. We love to enew the cud of a foregone vision; to collect the scattered rays of a brighter phantasm, or act over again, with firmer nerves, the sadder noeturnal tragedies; to drag into day-light a struggling and half-vanishing night-mare; to handle and examine the terrors, or the airy solaces. We have too much respect for these spiritual communications, to let them go so lightly. We are not so stupid, or so eareless, as that Imperial forgetter of his dreams, that we should need a seer to remind us of the form of them. They seem to us to have as much significanee as our waking concerns; or rather to import us more nearly, as more nearly we approach by years to the shadowy world, whither we are hastening. We have shaken hands with the world's business; we have done with it; we have discharged ourself of it. Why should we get up? we have neither suit to solicit, nor affairs to manage. The drama has shut in upon us at the fourth act. We have nothing here to expect, but in a short time a sick bed, and a dismissal. We delight to anticipate death by such shadows as night affords. We are already half acquainted with ghosts. We were never much in the world. Disappointment early struck a dark veil between us and

its dazzling illusions. Our spirits showed gray before our hairs. The mighty changes of the world already appear as but the vain stuff out of which dramas are composed. We have asked no more of life than what the mimic images in play-houses present us with. Even those types have waxed fainter. Our clock appears to have struck. We are SUPER-ANNUATED. In this dearth of mundane satisfaction, we contract politic alliances with shadows. It is good to have friends at court. The abstracted media of dreams seem no ill introduction to that spiritual presence, upon which, in no long time, we expect to be thrown. We are trying to know a little of the usages of that colony; to learn the language, and the faces we shall meet with there, that we may be the less awkward at our first coming among them. We willingly call a phantom our fellow, as knowing we shall soon be of their dark companionship. Therefore, we cherish dreams. We try to spell in them the alphabet of the invisible world; and think we know already, how it shall be with us. Those uncouth shapes, which, while we clung to flesh and blood, affrighted us, have become familiar. We feel attennated into their meager essences, and have given the hand of half-way approach to incorporeal being. We once thought life to be something; but it has unaccountably fallen from us before its time. Therefore we choose to dally with visions. The sun has no purposes of ours to light us to. Why should we get up?

#### XV

#### THAT WE SHOULD LIE DOWN WITH THE LAMB

We could never quite understand the philosophy of this arrangement, or the wisdom of our aneestors in sending us for instruction to these woolly bedfellows. A sheep, when it is dark, has nothing to do but to shut his silly eyes, and sleep if he can. Man found out long sixes .- Hail, eandle-light! without disparagement to sun or moon, the kindliest luminary of the three-if we may not rather style thee their radiant deputy, mild vieeroy of the moon !---We love to read, talk, sit silent, eat, drink, sleep, by eandlelight. They are everybody's sun and moon. This is our peculiar and household planet. Wanting it, what savage unsocial nights must our ancestors have spent, wintering in eaves and unillumined fastnesses! They must have lain about and grumbled at one another in the dark. What repartees could have passed, when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbor's check to be sure that he understood it? This accounts for the seriousness of the elder poetry. It has a somber east (try Hesiod or Ossian),<sup>1</sup> derived from the tradition of those unlantern'd nights. Jokes eame in with eandles. We wonder how they saw to pick up a pin, if they had any. How did they sup? what a melange of chance carving they must have made of it !---here one had got the leg of a goat, when he wanted a horse's shoulder-there another

had dipped his scooped palm in a kid-skin of wild honey, when he meditated right mare's milk. There is neither good eating nor drinking in fresco. Who, even in these civilized times, has never experienced this, when at some economic table he has commenced dining after dusk, and waited for the flavor till the lights came? The senses absolutely give and take reciprocally. Can you tell pork from veal in the dark? or distinguish Sherris from pure Malaga? Take away the candle from the smoking man; by the glimmering of the left ashes, he knows that he is still smoking, but he knows it only by an inference; till the restored light, coming in aid of the olfactories, reveals to both senses the full aroma. Then how he redoubles his puffs! how he burnishes!-There is absolutely no such thing as reading, but by a candle. We have tried the affectation of a book at noon-day in gardens, and in sultry arbors; but it was labor thrown away. Those gay motes in the beam come about you, hovering and teasing, like many coquettes, that will have you all to their self, and are jealous of your abstractions. By the midnight taper, the writer digests his meditations. By the same light, we must approach to their perusal, if we would eatch the flame, the odor. It is a mockery, all that is reported of the influential Phœbus.<sup>1</sup> No true poem ever owed its birth to the sun's light. They are abstracted works-

"Things that were born, when none but the still night, And his dumb candle, saw his pinching throes."

Marry, daylight-daylight might furnish the images, the erude material; but for the fine shapings, the true turning and filing (as mine author hath it), they must be content to hold their inspiration of the candle. The mild internal light, that reveals them, like fires on the domestic hearth, goes out in the sun-shine. Night and silence call out the starry fancies. Milton's Morning Hymn in Paradise, we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight; and Taylor's rich description of a sun-rise smells decidedly of the taper. Even ourselves, in these our humbler lueubrations, tune our best measured eadences (Prose has her eadenees) not unfrequently to the charm of the drowsier watchman, "blessing the doors;" or the wild sweeps of wind at midnight. Even now a loftier speculation than we have yet attempted, courts our endeavors. We would indite something about the Solar System.—Betty, bring the candles.

## XVI

#### THAT A SULKY TEMPER IS A MISFORTUNE

We grant that it is, and a very serions one—to a man's friends, and to all that have to do with him; but whether the condition of the man himself is so much to be deplored may admit of a question. We can speak a little to it, being ourself but lately reeovered—we whisper it in confidence, reader—out of a long and desperate fit of the sullen. Was the cure a blessing? The conviction which wrought it, came

too elearly to leave a scruple of the fanciful injuries -for they were mere fancies-which had provoked the humor. But the humor itself was too self-pleasing, while it lasted-we know how bare we lay ourself in the eonfession-to be abandoned all at onee with the grounds of it. We still brood over wrongs which we know to have been imaginary; and for our old acquaintance, N----, whom we find to be a truer friend than we took him for, we substitute some phantom-a Caius or Titius-as like him as we dare to form it, to wreak our yet unsatisfied resentments on. It is mortifying to fall at once from the pinnacle of neglect; to forego the idea of having been ill-used and contumaciously treated by an old friend. The first thing to aggrandize a man in his own conceit, is to conceive of himself as neglected. There let him fix if he can. To undeceive him is to deprive him of the most tickling morsel within the range of selfcomplacency. No flattery can come near it. Happy is he who suspects his friend of an injustice; but supremely blest, who thinks all his friends in a conspiracy to depress and undervalue him. There is a pleasure (we sing not to the profane) far beyond the reach of all that the world counts joy-a deep, enduring satisfaction in the depths, where the superficial seek it not, of discontent. Were we to recite one half of this mystery,-which we were let into by our late dissatisfaction, all the world would be in love with disrespect; we should wear a slight for a bracelet, and neglects and contumacies would be the

only matter for courtship. Unlike to that mysterious book in the Apocalypse,<sup>1</sup> the study of this mystery is unpalatable only in the commencement. The first sting of a suspicion is grievous; but wait-out of that wound, which to flesh and blood seemed so difficult, there is balm and honey to be extracted. Your friend passed you on such or such a day-having in his company one that you conceived worse than ambiguously disposed towards you,-passed you in the street without notice. To be sure he is something short-sighted; and it was in your power to have accosted him. But facts and sane inferences are trifles to a true adept in the science of dissatisfaction. He must have seen you; and S-, who was with him, must have been the eause of the contempt. It galls you, and well it may. But have patience. Go home, and make the worst of it, and you are a made man from this time. Shut yourself up, and-rejecting, as an enemy to your peace, every whispering suggestion that but insinuates there may be a mistake-reflect seriously upon the many lesser instances which you had begun to perceive, in proof of your friend's disaffection towards you. None of them singly was much to the purpose, but the aggregate weight is positive; and you have this last affront to elench them. Thus far the process is anything but agreeable. But now to your relief comes in the comparative faculty. You conjure up all the kind feelings you have had for your friend; what you have been to him. and what you would have been to him, if he would

have suffered you; how you defended him in this or that place; and his good name-his literary reputation, and so forth, was always dearer to you than your own! Your heart, spite of itself, yearns towards him. You could weep tears of blood but for a restraining pride. How say you? do you not yet begin to apprehend a comfort ? some allay of sweetness in the bitter waters? Stop not here, nor penuriously cheat yourself of your reversions .--- You are on vantage ground. Enlarge your speculations, and take in the rest of your friends, as a spark kindles more sparks. Was there one among them, who has not to you proved hollow, false, slippery as water? Begin to think that the relation itself is inconsistent with mortality. That the very idea of friendship, with its component parts, as honor, fidelity, steadiness, exists but in your single bosom. Image yourself to yourself, as the only possible friend in a world incapable of that communion. Now the gloom thickens. The little star of self-love twinkles, that is to encourage you through deeper glooms than this. You are not yet at the half point of your elevation. You are not yet, believe me, half sulky enough. Adverting to the world in general (as these circles in the mind will spread to infinity), reflect with what strange injustice you have been treated in quarters where (setting gratitude and the expectation of friendly returns aside as chimeras) you pretended no claim beyond justice, the naked due of all men. Think the very idea of right and fit fled from the earth, or your

breast the solitary receptacle of it, till you have swelled yourself into at least one hemisphere, the other being the vast Arabia Stony of your friends and the world aforesaid. To grow bigger every moment in your own conceit, and the world to lessen; to deify yourself at the expense of your species; to jndge the world—this is the acme and supreme point of your mystery-these are the true PLEASURES OF SULKINESS. We profess no more of this grand seeret than what ourself experimented on one rainy afternoon in the last week, sulking in our study. We had proceeded to the penultimate point, at which the true adept seldom stops, where the consideration of benefit forgot is about to merge in the meditation of general injustice-when a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of the very friend, whose not seeing of us in the morning (for we will now confess the ease our own), an accidental oversight, had given rise to so much agreeable generalization. To mortify us still more, and take down the whole flattering superstructure which pride had piled upon neglect, he had brought in his hand the identical S-, in whose favor we had suspected him of the contumacy. Asseverations were needless, where the frank manner of them both was convictive of the injurious nature of the suspieion. We fancied that they perceived our embarrassment; but were too proud, or something else, to confess to the secret of it. We had been but too lately in the condition of the noble patient in Argos :---

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Qui se credebat miros audire tragædos, In vacuo fætus sessor plausorque theatro —1

and could have exclaimed with equal reason against the friendly hands that cured us—

Pol, me occidistis, amici, Non scrvâstis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas, Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.<sup>2</sup>

THE END

# ESSAYS OF ELIA

27, 1. Elia. When Lamb wrote his first article for the London Magazine, he, wishing to remain anonymous, signed it Elia,—a nom de plume which he afterwards decided to retain. It was the name of an obscure Italian who was a fellow-elerk of the author's at the time he was employed in the South-Sea House.

#### THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE

2. This essay appeared in the London Magazine, in August, 1820, under the title Recollections of the South-Sca House. Lamb's connection with the house is described on page 9, Introduction.

3. Bank. Bank of England.

4. Flower Pot. An inn in London from which the coach for the north started.

5. Dalston or Shacklewell. Northern parts of London occupied by people in humble circumstances.

6. Balclutha's. In Macpherson's poem *Carthon*, a town belonging to the Britons, taken and destroyed by the father of the hero Fingal. Macpherson ascribed the poem to Ossian, claiming he had but translated it. Lamb was among those deceived, for in a foot-note he quotes from the Greek writer: "I passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate."

28, 1. Queen Anne (1664-1714). The last sovereign of the house of Stuart. She governed England from 1702 until her death.

2. Two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty. George 1 (1660-1727), who ruled England from 1714 to 1727, and George 11 (1683-1760), who followed him, ruling from 1727 to 1760.

3. "Unsunned heap." An expression from Milton.

You may as well spread ont the unsunned heaps

Of miser's treasure. Comus, ll. 398-399.

4. Mammon. The god of avariee and riches among the ancient Syriaus, a people dwelling in Palestine.

"Ye eannot serve God and Mammon."

Matthew V1, 24.

5. That famous Bubble. The South-Sea Bubble, a gigantic financial scheme, which failed in 1720. (See Green's Short History of the English People, Chap. IX, See. X.)

29, 1. Titan. A giant of great strength, who, with his associates, waged war against the gods, Saturn and Jupiter. (See classical dictionary.)

2. Vaux's superhuman plot. The "Gunpowder Plot," originated by Guido Vaux or Guy Fawkes in 1605 to destroy the Houses of Parliament.

30, 1. Herculaneum. One of the eities destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A. D. Excavations have revealed many interesting things, especially statues and manuscripts.

31, 1. Evans. William Evans, a clerk in the South-Sea llouse. Lamb throughout his essays nearly or quite always uses real rather than fietitious names.

2. Cambro-Briton. Welehman. Cambria was the Latin name for Wales.

3. Macearonics. An eighteenth century term for fops. The reader will recall its use in the song, *Yankee Doodle*.

32, 1. Pennant. Thomas Pennant (1726-1798), an archaelogist who published an Account of London in 1790.

2. Rosamond's pond. A small lake in St. James Park which was drained in 1770.

3. Mulberry Gardens. Public gardens near Buckingham Palace, so called because many mulberry trees grew there.

4. Cheap. Cheapside, a street in London well known to history.

5. Hogarth has immortalized in his picture of Noon. William Hogarth (1697-1764), an English artist much admired by Lamb. Among his paintings is one entitled *Noon*, the subject being a French Huguenot chapel in London.

6. Louis the Fourteenth and his dragoons. Louis the Fourteenth (1643-1715), king of France, by his harsh measures, drove fifty thousand Huguenots into exile. Many of them sought refuge in England, others in America.

7. Obscurities of Hog Lane, and the vicinity of the Seven Dials. Parts of London which were once largely occupied by foreigners and which were centers of extreme poverty.

8. Thomas Tame. Another elerk in the South-Sea House.

9. Westminster Hall. A building adjoining the Houses of Parliament, built by William II.

33, 1. His mind was in its original state of white paper. Taken from the works of John Locke. "Let us then suppose the mind to be, as we may say, white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas."

An Essay Concerning Human Understanding, Bk. 11, Chap. I. 2. Unfortunate house of Derwentwater. The Earl of Der-

2. Unfortunate house of Derwentwater. The Earl of Derwentwater (James Radcliffe, 1689–1716), was executed on a charge of treason for upholding the cause of the Pretender, James Francis Edward.

3. Decus et solamen. Honor and consolation. (See Virgil's *Encid*, Bk. X, l. 858.)

4. John Tipp. Still another clerk in the South-Sea House. Lamb's brother succeeded him as deputy accountant.

34. 1. Orphean lyre. Taken from Milton.

With other notes than to the Orphean lyre

I sang of Chaos and eternal Night.

Paradise Lost, Bk. 111, ll. 17-18.

Orpheus was a celebrated musician in Greek mythology. (See classical dictionary.)

2. Lord Midas. A legendary king of Phrygia who, acting as judge in a musical contest in which Apollo and Pan took part, awarded the prize to Pan, thus betraying his dense ignorance.

35, 1. Fortinbras. Prince of Norway, a character in Shakespeare's Hamlet.

36, 1. Greatly find quarrel in a straw. A quotation from *Hamlet*.

"Rightly to be great

Is not to stir without great argument,

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw

When honor's at the stake."

Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 1V, II. 55-56.

2. The dusty dead. Adapted from Shakespeare.

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools. The way to *dusty death*.

Macbeth, Act V, Sc. V, II. 21-22.

3. Henry Man. Still another clerk in the South-Sea House. He was the author of a number of humorous papers on various subjects.

4. Barbican. A street in London upon which Milton lived for a time.

5. "New-born gauds." A quotation from Shakespeare.

Oue touch of nature makes the whole world kin,

That all with one consent praise new-born gauds. Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. III, ll. 174-175.

6. Public Ledgers, and in Chronicles. Two London newspapers of the eighteenth century.

7. Chatham. William Pitt (1708-1778), a prominent statesman who upheld the American colonies in their controversies with the mother country. Shelburne. William Petty (1737-1805), prime minister in 1783 when England recognized the independence of America. Rockingham. Charles Wentworth (1730-1782), prime minister before Shelburne. Howe. Sir William Howe (1729-1814), a prominent English general in the Revolutionary War. Burgoyne. John Burgoyne (1722-1792), another British general in the same war; surrendered to Gates at Saratoga in 1777. Clinton. Sir Henry Clinton (1738-1795), still another British general in the same war.

8. Keppel. Augustus Keppel (1725-1786), an English admiral. Wilkes. John Wilkes (1727-1797), a eelebrated English politician who bitterly opposed the American war. Sawbridge. John Sawbridge (1732-1795), Lord Mayor of London from 1775 until his death. Bull. William Bull (1738-1814), Independent minister, elose friend of the poet Cowper. Dunning. John Dunning (1731-1783), Lord Ashburton, author of a bill in the llouse of Commons to lessen the power of the Crown. Pratt. Charles Pratt (1713-1794), afterwards Earl of Camden. Richmond. Charles Lennox (1735-1806), a supporter of the American colonies.

37, 1. Plumer. Richard Plumer, owner of the house deseribed in *Blakesmoor in II—shire*. He employed Lamb's grandmother, Mary Field, as house-keeper for more than fifty years.

2. Fine old whig still living. William Plumer, a politician of some repute.

3. George the Second's days. See note 28, 2.

4. Johnson's "Life of Cave." Samuel Johnson (1709-1784), a celebrated English essayist, poet, and lexicographer. He was at one time in the employ of Edward Cave, who drew upon himself the censure of Parliament for publishing

speeches made by members of that body which were incorrectly reported.

5. Pastoral M-. T. Maynard, still another clerk in the South-Sea House. Lamb says elsewhere that he hanged himself.

6. Arcadian melodies. In Greek mythology, Arcadia was the residence of Pan, god of shepherds. (See note 34, 2.) It was a place where happiness reigned without interruption.

7. Worthy of Arden, thou didst chant that song sung by Amiens to the banished Duke. See Shakespeare's As You Like it, Act II, Sc. VII.

38, 1. Newton. Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727), a great English philosopher and mathematician who discovered the law of gravitation.

2. Like Henry Pimpernel, and old John Naps of Greece. Names mentioned in the Introduction to Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew.

#### OXFORD IN THE VACATION

38, 3. The London Magazine, October, 1820.

4. Quis sculpsit. Literally, who has done the chiseling; freely, the name of the artist.

39, 1. A Vivares, or a Woollet. François Vivares (1709-1780), a celebrated landscape painter. He was a Frenchman by birth, but spent most of his life in London. William Woollet (1735-1785), a noted English landscape engraver.

40, 1. Red-letter days. It has long been the custom to mark the important church feast-days in red on the calendar; hence the expression.

2. Andrew and John, men famous in old times. Critics have not succeeded in placing this quotation.

 At school at Christ's. See page 9, Introduction.
 Basket Prayer-Book. A prayer-book published in 1749 by John Baskett (Note Lamb's spelling), printer to King George II.

5. Peter in his uneasy posture. Peter is reputed to have been crucified with his head downward. June 29 is the day sacred to him.

6. Bartlemy in the troublesome act of flaying. Saint Bartholomew, according to tradition, was flayed alive. August 24 is the day sacred to him.

7. Marsyas by Spagnoletti. A painting by the Spanish artist, José Ribera (1588-1656), commonly known as Spag-

noletti, of Apollo flaying Marsyas, a satyr, who had challenged him to a musical contest.

8. Better Jude. Saint Jude the apostle, as distinguished from Judas Iscariot.

41, 1. "Far off their coming shone." Adapted from Milton.

Attended with ten thousand thousaud Saints

He onward came; far off his coming shone.

Paradise Lost, Bk. VI, 1, 768.

2. Epiphany. A church festival celebrated on the sixth of January, the twelfth day after Christmas, in commemoration of the appearance of the Saviour to the wise men of the East.

3. Selden, nor Arch-bishop Usher. John Selden (1581-1654), an English jurist and antiquary who wrote several legal and theological treatises of great merit. James Usher (1580-1656), an arch-bishop in the Church of England who wrote a celebrated work on biblical chronology.

4. Bodley, Sir Thomas Bodley (1545-1613), founded the great Bodleian Library of Oxford University near which Lamb lived at the time he wrote this essay.

5. Ad eundem. To the same standing. 42, 1. Trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen. Christ Church and St. Mary Magdalen College are two of the most noted colleges of Oxford University.

2. Cooked for Chancer. Geoffrey Chancer (1340?-1400), the "father" of English poetry. There is no record that shows he attended school at Oxford.

43, 1. Half Januses. Janus, a Latin god, represented with two faces looking in opposite directions. (See classical die tionary.)

2. Oxenford. An obsolete name for Oxford.

3. Variæ lectiones. Different readings.

4. Hereulanean raker. See note 30, 1, The South-Sea House.

44, I. Porson and to G. D-, Richard Porson (1759-1808), a noted Greek scholar and professor at Oxford, G. D-. George Dyer (1775-1811), a friend of Lamb who wrote a History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge and a Life of Robert Robinson.

2. Oriel. One of the colleges at Oxford.

3. Scapula. A writer of the sixteenth century who published a Greek lexicon.

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4. Clifford's Inn. An inn of chancery in London; originally a law school.

45, 1. In manu. In hand.

2. Temple. See note 175, 1, The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple.

3. **Our friend M's.** Basil Montague, who edited Lord Baeon's works. He was a close friend of Lamb.

46, 1. Queen Lar. In Roman mythology, the Lars or Lares were the guardian spirits of homes. (See classical dictionary.)

2. Pretty A. S. Anne Skepper, daughter to Mrs. Montague, afterwards married to B. W. Proeter. (Lamb's note.)

3. Another Sosia. Sosia, a slave in Amphitryon, by Plautus (?-184 B. C.), a Roman dramatist.

4. Mount Tabor — or Parnassus. Mount Tabor, the seene of the Transfiguration. Parnassus. In classical mythology, the home of the Muses.

5. Plato — or, with Harrington. Plato (429-347 B. C.), the famous Greek philosopher. James Harrington (1611-1677), author of the Commonwealth of Oceana.

47, 1. Cam and the Isis. Rivers that flow near Oxford and Cambridge.

2. Waters of Damascus. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damaseus, better than all the waters of Israel?

II Kings V, 12.

3. Delectable Mountains. The mountains from which the sojourners see the Celestial City, as described in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Part I.

4. Interpreter at the House Beautiful. The owner of a house beyond the Wicket Gate in *Pilgrim's Progress*.

#### CHRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE AND TIHRTY YEARS AGO

47, 5. The London Magazine, November, 1820. In June, 1813, an essay by Lamb, entitled *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*, appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and later was included in the collection of his works made in 1818. It was a serions attempt to show to the public the value and dignity of the school the author had attended. The later paper, as the reader will discover, deals rather with the eustoms and practices of the institution.

6. Mr. Lamb's "Works." Lamb's works were published in 1818 in two small volumes, which contained poems, a tragedy, the tale of Rosamund Gray, and various essays of which *Recollections of Christ's Hospital* was one. (See note 47, 5, above.)

7. Between the years of 1782 and 1789. The years Lamb attended Christ's Hospital. (See page 9, Introduction.)

48, 1. Caro equina. Horse flesh.

49, 1. The ravens ministered to the Tishbite. See I Kings XVII, 6.

2. Calne in Wiltshire. A reference to Coleridge's home at Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire. 51, 1. Lions in the Tower. The royal menagerie was kept

in London Tower until 1834, when it was taken to Regent's Park.

2. L's governor. Mr. Salt for whom Lamb's father worked and who helped secure the author a place at Christ's Hospital. (See-page 9, Introduction.)

3. H-. Hodges. (Lamb's note.)

52, 1. Nevis. An island belonging to the British West Indies.

2. St. Kitts. Also an island of the British West Indies. It is usually ealled St. Christopher.

3. Nero. (37-68), the cruel and tyrannical emperor who ruled Rome from 54 to 68 A. D.

4. Caligula's minion. Caligula (12-41), a Roman emperor, made his favorite horse a consul and priest, and fed him from a marble manger.

53, 1. Verrio. Autonio Verrio (1639-1707), an Italian decorative painter employed by Charles II.

2. Blue-coat boys. The boys at Christ's Hospital, from the time it was founded (1553) to the present, have worn blue gowns. This accounts for the name, Blue-Coat School, which is often applied to the institution.

3. To feed our mind with idle portraiture. A free translation of Virgil's Ancid, Bk. I, l. 464.

4. 'Twas said, He ate strange flesh. Adapted from Shakespeare.

> It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh, Which some did die to look on. Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Se. IV. 11. 68-69.

56, 1. Bedlam. An asylum for lunaties in Loudon; for merly the hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem. 2. Auto da fé. Act of faith. (Portugnese.)

57, 1. Disfigurements in Dante. A reference to The Inferno by the Italian poet, Dante Alighieri (1265-1321).

2. Ultima Supplicia. Extreme punishments.

3. San Benito. A robe painted with hideous figures, worn by persons condemned by the Inquisition.

58, 1. Pyrenees. A range of mountains which separate France and Spain. After the Moorish conquest of Spain in the eighth century, these mountains marked the boundary between Christian and Mohammedan.

59, 1. Insolent Greece or haughty Rome. Quoted from Ben Jonson.

> Leave thee alone, for the comparison Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome. To the Memory of Shakespeare, 11. 38-39.

2. Peter Wilkins. The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins, an extravagant tale somewhat like Robinson Crusoe, which was published in 1751 by Robert Paltock (1697-1767), an English writer.

3. Rousseau and John Locke. Jacques Rousseau (1712– 1778), a French philosopher and educational reformer. John Locke (1632–1704), an English philosopher, who like Rousseau, was also an educational reformer. They both taught that the student is to be led to look upon his studies with pleasure rather than as a task.

60, 1. Phædrus. A Roman writer of fables who lived in the early part of the first century A. D.

2. Helots. Spartan slaves.

3. Xenophon and Plato. Celebrated Greek historian and philosopher of the fifth century B. C. (See note 46, 5, Oxford in the Vacation.)

4. Silence as deep as that enjoined by the Samite. A reference to the practice of Pythagoras, a Greek philosopher of the sixth century B. C., who required his followers to keep silent on all matters concerning their study with him.

5. Goshen. The part of Egypt in which the Israelites lived before their departure for the Holy Land. It was free from the plagues that visited the Egyptians.

6. Gideon's miracle. See Judges VI, 37-40.

61, 1. Ululantes. The howling ones.

2. Tartarus. In classical mythology, the infernal regions.

3. Scrannel Pipes. Taken from Milton.

Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.

Lycidas, 1. 124.

4. Flaccus's quibble about Rex. A reference to llorace's

Satires I. VII, 35. Quintus Horatius Flaecus (65-8 B. C.), a great Roman writer, commonly called Horace.

5. Tristis severitas in vultu, or inspicere in patinas, of Terence. Grim severity in his countenance or looking upon the dishes. Publins Terentius Afer (185?-159? B. C.), a eelebrated Roman comic poet.

62, 1. Rabidus furor. Raging fury.

63, 1. Country Spectator. A periodical founded by Thomas Middleton (1769-1822), an English clergyman.

 Dr. T-e. Dr. Trollope (Lamb's note.)
 64, 1. Cicero De Amicitia. Cicero on Friendship. Marens Tullius Cicero (106-43 B. C.), a celebrated Roman orator, statesman, philosopher, and writer.

Th- Thornton (Lamb's note.) 2.

3. Regni novitas. New power.

4. Jewel or Hooker. Theological writers and clergymen of the Church of England in the sixteenth century.

5. Poor S-. Scott; died in Bedlam. (Lamb's note.)

6. Ill-fated M-. Maunde; dismissed from school. (Lamb's note.)

7. Finding some of Edward's race, etc. Quoted from Prior's Carmen Sacculare for 1700, stanza VIII.

65, 1. Mirandula. Pico della Mirandola (1463-1494), an Italian poet and philosopher. The reference here is to Coleridge.

2. Jamblichus or Plotinus. Jamblichus, a Greek philosopher of the third century who made his home at Alexandria. Plotinus. A philosopher of Greek origin, living in the third century, who spent much of his life at Rome.

3. Pindar. (522-443 B. C.), the greatest of the Greek lyrie poets.

4. C. V. Le G-. Charles Valentine Le Griee. (Lamb's note.)

5. Nireus formosus. Nireus, the most beautiful man in the Greek army at the siege of Troy.

66, 1. F-. Favell; left Cambridge, ashamed of his father, who was a honse painter there. (Lamb's note.)

2. Salamanea. A province in the western part of Spain where a desperate battle was fought in 1812 between the English and French.

3. Fr-. Franklin. (Lamb's note.)

4. Marmaduke T-. Marmaduke Thompson. (Lamb's note.)

#### THE TWO RACES OF MEN

66, 5. The London Magazine, December, 1820.

6. Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites. See Acts of the Apostles, 11, 9.

67, 1. Lean and suspicious. Adapted from Shakespeare.

Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look. Julius Casar, Act 1, Se. II, 1. 194.

2. Alcibiades, (450-404 B. C.), an Athenian general and statesman. Falstaff. Sir John Falstaff, a humorous character in Shakespeare's King Henry IV (Parts I and 11), and Merry Wires of Windsor. Sir Richard Steele (1672-1729), a noted English essayist, associated with Addison in the publication of the The Spectator and the writing of the Sir Roger de Coverley Papers. Brinsley. Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816), an English statesman and dramatist; best known for his comedies, The School for Scandal and The Rivals.

3. Meum and tuum. What is mine and what is thine. 4. Tooke. A name assumed by John Horne (1736-1812), an English philosopher and politician.

68, 1. His Candlemas, or his Feast of Holy Michael. Candlemas. A festival eelebrated on February 2 in honor of the purification of the Virgin Mary; so called because of the great number of eandles used on the oceasion. Feast of Holy Michael. Feast of Saint Michael the Archangel; eelebrated on September 29.

2. Lene tormentum. Pleasing torture. Quoted from Horaee, 111, Ode XX4, 1. 13.

3. Propontic. An ancient name for the Sea of Marmora, lying between the Black and Archipelago Seas, south-east of Turkey.

4. Of Lazarus and of Dives. See Saint Luke's Gospel, XVI, 20-31.

5. Ralph Bigod, Esq. John Fenwick, editor of the "Albion." (Lamb's note.)

69, 1. To slacken virtue, etc. See Milton's Paradise Regained. Book 11, 11. 455-456.

70, 1. Stocked with so fair a herd. Taken from Milton.

Be well stocked with as fair a herd as grazed About my mother Ciree.

Comus, 11. 152-153.

Hagar's offspring. See Genesis, XX1, 9-14. 2.

Cana fides. Unsullied faith. 3.

71, 1. Comberbatch. The name under which Coleridge enlisted in a company of dragoons in 1793.

2. Switzer-like tomes. Books of large size. The soldiers of the "Swiss Guard" were famous for their size, hence the term, "Switzer-like."

3. Guildhall giants. Two great wooden statues, ealled Gog and Magog, which once stood at the entrance to the Guildhall, the ancient council chamber of Loudon.

4. Opera Bonaventurae. The works of Saint Bonaventura (1221-1274), an Italian philosopher and theologian.

5. Bellarmine, and Holy Thomas. Cardinal Roberto Bellarmino (1542-1621), an Italian Jesuit theologian. Saint Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274), also an Italian theologian.

6. Ascapart. A giant thirty feet in height, conquered by Bevis of Hampton. He is frequently mentioned by Elizabethan writers.

72, 1. Brown on Urn-Burial. Hydrotaphia, or Urn-Burial. a work written by Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682), an English author. "It is a deseant on the vanity of human life, based on the discovery of eertain einerary urns in Norfolk."

2. Dodsley's dramas. A series of early English dramas. edited by Robert Dodsley (1703-1764), under the title of Select Collection of Old Plays. Lamb made use of them while preparing his Specimens of English Dramatic Poets contemporary with Shakespeare. (See page 12, Introduction.) 3. Vittoria Corombona. A tragedy by John Webster

(1580?-1625?). It is frequently known as The White Devil.

4. Priam's refuse sons, when the Fates borrowed Hector. The other sons of Priam, King of Troy, were insignificant when compared with Heetor, and quickly sank into obseurity when Heetor was slain. See Pope's Homer's Iliud.

5. Anatomy of Melancholy. A unique psychological work, dealing with the cause of and cure for melancholy, written by Robert Burton (1577-1640).

6. Complete Angler. A famous treatise on angling written by Izaak Walton (1593-1683).

7. John Buncle. A romanee by Thomas Amory (1691-1788), which was a favorite with Lamb.

73, 1. C. Coleridge.

2. K. James Kenney, a dramatic writer, best known for his faree, Raising the Wind. He and Lamb were close friends.

3. Margaret Newcastle (1624-1673), author of "The Life of William Cavendish, Earl of Neweastle,"

74, 1. Fulke Greville, Lord Brook (1554-1628), an English anthor of some repute, his works including poetry, drama, and biography. His Life of Sidney is probably his best production.

2. Zimmerman on Solitude. Johann George Zimmerman (1728-1795), a Swiss physician and philosopher, who wrote On Solitude in 1755.

3. Daniel. Samuel Daniel (1562-1619), an English poet and prose writer, contemporary with Spenser.

#### NEW YEAR'S EVE

75. 1. The London Magazine, January, 1821.2. I saw the skirts of the departing Year. Quoted from Coleridge's Ode to the Departing Year, Stanza I, l. 8.

76, 1. Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest. Quoted from Pope's Homer's Odyssey. Bk. XV, 1. 84.

2. Alice W-n. 'Alice Winterton. (Lamb's note.) Her real name was Ann Simmons. She was the reputed sweetheart of Lamb's youth and afterwards married a Mr. Bartram, a wealthy London pawnbroker.

79. 1. Like a weaver's shuttle. Paraphrased from the Book of Job, VII, 6. My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope.

80, 1. Lavinian shores. Paraphrased from Virgil.

Laviniaque venit litora.

Æneid, I, II, 3.

2. "Sweet assurance of a look." Adapted from Royden. A full assurance given by lookes. Elegy on Sir Philip Sidney, 1. 14.

81, 1. Phoebus' sickly sister. The moon. In classic my-thology Phoebus or Apollo was the sun god, and Diana or Cynthia, his twin sister, the moon goddess. (See classical dictionary.)

2. One denounced in the Canticles. See the Canticle of Canticles or Song of Solomon, VIII, 8-9.

3. I hold with the Persian. Zoroaster, the founder of a religion based on the worship of the sun, was a Persian.

4. Friar John. A ranting character in Rabelais' satirical work Gargantua.

5. Lie down with kings and emperors in death. Quoted from Browne's Hydrotaphia, or Urn-Burial. (See note 72, 1 The Two Races of Mch.)

82, 1. Mr. Cotton. Charles Cotton (1630-1687), an Eng-

lish poet and translator. His best known works are his translation of Montaigne's Essays, and his Complete Angler, a continuation of Izaak Walton's famous production. (See note 72, 6, The Two Races of Men.)

2. Janus. An old Italian deity, the god of the sun and the year to whom the month of January was sacred; not to be confused with the two-faced Latin god of the same name. (See classical dictionary.)

84, 1. Helicon. A mountain in Greece upon one of whose slopes classical mythology located the Hippocrene and Aganippe fountains sacred to the Muses.

2. Spa. Originally the name given a famous wateringplace in Belgium, but which is now applied to any resort of that nature.

#### MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST

84, 3. The London Magazine. February, 1821.
86, 1. Pope. Alexander Pope (1688-1744), a famous English poet of the Augustan Age. Among his greatest works are The Essay on Man, The Essay on Criticism, and The Rape of the Lock.

2. Rape of the Lock. A mock-heroie poem based upon a trivial incident. It is usually regarded as Pope's greatest work. (See note 86, 1, above.)

3. Celebrated game of Ombre. See The Rape of the Lock, Canto III.

4. Mr. Bowles. William Lisle Bowles (1762-1850), an English elergyman and poet, known for his Sonnets and his edition of Pope's works.

5. Spadille. The ace of spades at ombre and quadrille. 87, 1. Sans Prendre Vole. A term at eards which means "without taking the play that wins all the tricks." 2. Machiaeval. Niceolo Machiaeval (1469-1527), a noted

Italian statesman and historian. Among his historical works is one on Florence which is the one Lamb refers to.

88, 1. Vandykes. Sir Anthony Van Dyke (1599-1641), a eelebrated Flemish painter, who spent much of his life in London as coart painter to King Charles I.

2. Paul Potters. Paul Potter (1625-1654), a noted Dutch painter of portraits and animals.

89, 1. Pam in all his glory. The knave of clubs.

2. Ephesian journeyman. See Acts of the Apostles, XIX, 24 - 41.

3. Sienna marble. A valuable marble found at Sienna, Italy. It is of a brownish-yellow color.

4. Old Walter Plumer. See note 37, 1, The South-Sea House.

93, 1. Bridget Elia. The name given by Lamb in the essays to his sister Mary.

#### A CHAPTER ON EARS

94, 1. The London Magazine, March, 1821. 95, 1. Defoe. Daniel Defoe (1661-1731), a famous novelist and political writer; author of the first English novel, Robinson Crusoe. He was punished on one occasion for publishing a political article by having his ears cropped.

2. Mrs. S. Mrs. Spinkes. (Lamb's note.)

97, 1. Sostenuto and adagio. Musical terms meaning sustained and slow.

2. Baralipton. A term in logic having to do with the syllogism.

3. Jubal. The world's first musician.

And his brother's name was Jubal; he was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ.

Genesis, IV, 21.

98, 1. Hades. In classical mythology, the underworld over which Pluto ruled.

2. Party in a parlor, etc. Quoted from a rejected stanza of Wordsworth's Peter Bell.

99, 1. Disappointing book in Patmos. See the Book of Revelation, X, 10.

2. Amabilis insania and mentis gratissimus error. A pleasing madness and most pleasant distraction.

100, 1. Subrusticus pudor. Awkward bashfulness.

2. Nov-. Vincent Novello, a composer of music with whom Lamb was well acquainted.

101, 1. Haydn and Mozart. Joseph Haydn (1732-1809). a noted Austrian musician and composer. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1719-1787), also a famous Austrian musician and composer.

2. Bach, Beethoven. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750). a celebrated German musician and composer. Ludwig von Beethoven (1770-1827), also a noted German musician and composer.

3. Malleus hereticorum. Hammer of heretics.

4. Marcion. A noted heretic of the second century. He

founded the Marcionite seet and wrote several treatises to disprove the teachings of the Gospel of Luke and the Epistles of Paul. Ebion. Founder of the seet of Ebionites who accepted part of the teachings of the Bible and rejected the remainder. Cerinthus. Founder of a sect of heretics known as Cerinthians in the latter part of the first century. Gog and Magog. Princes of evil who are to assist Satan in his final struggle against the church. (See the Book of Revelation, XX, 7.)

#### ALL FOOL'S DAY

102, 1. The London Magazine, April, 1821.

2. Stultus sum. I am a fool.

3. Duc ad me. Come to me.

4. Here shall he see, etc. Quoted from Shakespeare's As You Like It.

Aet II, Se. V. 11. 52-53.

103, 1. Empedocles (490-430 B. C.), a famous Greek philosopher, poet, and statesman. He is said to have committed suicide by throwing himself into the crater of Etna. Read Matthew Arnold's Empedocles on Etna.

2. Cleombrotus (?-371 B. C.), a king of Sparta who was slain in battle at Lenetra while warring against the Thebans.

3. Sect of the Calenturists. Persons suffering from a furions delirium eansed by the heat of the tropical sun at sea which often leads to snicide by drowning.

4. Gebir. An Arabian alchemist of the eighth century. It is not clear why Lamb refers to him in connection with the Tower of Babel.

5. Babel. See Genesis, XI, 1-9.

6. Herodotus (484-424 B. C.), a celebrated Greek historian, surnamed "The Father of History."

7. Sennaar. The country in which the Tower of Babel was built. The name is usually written Shiner. (See note 5, above.)

104, 1. Alexander in tears. Alexander the Great (356-323 B. C.), who is said to have wept after conquering the known world, because there were no more worlds to subdue.

2. Good Master Raymund Lully. A Spanish alchemist of the thirteenth century.

3. Duns. Duns Scotus, a highly educated monk of the thirteenth century. He wrote several theological treatises.

4. Master Stephen - Cokes - Aguecheek - Master Shal-

low — Slender. Characters (noted for their lack of intelligenee) found in the plays of Ben Jonson and Shakespeare.

5. Honest R-. Ramsay. (Lamb's note.)

105, 1. Good Granville S.-.. Grandville Sharp. (Lamb's note.)

2. King Pandion, he is dead, etc. Quoted from To a Nightingale, by Richard Barnfield (1574-1627).

3. Quisada. Don Quixote, hero of the romance by that name, written by the Spanish writer Miguel de Cervantes (1547-1616).

4. Macheath. The chief character in Gay's Beggar's Opera. He is represented as being a rollicking highwayman.

5. Malvolian smile. Taken from Shakespeare.

No, madam, he (Malvolio) does nothing but smile.

Twelfth Night, Act III, Se. IV, 1. 11.

6. Gay. John Gay (1685-1732), an English dramatist and poet. (See note 4, above).

## A QUAKER'S MEETING

107, 1. The London Magazine, April, 1821.

108, 1. Nor pour wax — self-mistrusting Ulysses. A reference to the incident in Homer's Odyssey in which Ulysses fills the cars of his sailors with wax so that they might not hear the song of the Sirens.

2. "Boreas, and Cesias, and Argestes loud." Quoted from Milton's Paradise Lost, Bk. X, 1. 699.

109, 1. Carthusian. An order of monks founded by St. Bruno in 1086. The vows taken were exceptionally strict.

2. Master Zimmerman. See note 74, 2, The Two Races of Men.

3. The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn. Read Irving's Westminster Abbey in The Sketch Book.

110, 1. Fox. George Fox (1624-1691), the founder of the society of Friends. He was arrested several times for violating the conventicle laws.

2. Penn before his accusers. William Penn (1644-1718), the well known Quaker who founded Philadelphia was also arrested nuder the Conventicle Act on several oceasions.

111, 1. Sewel's History of the Quakers. A History of the Christian People Called Quakers by William Sewel (1654-1720)

2. James Naylor (1618-1660), a Quaker fanatic who be-

lieved himself to be Christ reincarnated. He was convicted of blasphemy by Parliament and severely punished.

3. John Woolman (1720-1772), a Quaker born in New Jersey. He is known to the literary world through his Journal which Lamb thought a great deal of.

113, 1. Jocos Risus-que. Jokes and laughter.

2. Loves fied the face of Dis at Enna. A reference to the abduction of Proserpina who was carried away by Pluto (Dis) as she played with the Loves in the Vale of Enna. (See note 98, 1, A Chapter on Ears; also classical dictionary.)

3. Trophonius. An oracle in Bootia, whose answers always made those who consulted it melaucholy.

114, 1. Whitsun-conferences. Yearly gatherings of the Quakers. Whitsun (meaning White Sunday) is the seventh Sunday after Easter; the day of Penteeost.

Sunday after Easter; the day of Penteeost. 2. Troops of the Shining Ones. Shining Ones is a term used by Bunyan in his *Pilgrim's Progress*, Part I.

THE OLD AND THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER

114, 3. The London Magazine, May, 1821.

4. Ortelius. Abraham Ortelius (1527-1598), a Flemish geographer. He published an atlas and encouraged Camden to produce his *Britannia*.

5. Arrowsmith. Aaron Arrowsmith (1750–1823), a celebrated English geographer and chartographer.

6. Van Diemen's Land. A name formerly applied to Tasmania, an island south of Australia.

7. Terræ Incognitæ. Unknown land.

8. The Bear, or Charles's Wain. The Bear is one of two constellations in the northern hemisphere, called the Greater and Lesser Bear. Charles's Wain is the cluster of stars known as the *Dipper*.

115, 1. Venus. The second planet from the sun.

2. My friend M. Thomas Manning. (Lamb's note.)

3. Euclid. A famous Greek geometer of the fourth century B. C. His chief work is the *Elements*, much in use in schools at the present time.

4. Small Latin and less Greek. From Ben Jonson.

And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek. Lines to the Memory of Shakespeare, 1, 31.

117, 1. Sirens. Sea nymphs who by music allured sailors to destruction. (See note 108, 1, A Quakers' Meeting.)

2. Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women. When the Greeks were drawing up their forces to sail for Troy, Thetis, the mother of Achilles, sought to save her son who was fated to perish if he went on the expedition by hiding him among the women at the court of King Lycomcdes. There he was discovered by Ulysses.

119, 1. Lilys and the Linacres. William Lily (1468-1522), a noted English grammarian. Thomas Linacre (1460-1524), a celebrated English physician and classical scholar. He published many works on grammar.

2. Arcadia. See note 37, 6, The South-Sea House.

3. Basileus — Pamela — Philoclea — Mopsa — Damoctas. Characters in the pastoral poem Arcadia written by Sir Philip Sidney.

4. Preface to Colet's. John Colet (1466-1519), a celebrated English theologian and classical scholar.

120, 1. Solon, or Lycurgus. Solon (638-559 B. C.), a noted Athenian lawgiver. Lycurgus (396-323 B. C.), a celebrated Greek orator and statesman.

121, 1. Cum multis aliis. With many others.

2. Tractate on Education addressed to Mr. Hartlib. A treatise entitled Of Education, by John Milton (1608-1674).

3. Mollia tempora fandi. Paraphrased from Virgil's Encid, Bk. IV, I. 293.

#### VALENTINE'S DAY

**126**, 1. This essay first appeared in Leigh Hunt's *Examiner* in 1819, and was republished in his *Indicator* in 1821.

2. Bishop Valentine. Saint Valentine was a Christian who was put to death at Rome, February 14, 270. There has long been a popular superstition that on that day of the year birds begin to mate. Hence, perhaps, arose the eustom of observing it by sending missives containing professions of love and affection.

3. Hymen. In elassical mythology, the god of marriage.

127, 1. Jerome, nor Ambrose, nor Cyril. Jerome (340– 420), a father of the Latin Church. He was the first publisher of the Vulgate, the Latin version of the Bible. Ambrose (340–397), another father of the Latin Church. Cyril (820– 869), a missionary among the Slavs, surnamed the "Apostle of the Slavs."

2. Austin. Saint Augustine (354-440), the most noted father of the Latin Church. He is the anthor of several religious treatises, the greatest of which is his *Confessiones*.

3. Origen (185-253), one of the Greek fathers of the church. He was a writer of religious works.

4. Bishop Bull, nor Archbishop Parker, nor Whitgift. Bishops of the Church of England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. Quoted from 5. Milton's Paradisc Lost, Bk. 1, 1. 768.
6. Singing Cupids. Cupid, god of love.
128, I. Announced the fatal entrance of Duncan. A ref-

erence to Shakespeare.

The raven himself is hoarse That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan Under my battlements.

Macbeth, Act I, Sc. V. H. 38-40.

129, 1. E. B-. Edward Burney. (Lamb's note.)

130, 1. Ovid (43 B. C.-18 A. D.). the greatest Roman poet of the Augustan age; best known for his Metamorphoses, Fasti, Ars Amatoria. Heroides, and Amores.

2. Pyramus and Thisbe. Lovers in Shakespeare's A Mid-Summer Night's Dream. Read Act V.

3. Dido. The queen of Carthage who committed suicide because her love for Æneas was not requited.

4. Hero and Leander. Lovers in classical mythology. Leander was drowned while swimming the Hellespont to visit Hero and when she learned of it she threw herself into the sea. (See classical dictionary.)

5. Cayster. A river in Ionia where, according to legend, swans were accustomed to gather in large numbers. 6. Good-morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia. A

reference to Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day. All in the morning betime, And I a maid at your window To be your Valentine. Hamlet (Ophelia's Song), Act IV, Se. V.

## IMPERFECT SYMPATHIES

131, 1. The London Magazine, August, 1821.

2. Religio Medici (A Physician's Religion), a religious treatise by Sir Thomas Browne. (See note 72, 1, The Two Races of Men.)

133, 1. Anti-Caledonian. Caledonia, the Roman name for Scotland; now used only in poetry.

134, 1. Minerva. The Roman goddess of wisdom. She sprang from the head of Jupiter fully equipped for battle.

135, 1. John Buncle. See note 72, 7, The Two Races of Men.

2. Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), a celebrated Italian painter.

136, 1. Burns. Robert Burns (1759-1796), the greatest of the Scotch lyric poets and song writers.

2. Swift. Jonathan Swift (1667-1745), a noted English satirist. 11e is the author of Gulliver's Travels.

137, 1. Thomson. James Thomson (1700 - 1748). a Scotch poet; best known for his The Seasons.

2. Smollett. Tobias George Smollett (1721-1771), a Scotch novelist; anthor of Rodcrick Random and Humphrey Clinker.

3. Rory and his companion. Characters in Roderick Random. (See note 2, above.)

Hume's History. David Hume (1711-1776), a Scotch 4. historian and philosopher.

5. Stonehenge. The ruin of a prehistorie Celtic monument in the midst of Salisbury Plain, Wiltshire, England. 6. Hugh of Lincoln. A Christian youth, who, according to

legend, was tortured and murdered by the Jews of Lincoln, England in 1255. The myth has been treated of in several old ballads in Perey's Reliques and in the Prioress's Tale in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

138, 1. B—. Braham (Lamb's note.)
2. Kemble. John Philip Kemble (1757–1823), a famous English actor. He was the brother of the eelebrated aetress Mrs. Siddons.

139, 1. Jael. The wife of Heber the Kenite, who slew Sisera, a Canaanite eaptain. See Judges, IV, 18-22.

2. Fuller. Thomas Fuller (160S-1661), an English author: best known for his The Worthies of England.

3. Desdemona. A character in Shakespeare's Othello. She is the wife of the Moor.

4. To live with them. A paraphrase from Shakespeare.

That I did love the Moor to live with him.

Othello. Act I, Se. III, 1. 249.

140, 1. Evelyn. John Evelyn (1620-1706), an English writer, lle is best known for his Memoirs.

143, 1. India House. The East India House, where Lamb worked most of his life. (See page 9, Introduction.)

# WITCHES, AND OTHER NIGHT-FEARS

143, 2. The London Magazine, October, 1821.

144, 1. Prospero. A magician in Shakespeare's The Tempest. Read Act 1, Sc. 11.

145. 1., What stops the Fiend in Spenser from tearing Guyon to pieces. In the *Færie Queen*, by Edmund Spenser (1552–1598), a eelebrated English poet, Sir Guyon, the knight of Temperanee, is made to pass through some very thrilling experiences in the cave of Mammon and during the siege of the House of Temperanee. (See Bk. II, Cantos VII and XI.)

2. Stackhouse. Thomas Stackhouse (1756-1836), an English antiquary and theologian.

3. Witch raising up Samuel. A reference to King Saul's visit to the Witch of Endor. (See I Samuel XXVIII, 11-20.)

146, 1. Saint George. The patron saint of England. He is known as the Red-Cross Knight in the *Faric Queen*, where he is represented as the victor over the monster, Error. (See Bk. I, Canto I.)

148, 1. Headless bear, black man, or ape. Quoted from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, page 111. (See note 72, 5, The Two Races of Men.)

2. T. H. Thornton Hunt. (Lamb's note.) He was the eldest son of Leigh Hunt, the poet.

149, 1. Gorgons and Hydras and Chimaeras. The Gorgons were three sister-monsters of classical mythology that petrified every one they looked at. Instead of hair their heads were covered with serpents. The Hydra was a monster serpent, which had a hundred heads. The Chimaera was a monster with the head and breast of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a serpent. (See classical dictionary.)

2. Celæno and the Harpies. Celæno, one of the llarpies, which in elassical mythology are represented as being ugly ereatures with the heads of maidens and the bodies of birds.

150, 1. Like one that on a lonesome road, etc. Quoted from Coleridge's Rime of the Ancient Mariner, ll. 446-451.

151, 1. Helvellyn. One of the highest mountain peaks in the Comberland district in England.

2. Where Alph, the sacred river, runs. Quoted from Coleridge's Kubla Khan, I. 3. Read the poem. 3. Barry Cornwall (1790-1874), a writer of sea songs. His real name was Bryan Waller Procter.

4. Neptune. In classical mythology the god of the sea. 5. Ino Lucothea. The wife of Athamas, King of Thebes. Because of unhappiness she drowned herself and was changed by Neptune into a sea-goddess.

#### MY RELATIONS

152, 1. The London Magazine, June, 1821.

2. Browne's Christian Morals. See note 131, 2, Imperfect Sympathies.

153, 1. Thomas à Kempis (1380-1471), a German theologian; the author of De Imitatione Christi.

154, 1. James and Bridget Elia. The names that Lamb gives his brother and sister in his essays. (See page 9, Introduction; also note 93, 1, Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist.)

155, 1. Yorick. The pen name of Laurence Sterne (1713-1768), an English writer, in his *Sentimental Journey through France and Italy.* The name is also given to a character in *Tristram Shandy*, by the same author.

2. Shandian lights and shades. A reference to the work, *Tristram Shandy* mentioned in note 1, above.

3. Dominichino. A painting by the noted Italian artist Domenico Zampieri (1581-1641), who is best known for his Communion of St. Jerome, Diana and her Nymphs, and The Martyrdom of St. Agues.

156, 1. Charles of Sweden. Charles XII (1682-1718), the famous warrior-king of Sweden.

2. Cham of Tartary. The sovereign prince of the Mongolian countries. He is commonly represented as a despot.

158, 1. A Claude — or a Hobbima. Landscapes by Claude Lorrain (1600-1689), a celebrated French artist; or Hobbima (1638-1709), a noted Dutch artist.

2. Christie's, and Phillips's. Art auction rooms in London.

3. Westward Ho. A ery used by the boatmen of former times on the Thames. It is also the title of one of Charles Kingsley's novels.

159, 1. "Cynthia of the minute." Quoted from Pope's *Moral Essays*, Ep. 11, 1, 20. Cynthia is the goddess of the moon. (See classical dictionary.)

2. Madonna. The Virgin Mary is a favorite subject with

the world's greatest artists, including such men as Raphael, Maratti, Titian, Botticelli, Murillo, Van Dyck, and Correggio.

3. Raphael. Raphael Sanzio (1483-1520), the celebrated Italian painter; best known for his The Marriage of the Virgin, The Transfiguration, St. George, and The Sistine Madonna.

4. Carracci, Agostino, Annibale, and Lodovico Carracci, were sixteenth century Italian painters of the Bolognese school.

5. Lucca Giordano (1632-1705), an Italian artist who lived in Naples.

6. Carlo Maratti (1625-1713), an Italian painter best known for his Madonnas.

7. Set forth in pomp, etc. Quoted from Shakespeare's Richard II, Act V, Sc. I, II, 78-80.

160, 1. Thomas Clarkson (1760-1846), an English abolitionist who was associated with William Wilberforce in the stamping out of the slave trade.

2. "True yoke-fellow with Time." Quoted from Words-worth.

O true yoke-fellow of Time, Duty's intrepid liegeman. Sonnet to Thomas Clarkson, 11. 8–9.

161, 1. Through the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire. Taken from one of Lamb's sonnets.

#### MACKERY END, IN HERTFORDSHIRE

162, 1. The London Magazine, July, 1821.

2. The rash king's offspring. The daughter of Jephthah. (See Judges, X1, 30-40.)

3. Old Burton. See note 72, 5, The Two Races of Men. 163, 1. Religio Medici. See note 131, 2, Imperfect Sympathics.

2. Margaret Newcastle. See note 73, 3, The Two Races of Men.

166, 1. But thou, that didst appear so fair. From Wordsworth's Yarrow Visited.

168, 1. B. F. Barrow Field. (Lamb's note.)

#### MODERN GALLANTRY

169, 1. The London Magazine, November, 1822.

2. Dorimant. A character in The Man of Mode, or Sir

Foppling Flutter, a comedy by Sir George Etherege (1635–1691).

172, 1. Preux Chevalier. A knightly defender.

2. Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan. Sir Calidore, a character in Spenser's *Faric Queen*, Bk. VI, the personification of Courtesy. Sir Tristan. A knight of King Arthur's Round Table.

#### THE OLD BENCHERS OF THE INNER TEMPLE

175, I. The London Magazine, September, 1821. The Temple has been described by Bavry Cornwall as follows: "On the south side of Fleet Street, near to where it joins Temple Bar, lies the Inner Temple.— About seven hundred years ago it was the abiding place of the Knights Templars, who erected there a church, which still uplifts its round tower for the wonder of modern times." On the same site now stand the two Inns of Court—the Inner and Middle Temples—belonging to a legal society.

The characters dealt with in the essay are, with one or two possible exceptions, taken from real life.

2. There when they came, etc. Quoted from Spenser's Prothalamium, Stanza VIII.

176, l. Twickenham Naiades. Twiekenham, the home of Pope, was higher up the river above "the trade-polluted waters" of the town, hence offering a more suitable dwelling place for the river nymphs.

<sup>1</sup> 2. Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial-hand, etc. Shake-speare's Sonnets, 104.

177, 1. "Carved it out quaintly in the sun." Adapted from Shakespeare.

To sit upon a hill, as I do now,

To earve out dials quaintly, point by point.

King Henry VI, Act 11, Sc. V, 11. 23-24.

2. Marvell. Andrew Marvell (1621-1678), an English lyrie poet. He was associated with Milton as secretary to Cromwell.

178, 1. What wondrous life is this I lead, etc. From Marvell's The Garden. This poem may be found in the Golden Treasury of English Lyrics.

180, I. J-II. Jekyll, Master in Chaneery. (Lamb's note.) 181, I. Samuel Salt. See page 9, Introduction.

2. Lovel. John Lamb, the author's father, who died in 1797. Note Lamb's characterization of him.

182, 1. Miss Blandy. A woman who was hanged in 1752 for poisoning her father at the instigation of her lover.

2. P-. Pierson. (Lamb's note.)

183, 1. Hic currus et arma fuêre. Here she kept her chariot of war and her arms.

2. Mad Elwes breed. John Elwes (1714-1789), a noted English miser.

185, 1. Gay as Garrick's. David Garrick (1717-1779), the greatest actor of the eighteenth century. He was also a successful theater manager.

2. Swift and Prior. Swift. See note 136, 2, Imperfect Sympathies. Matthew Prior (1664-1721), an English poet.

3. Mr. Isaac Walton. See note 72, 6, The Two Races of Men.

4. Bayes. The leading character in Buckingham's Rehearsal, a satire on the tragedies of Dryden and his contemporaries.

188, 1. Friar Bacon. Roger Bacon (1214-1294), an English philosopher and scientist. He is represented as a magician in Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, a comedy by Robert Greene (1560-1592).

2. Michael Angelo's Moses. A statue in the elurch of San Pietro in Vincoli, Rome, made by Michael Angelo (1475-1564), a eelebrated Italian senlptor, painter, poet, and architeet.

189, 1. R. N. Randal Norris. (Lamb's note.)

190, 1. Urban's obituary. Urban, the pen name of the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine.

2. Hookers and Seldens. Richard Hooker (1553-1600), a Master of the Temple, and author of The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity. John Selden (1584-1654), an English antiquary and jurist who lived in the Inner Temple.

#### GRACE BEFORE MEAT

191, 1. The London Magazine, November, 1821.192, 1. Fairy Queen. The great allegorieal poem by Spenser. (See note 145, 1, Witches, and Other Night Fears.) Note Lamb's spelling.

2. Utopian Rabelæsian. Utopian, derived from Utopia, an imaginary island, the seat of an ideal commonwealth; and Rabelæsian from Rabelais (1495-1553), a noted French humorist whose works are noted for their lieense and satire. 193, 1. A rarus hospes. An infrequent quest.

194, 1. Jeshurun waxed fat. See Deuteronomy, XXX11, 15.

2. Celæno. Sec note 149, 2, Witches, and Other Night-Fears.

195, 1. A table richly spread in regal mode, etc. Quoted from Milton's *Paradise Regained*, Bk. II, ll. 340-347.

196, 1. Heliogabalus (204-222), a Roman emperor famous for debauchery.

2. As appetite is wont to dream, etc. Quoted from Paradisc Regained, Bk. 11, ll. 264-278.

198, 1. C-. Coleridge. (Lamb's note.)

2. The author of the Rambler. Dr. Samuel Johnson. (See note 37, 4, The South Sca-House.) The Rambler was a periodical modeled after the Spectator.

3. Dagon. A god of the Philistines which was half man and half fish. (See Judges, XVI, 23; also I Samuel, V, 1-7.)

199, 1. Chartreuse. The principal Carthusian monastery; situated near Grenoble, France. (See note 109, 1, A Quakers' Meeting.)

200, 1. Lucian. A Greek writer of the second century whose satires on the religious beliefs of his day led to his being given the surname the "Blasphemer."

2. C. V. L. Charles Valentine le Grice. (Lamb's note.)

201, l. Non tunc illis erat locus. There was no place for them at that time.

2. Horresco referens. At the recital, I shudder.

#### MY FIRST PLAY

201, 3. The London Magazine, December, 1821.

4. Garrick's Drury. The Drury Lane Theatre was opened shortly after the Restoration. It burned down and was rebuilt in 1674. Garrick became manager of it in 1747. (See note 185, 1, The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple.)

202, 1. My godfather F. Field. (Lamb's note.)

2. Sheridan. Thomas Sheridan (1721–1788), an Irish anthor and actor. He followed Garrick as manager of the Drnry Lane Theater.

203, 1. Ciceronian. After the manner of Cicero (106-43 B. C.), a celebrated Roman orator, philosopher, and statesman. 2. Seneca or Varro. Lucius Annæus Seneca (4 B. C.-65 A. D.), a noted Roman philosopher belonging to the society of Stoics. Marcus Terentius Varro (116-27 B. C.), a celebrated Roman author and scholar. 3. St. Andrew's. A university, including a school of theology, at St. Andrews, a city in south-eastern Seotland.

204, 1. Troilus and Cressida. A tragic comedy by Shakespeare. The story of these lovers has been a favorite theme with authors. (See Chaucer, Dekker and Chettle and Dryden.)

2. **Diomede.** A character in *Troilus and Crossida* whom Shakespeare designates as a Greeian prince.

3. Auroras. Aurora, the goddess of the dawn. (See classical dictionary.)

205, 1. Artaxerxes. An opera by Thomas Arne (1710-1778).

 Darius. The Median king who captured Babylon and slew Belshazzar. It was he who cast Daniel into the lion's den. (See *Daniel*, V, 30-31; VI, 16-24.)
 Bersepolis. One of the capitals of the ancient Persian

3. Persepolis. One of the capitals of the ancient Persian Empire. It was made a capital by Darius I and was destroyed by Alexander the Great.

4. Legend of St. Denys. St. Denys is the patron saint of France. He was beheaded and legend has it that he arose after his excention, earrying his head with him.

5. Lun's Ghost — a satiric touch upon Rich. John Rich (1681-1761), who introduced pantomime upon the English stage.

206, 1. Lud. The mythological founder of London.

2. Motley. Jester or fool; so ealled because of the dress of many colors worn by such characters.

3. Way of the World. A comedy by William Congreve (1670-1729), a noted English dramatist.

207, 1. Mrs. Siddons in Isabella. Mrs. Siddons (1755-1831), a noted English tragic actress. Isabella, a tragedy (first ealled the *Fatal Marriage*) by Thomas Southerne (1660-1746).

#### DREAM-CHILDREN: A REVERIE

**208**, I. The London Magazine, January, 1822. This essay was written a short while after the death of the author's brother and reflects, in its pathetic seriousness, the grief resulting from that event. (For a characterization of the brother see My Relations.)

2. Great grandmother Field — house in Norfolk. See note 37, 1, The South-Sea House.

3. The ballad of the Children in the Wood. The ballad may be found in Percy's Reliques and Child's English and

Scottish Popular Ballads. The story was dramatized by Thomas Morton (1764-1838).

210, 1. Twelve Cæsars. The first twelve emperors of Rome were all entitled Cæsar in compliment to Julius Cæsar. After the death of Domitian, in 96 A. D., the title was dropped. 213, 1. I courted the fair Alice W-n. See note 76, 2,

New Year's Eve.

2. Lethe. One of the rivers of the infernal regions, of which the souls of the departed are obliged to drink to produce oblivion or forgetfulness of what they did or knew on the earth. (See elassical dictionary.)

#### DISTANT CORRESPONDENTS

214, 1. The London Magazine, March, 1822.

2. B. F. Barrow Field. (Lamb's note.)

3. Mrs. Rowe (1674-1737), an English poet; best known for her Poems on several occasions by Philomela.

4. Alcander to Strephon. Alcander, a young Spartan who was an intimate friend of the orator Lyeurgus. Strephon. A character in Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia. (See note 37, 6, The South-Sea House.

215, 1. Munden. Joseph Shepherd Munden (1758-1832), an English actor. (See essay On the Acting of Munden.) 218, 1. Lord C. Lord Camelford. (Lamb's note.)

219, 1. Saint Gothard. Saint Godehardus, bishop of Hildesheim, Germany, in the eleventh century.

2. Melior lutus. Finer elay.

3. Sol pater. Sum father.

220, 1. Peter Wilkin's island. See note 59, 2, Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago.

2. Diogenes (412-323), a celebrated Greek philosopher. According to legend, he once went about the streets of Corinth with a lantern in the day time, and when asked why he did so, replied that he was searching for an honest man.

3. Sydneyites. Sydney, a sea-port in New South Wales, Australia, was settled in 1788 as a convict colony; hence the term "Sydneyites."

221, 1. Delphic voyages. Voyages to Delphi, Greece, the seat of the oracle of the Pythian Apollo. (See classical dietionary.)

222, 1. Ay me! while thee the seas, etc. Quoted from Milton's Comus, ll. 154-155. 2. Miss W-r. Miss Winter. (Lamb's note.)

3. J. W. James White. (Lamb's note.)

#### THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS

222, 4. The London Magazine, May, 1822. Lamb gave this essay the sub-title, A May-Day Effusion.

223, 1. Fauces Averni. The jaws of Avernus, the entrance to the infernal regions. (See classical dictionary.)

2. Stage direction in Macbeth. See Macbeth, Act IV, Se. I. 224, 1. The only Salopian house. Saloop, an infusion of sassafras-chips or similar aromatic herbs, flavored with sugar and milk, formerly much used as a beverage.

227, 1. Hogarth. William Hogarth (1697-1764), a noted English painter and engraver. (See essay On the Genius and Character of Hogarth.)

228, 1. A sable cloud, etc. From Milton's Comus, 11. 221-222.

2. Noble Rachels mourning for their children. See Jeremiah, NXXI, 15; also Matthew, II, 17-18.

3. Young Montagu. It is said that a member of the noted Montagu family once ran away when a youth and became a chimney-sweep.

4. Arundel Castle. A mansion on the Strand in London. 229, 1. Venus lulled Ascanius. Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, lulled Ascanius, a son of Æneas, asleep and sent Cupid to assume his place. (See Virgil's *Encid*, Bk.

1, 11. 643-722.)

230, 1. Fair of St. Bartholomew. A fair formerly held in London on St. Bartholomew's day (August 24). It began in 1133 and lasted until 1855. At first it was a great cloth market, but gradually changed from a place of business to one of pleasure.

231, 1. Rochester in his maddest days. John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647-1680), an English poet and courtier at the court of Charles II. He was noted for his escapades.

232, 1. "Cloth." Clergy.

2. Golden lads and lasses must, etc. Quoted from Shake-speare's Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 11, 11, 263-264.

3. James White is extinct. James White, a close friend of Lamb and an author of some repute, died in 1820.

## A COMPLAINT ON THE DECAY OF BEGGARS IN THE METROPOLIS

233, 1. The London Magazine, June, 1822.

2. Alcides's club. Alcides, a name occasionally applied to libercules, the most celebrated of all mythological heroes.

234, 1. Dionysius (395-343? B. C.), surnamed "the Younger." He was tyrant of Syracuse from which position he was twice expelled.

2. Vandyke. See note 88, 1, Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist.

3. Belisarius (505-565), the greatest general of the Byzantine Empire. A legend, which has no foundation in fact, has it that in old age he became blind and had to beg for a living.

4. The Blind Beggar. The legend may be found in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Romance Poetry. 235, 1. Lear, thrown from his palace. See Shakespeare's

King Lear.

2. Cresseid. A character in literature famous for her faitlilessness.

3. Lucian wits. Lucian, a Greek writer of the second century; best known for his "Dialogues of the Gods" and "Dialogues of the Dead." He may be regarded as the forerunner of Swift. (See note 200, 1, Grace Before Meat.) 4. Semiramis. The Assyrian queen who founded Babylon;

noted for her wisdom and beauty.

5. King Cophetua. A legendary African king who married Penclophon, a beggar maid. A ballad describing his wooing and marriage may be found in Perey's Reliques of Ancient Romance Poetry.

237. 1. Blind Tobits. The Book of Tobit is a romance, one of the apperyphal books of the Old Testament. In Chap. X1, 10, occur these words: "And his father that was blind, rising up, began to run stumbling with his feet; and giving a servant his hand, went to meet his son."

238, 1. Vincent Bourne (1695-1747), an English writer of Latin verse.

240, 1. Antæus. In classical mythology, a wrestler, who so long as he remained in contact with the earth was invincible. He was slain by Hercules.

2. Elgin marble. The Elgin marbles are a collection of the statues made by Phidnas (500?-430? B. C.), a noted Greek sculptor, which were brought to England by Lord Elgin.

241, 1. Hercules. See note 233, 2, above.

2. Man - part of a Centaur. The Centaurs were a mythological race represented as in form half men and half horses. The most famous legend connected with them is the one telling of their battle with the Lapithæ, which followed

an insult offered by one of their number and in which they were defeated. (See classical dictionary.)

 Os sublime. Upward-looking face,
 Lusus (not Naturæ, indeed, but) Accidentium. Freak (not of Nature, indeed, but) of Accident.

242, 1. A Yorick. A jester. (See Shakespeare's Hamlet, Act V, Se. I; also note 155, I, My Relations.)

243, 1. Blind Bartimeus. See Mark, X, 46.

## A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

244, 1. The London Magazine, September, 1822.

2. Chinese manuscript. There is, of eourse, no such manuseript.

3. M. Thomas Manning, who at one time traveled in China. He and Lamb were close friends.

4. Great Confucius. The celebrated Chinese philosopher and teacher (550-478 B. C.).

249, I. Our Locke. See note 33, I, The South-Sca House. 2. Mundus edibilis. Edible world.

3. Princeps absoniorum. Prince of viands.

250, 1. Amor immunditiæ. Love of the impure.

251, 1. Ere sin could blight, etc. Quoted from Coleridge's Epitaph on an Infant, 11. 1-2.

254, 1. St. Omer's. A Catholie school for English students at St. Omer, France. Lamb never attended it.

2. Per flagellationem extremam. With the severest punishment.

#### A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT OF THE BEHAVIOR OF MARRIED PEOPLE

255, I. The London Magazine, September, 1822. 258, 1. Phænixes. Phœnix or phenix, a bird fabled to exist single, and to rise again from its own ashes. (See elassical dictionary.)

259, 1. Love me, love my dog. See essay X11, Popular Fallacies.

#### ON SOME OF THE OLD ACTORS

**265**, 1. This essay was one of three articles published under the title of The Old Actors in the London Magazine in 1822 and 1823. When the first series of the Essays of Elia was collected and issued in book form, these articles were revised and printed under separate titles: On Some of the Old Actors,

On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century, and On the Acting of Munden.

Twelfth Night. To appreciate Lamb's criticism the 2. reader must be familiar with Shakespeare's Twelfth Night.

3. Mr. Barrymore. Spranger Barry (1719-1777), an Irish actor, who was especially effective in tragedy. 266, 1. Mrs. Jordan. Dorothy Bland (1762-1816), an Irish

aetress. Comedy was her forte.

2. Nells and Hoydens. Nell, a meek character in The Devil to Pay, by C. Coffey. Hoyden, a lively character in The The Relapse, by John Vanbrugh.

3. Write loyal cantos of contemned love, etc. From Ticclfth Night, Aet I, Se. V, II. 291-292.

267. 1. Bensley. Robert Bensley (1738-1817), an English actor.

268, 1. Hotspur's famous rant about glory. See Shakespeare's I Heary IV, Act I, Se. III, beginning with 1. 201.

2. Venetian incendiary. A reference to the tragedy Venuee Preserved by Thomas Otway (1652-1685), an English playwright.

269, 1. John Kemble. See note 138, 2, Imperfect Sympathics.

271, 1. Castilian. Pertaining to the province of Castile, Spain, whose inhabitants were at one time very conspicuous in the eyes of the world.

272, I. The hero of La Mancha. Don Quixote. (See note 105, 3, All Fool's Day.)

2. Hyperion. In classical mythology, the original sungod. Ile was overthrown by Apollo.

273, 1. Dodd. James William Dodd (1740-1796), an English actor who played the part of Aguecheek (Twelfth Night) with great success.

2. In puris naturalibus. In a pure and natural state.

274, 1. Bacon. Francis Bacon (1561-1626), a celebrated English philosopher, statesman, and writer. He is best known as an author for his Essays and The Advancement of Learning.

275, 1. Foppington. A vain character in Vanbrugh's The Relapse. Tattle. A bragging but cowardly character in Congreve's Love for Love. Backbite. A conceited character in Sheridan's A School for Scandal. Acres. Bob Acres, a ridicnlous character in Sheridan's The Rivals. Fribble. A shallow, worthless character in Garrick's Miss in her Teens.

276, 1. "Put on the weeds of Dominic." The dress of the order of monks founded by St. Dominic. The phrase is

adapted from Milton. (See *Paradise Lost*, Bk. III, l. 473.) 2. Like Sir John. Sir John Falstaff.

For my voice, 1 have lost it with Halloing and singing of anthems. Shakespeare's II Henry IV, Act I, Sc. II, ll. 213-214.

277, 1. Robin Good-Fellow. A playful, mischievous elf in folk lore. Commonly known as Puek.

2. Puck. See note 20, above.

278, 1. Force of nature could no further go. From Dryden.

The force of nature could no further go;

To make a third, she joined the former two.

Under the Portrait of John Milton, 11. 5-6.

2. Thorough brake, thorough briar. Adapted from Shake-speare.

Thorough bush, thorough brier

Over park, over pale

Thorough flood, thorough fire

I do wander everywhere.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II, Sc. I, II. 3-6.

3. Jack Bannister (1760-1836), a celebrated English comedian.

279, 1. Children in the Wood. A comedy by Thomas Morton (1764-1838).

2. Vesta's days. Vesta, goddess of the hearth.

3. Elder Palmer. John Palmer (1747-1798), an English actor.

280, l. Bobby in the Duke's Servant. A character in High Life Below Stairs by Townley, an English dramatist.

2. Captain Absolute. A character in Sheridan's The Ricals.

3. Dick Amulet. A character in Vanbrugh's comedy, The Confederacy.

4. Wilding. Jack Wilding, a character noted for his many falsehoods in *The Liar*, a farce by Samuel Foote (1720-1777). It is an adaptation of Corneille's *Le Menteur*.

5. Joseph Surface. A character in Sheridan's School for Scandal.

281, l. Sir Sampson. Thou hast been many a weary league, etc. Quoted from Congreve's Love for Love.

282, 1. Wapping sailor. Wapping, a part of London on the north bank of the Thames below the Tower.

# ON THE ARTIFICIAL COMEDY OF THE LAST CENTURY 282, 2. See note 265, 1, On Some of the Old Actors.

3. Farguhar. George Farguhar (1678-1707), an English dramatist, author of The Beaux' Stratagem, The Twin Rivals, etc.

284, 1. Ulysses to descend twice to the shades. In the eleventh book of the Odyssey, Ulysses marrates his experiences with the shades of the lower world.

2. Alsatia. A name applied to a part of London once noted for its lawlessness.

285, i. Wycherley's comedies. William Wycherley (1610-1715), an English dramatist, anthor of The Plain Dealer, The Country Wife, Love in a Wood, etc.

2. Catos of the pit. The critics. Marcus Porcius Cato (234-149 B. C.), a Roman statesman, general, and writer.

3. Swedenborgian. Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772), a celebrated Swedish philosopher.

4. The Fainalls - Mirabels - Dorimants - Lady Touchwoods. Characters found in the dramas of Congreve and Etherege.

287, 1. Sir Simon,- Dapperwit - Miss Martha - Lord Froth - Sir Paul Pliant. Characters found in the dramas of Congreve and Wycherley.

288, 1. Don Quixote. See note 105, 3, All Fools' Day. 2. Atlantis. A mythical island north-west of Africa, referred to by Plato and other ancient writers.

3. School for Scandal. See note 67, 2, The Two Races of Men.

290, 1. Teazle King. A reference to the character, Sir Peter Teazle, in Sheridan's School for Scandal.

292, 1. Saturnalia. Festivals held in honor of Saturn about the middle of December; principally famous for the riotous disorder which attended them.

### ON THE ACTING OF MUNDEN

294, 1. See note 265, 1, Some of the Old Actors. Joseph Shepherd Munden (1758-1832), an English comedian, to whom Lamb attributed " half the world's fun."

2. Cockletop. A character in Modern Antiques, a comedy by John O'Kcefe (1747-1833), an Irish dramatist.

3. There the antie sate, etc. Adapted from Shakespeare. And there the antic sits

Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp.

King Richard II, Act 111, Se. 11.

295, 1. Farley. Charles Farley (1771-1859), an English actor and dramatist.

2. Liston. John Liston (1776-1846), a celebrated London eomedian.

3. Hydra. See note 149, 1, Witches and Other Night-Fears. 296, 1. Sessa. A word used by Shakespeare with uncertain meaning.

#### Let the world slide, scssa!

The Taming of the Shrew, Introd. Sc. I, 11. 5-6.

2. Cassiopeia's chair. A constellation of the northern hemisphere; named in honor of Cassiopeia, an Ethiopian queen. (See classical dictionary.)

297, 1. Fuseli. John Henry Fuseli (1741-1825), a Swiss-English art critic and painter.

# LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA PREFACE

301, 1. This essay was first published in the London Magazine January, 1823, under the title A Character of the Late Elia, and probably was intended to announce to the public the withdrawal of the writer from the field of essay writing. It was used as a preface to the Last Essays of Elia, which were collected in 1833.

303, 1. Intimados. Intimate associates.

304, 1. Indian weed. Tobaeco, so ealled because first found in America. Lamb smoked excessively. 2. Shacklewell. See note 27, 5, The South-Sea House.

305, 1. Toga virilis. The manly toga. The dress assumed by Roman boys when about fifteen years of age.

#### BLAKESMOOR IN H-SHIRE

305, 2. The London Magazine, September, 1824. The mansion referred to is Blakesware situated in Hertfordshire, the old home of the Plumer family. (See note 37, 1, The South-Sea House.)

307, 1. Cowley. Abraham Cowley (1618-1667), an English poet in whose writings Lamb was deeply interested.

2. Ovid. See note 130, 1, Valentine's Day.

3. Actæon in mid sprout . . . prudery of Diana. Actwon, while hunting, came upon Diana bathing, and was

ehanged to a stag by the angry goddess. (See note \$1, 1, New Year's Eve, also classical dictionary.)

4. Dan Cupid . . . divesting of Marsyas. See note 40, 7, Oxford in the Vacation. 308, 1. Old Mrs. Battle died. See Mrs. Battle's Opinions

on Whist

2. Lacus Incognitus. An unknown lake.

309, 1. Bind me, ye woodbines, etc. Quoted from "Marvell on Appleton House, to the Lord Fairfax." (Lamb's note.) See note 177, 2, The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple.

2. Mowbray's or De Clifford's pedigree. Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, an important character in the time of Richard II. Richard De Clifford. The progenitor of the great Clifford family, best known through Rosamond, who was mistress of Henry II.

310, 1. "Resurgam." I shall rise again.

2. Damœtas. A shepherd in Virgil's Ecloque, Bk. III.

3. Aegon. Also a shepherd in Virgil's Eclogue, Bk. III.

311, 1. Twelve Cæsars. See note 210, 1, Dream Children: A Reverie.

2. Nero. See note 52, 3, Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago.

3. Galba. Servins Sulpieius Galba (24 B. C.-69 A. D.), a Roman emperor, one of the Twelve Cæsars. He had ruled Rome for a few months only when he was assassinated.

312, 1. Pan or to Sylvanus. In Greek mythology, Pan was the god of pastures, flocks, and forests and dwelt in Arcadia. Sylvanus. The Roman god corresponding to Pan.

#### POOR RELATIONS

313, 1. The London Magazine, May, 1823.

2. Agathocles' pot. Agathocles (361-289 B. C.), a ruler of Syraeuse was originally a potter.

Mordecai in your gate. A character of the Old Testament associated with Esther. (See Esther V, 13.)
 4. Lazarus at your door. See Luke's Gospel XVI, 19-21.

316, l. Aliquando sufflaminandus erat. It was necessary at times to repress him.

2. Richard Amlet, Esq. A riotous character in Vanbrugh's comedy, The Confederacy.

317, 1. Poor W-. Favell. (Lamb's note.) 2. Nessian venom. In Greek mythology, Nessus, a centaur, was slain by llereules with a poisoned arrow, When later

Hereules' wife steeped one of his garments in some of the eentaur's blood, he was fatally poisoned. 3. Latimer. Hugh Latimer (1485-1555), a celebrated Eng-

lish reformer who was burned at Oxford.

4. Hooker. Richard Hooker (1553-1600). (See note 64, 4, Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago).

319, 1. Artist Evangelist. Saint Luke, patron saint of artists.

2. St. Sebastian. A sea-port in northern Spain noted as a watering place. Captured by Wellington in 1813. 320, 1. Mint. The Royal Mint built in 1811. 321, 1. Grotiuses. Hugo Grotius (1583-1645), a Dutch

jurist; author of De Jure Belli et Paeis.

## DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING

323, 1. The London Magazine, July, 1822.

2. To mind the inside of a book, etc. Quoted from The Relapsc. (See note 262, 2, On Some of the Old Actors.)

Shaftesbury. Anthony Ashley Cooper, third earl of 3. Shaftesbury (1671-1713), author of Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times.

4. Jonathan Wild. A novel of Henry Fielding (1707-1754), the chief character of which is portrayed as a man wholly devoid of principle.

5. Hume. David Hume (1711-1776), author of the History of England. Gibbon. Edward Gibbon (1737-1794), author of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Robertson, William Robertson (1721-1793), author of the History of Scotland. Beattie. James Beattie (1735-1803), a Scotch essayist. Soame Jengns (1704-1787), an English writer.

324, 1. Flavius Josephus (37-95), a noted Jewish historian; author of Wars of the Jews and Antiquities of the Jews.

2. Paley's Moral Philosophy. William Paley (1743-1805), an English writer on theology and philosophy.

3. Steele. Richard Steele. (See note 67, 2, The Two Races of Men.) Farquhar. George Farquhar. (See note 282, 3, On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century). Adam Smith (1723-1790), a Scotch political economist; author of The Wealth of Nations.

4. Paracelsus. Philippus Paracelsus (1493-1541), a Swiss alchemist.

5. Raymund Lully (1235-1315), a Spanish alchemist.

325, 1. Thomson's Seasons. See note 137, 1, Imperfect Sympathies.

2. Fielding. See note 323, 4, above. Smollet. See note 137, 2, Imperfect Sympathies. Sterne. See note 155, 1, My Relations.

3. We know not where is that Promethean torch, etc. Adapted from Shakespeare.

> I know not where is that Promethean heat That can thy light relume.

Othello, Act V, Sc. 11, ll. 12-13.

326, 1. Life of the Duke of Newcastle, by his Duchess. See note 73, 3, The Two Races of Men.

2. Rowe and Tonson, English authors and booksellers who brought out an edition of Shakespeare's Works in 1709.

3. Beaumont and Fletcher. Francis Beaumont (1584-1616), and John Fletcher (1579-1625), two noted English dramatists who wrote plays together; authors of Philaster, A King and No King, The Maid's Tragedy, etc. 327, 1. Malone. Edmund Malone (1741-1812), a noted

Shakespearean scholar and critic.

2. Kit Marlowe. Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593), the English dramatist ranking next to Shakespeare; author of The Jew of Malta, Edward II, Doctor Faustus, etc. William Drummond (1585-1649), an English poet. Abraham Cowley (1618-1667), an English poet and essayist.

328, 1. Bishop Andrewes' sermons. Launcelot Andrews (1555-1626), a noted English theologian.

2. Pro bono publico. For the public good.

329, 1. Nando's. A coffee-house in London.

2. Poor Tobin. John Tobin (1770-1804), an English dramatist.

3. Candide. A story by Voltaire (1694-1778).

4. Primrose Hill. A hill northwest of London.

5. Cythera. An island in the Ægean Sea sacred to Venus.

6. Pamela. One of the earliest English novels, by Samuel Richardson (1689-1761).

330, 1. Lardner. Nathaniel Lardner (1684-1768), an English theologian.

331. 1. Martin B-. Martin Burney. (Lamb's note.)

2. Clarissa. Clarissa Harlowe, a novel in the form of letters by Richardson. (See note 329, 6, above.)

3. A quaint poetess of our day. Mary Lamb.

### STAGE ILLUSION

332, 1. The London Magazine, August, 1825. This essay was first published under the title of Imperfect Dramatic Illusion.

333, 1. Jack Bannister's cowards. See note 278, 3, On Some of the Old Actors.

335, 1. Osric. A character in Hamlet styled a courtier by Shakespeare.

#### TO THE SHADE OF ELLISTON

337, 1. The Englishman's Magazine, August, 1831.

2. Avernus. See note 223, 1, The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers.

Elysian streams. Elysium, the abode of the just after 3. death.

4. Platonist. Disciple of Plato. (See note 46, 5, Oxford in the Vacation.

5. Tartarus. See note 61, 2, Christ's Hospital Five-and Thirty Years Ago.

338, 1. Limbo. A region bordering on hell.

2. Up thither like aerial vapors fly, etc. See Milton's Paradise Lost, Bk. III, ll. 348, seq.

3. Crazy Stygian wherry. A reference to the boat rowed by Charon on the river Styx in the infernal regions. (See elassical dictionary.)

339, 1. Pluto's kingdom. See note 113, 2, A Quakers' Meeting.

2. Surly Ferryman. See note 338, 3, above.

3. A la Foppington. See note 275, 1, On Some of the Old Actors.

4. Thracian Harper. Orphens, who was permitted to enter the lower world to plead for Eurydice.

5. Pura et puta anima. A pure and clean soul. 340, 1. Rhadamanthus. A judge of the dead in the mfernal regions.

2. Medusean ringlets. Medusa, a Gorgon had writhing serpents upon her head in the place of hair. (See note 149, 1, Witches, and Other Night-Fears.

3. Proserpine. See note 113, 2, A Quaker's Meeting.

4. Plaudito, et Valeto. Applaud, and say farewell.

#### ELLISTONIANA

340, 5. The Englishman's Magazine, August, 1831.341, 1. Lovelace. A character in Three Weeks after Marriage, a comedy by Arthur Murphy (1727-1805), an English dramatist.

342, 1. Appelles. A celebrated Greek artist of the time of Alexander the Great. (See note 104, 1, All Fools' Day.)

2. G. D. George Dyer. (Lamb's note.)

343, 1. Ranger. A character in The Suspicious Husband, a comedy by Benjamin Hoadly (1706-1757).

344, 1. Cibber. Colley Cibber (1671-1757), an English dramatist and actor.

345, 1. Consular exile. Caius Marius (155-86 B. C.), Sulla's rival. He was exiled from Rome in 88 B. C.

2. More illustrious exile. Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821), who when exiled the first time, was given the island of Elba to govern.

3. Small Olympic. A theater in London where plays of a light nature were offered.

4. Sir A.-C-. Sir Anthony Carlisle. (Lamb's note.)

346, 1. Vestris. Madame Vestris, an aetress at Drury Lane Theater.

347, 1. A fortiori. By the stronger.

2. The son of Peleus uses to Lycaon. Achilles, the son of Peleus slew Lyeaon, son of Priam before the walls of Troy. 2. Surrey Theater. A London theater where plays of a light, rollicking nature were staged.

348, 1. Pious Colet. See note 119, 4. The Old and the New Schoolmaster.

### THE OLD MARGATE HOY

348, 2. The London Magazine, July, 1823. Margate is a sea-port in Kent, England, on the Isle of Thanet. How is a small coasting vessel.

349, 1. Fire-god parching up Scamander. Scamander, a river in Asia Minor. For the reference see Pope's Homer's Hiad, Bk. XXI, 342 seq.

350, 1. Ariel. A character in Shakespeare's Tempest. The reference here is to Act I, Sc. II, II. 196-199.

2. Azores. A group of islands northwest of Africa.

351, 1. Genius Loci. The spirit of the place.

352, 1. Colossus at Rhodes. A giant statue of Apollo at Rhodes. (See elassical dictionary.)

353, 1. Reculvers. Two towers, the remnant of a ruined monastery, near the mouth of the Thames.

355, 1. Orellana. The name by which the Amazon River was originally known.

2. For many a day, and many a dreadful night, etc. Quoted from Thomson's Seasons, 11. 1002-1003.

3. "Still-vexed Bermoothes." From Shakespeare.

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew From the still-vex'd Bermoothes.

Tempest, Aet I, Se. II, 11. 228-229.

356, 1. Be but as buggs to frighten babes withal, etc. An inaccurate quotation from Spenser.

Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,

Compared to the creatures in the seas enthrall.

Faïrie Queen, Bk. II, Canto XII, Stanza 25.

2. Juan Fernandez. The island on which Alexander Selkirk (Robinson Crusoe) is reputed to have had his many adventures.

3. Gebir. A poem by Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864). an English writer.

357, 1. Amphitrites. In classical mythology the wife of Neptune.

2. Meschek. See Psalms, CXX, 5.

### THE CONVALESCENT

360, 1. The London Magazine, July, 1825.361, 1. Mare Clausum. Closed sea.

2. Two Tables of the Law. The ten commandments.

365, 1. Lernean pangs. Lerna, the mythological hiding-place of the llydra which llereules slew. The monster's blood was rank poison and Herenles dipped his arrows into it.

2. Philoctetes. A friend of Hercules to whom the arrows were given after the hero's death. He accidentally wounded himself, but was relieved of his agony by the physician Machaon.

366, 1. Articulo Mortis. At the point of death.

2. Tityus. A mythological giant, son of Jupiter.

## SANITY OF TRUE GENIUS

366, 3. The New Monthly Magazine, May, 1826. This essay was originally included among the series under the title, Popular Fallacies.

**367**, 1. **Timon**. A character in Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*, noted for his hatred of his fellow-men.

2. Kent. A character in Shakespeare's King Lear, noted for his faithfulness to his master.

**368**, **1**. **Proteus.** In classical mythology, a god of the sea who had the power of foresight.

2. Caliban. A character in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, the son of a witch.

369, 1. Wither. George Wither (1588-1667), an English poet.

2. Lane's novels. Lane, a London publisher who issued many light works of fiction.

**370**, 1. **Mammon.** See note 28, 4, *The South-Sca House*. 2. **Hesperian fruit.** The golden apples given by Juno to Jupiter on the day of their marriage.

3. Tantalus. A character in elassical mythology who, having served his son's body for meats to the gods, was punished by being placed in the infernal regions in a pool of water from which he could not drink. (See classical dictionary.)

4. Cyclops. In classical mythology, giants who aided Vulean at the forge to make Jove's thunderbolts.

#### CAPTAIN JACKSON

371, 1. The London Magazine, November, 1824.

372, 1. Althea's horn. Amalthea, the goat by which Jupiter was nursed when an infant; her horn was known as the cornucopia or Horn of Plenty. (See classical dictionary.)

2. Master Shallow. A weak minded character in Shakespeare's II King Henry IV. Designated as a country justice.

373, 1. Vere hospitibus sacra. In truth, sacred to guests. 2. Bacchanalian encouragements. In classical mythology, Bacchns was the god of wine.

374, 1. Glover. Richard Glover (1712-1785), an English statesman, orator and writer. Among his works are Leonidas, Medeu and Boadicea.

376, 1. When we came down through Glasgow town, etc. One of the popular English ballads of which Lamb was very fond.

**377**, 1. **Tibbs and Bobadil**. Tibbs, a character in A Citizen of the World, a comedy by Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774). Bobadil. A character in Every Man in his own Humour, a comedy by Ben Jonson (1573-1637).

### THE SUPERANNUATED MAN

**377**, 2. The London Magazine, May, 1825. A superannuated man is a man who on account of old age has been retired on a pension.

3. Sera tamen respexit Libertas. Though late, liberty at last considered me. Virgil's Eclogues.

381, 1. Esto perpetua. May this be a lasting memorial. 382, 1. Old Bastile. A famous state prison in Paris. It was captured and destroyed by the French Revolutionists.

384, 1. 'Twas but just now he went away, etc. Quoted from the tragedy, *The Vestal Virgin*, Act V, Se. I, by Sir Robert Howard (1626-1698), an English dramatist closely associated with John Dryden.

385, l. Aquinas. Thomas Aquinas (1225?-1274), a celebrated Italian theologian and philosopher.

2. Carthusian. See note 109, 1, A Quaker's Meeting.

386, 1. Elgin marbles. See note 240, 2, A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metroplis.

**387**, 1. Lucretian pleasure. An allusion to the opening lines of *De Rerum Natura*, Bk. II, by Titus Lucretius Carus (96-55 B. C.), a noted Roman philosopher and poet.

2. Cum dignitate. With dignity.

388, 1. Opus operatum est. The work is finished.

### THE GENTEEL STYLE IN WRITING

388, 2. The New Monthly Magazine, March, 1826.

3. Lord Shaftesbury. See note 323, 3, Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading.

4. Sir William Temple (1629-1699), a noted English statesman and author. He was ambassador to the Hagne from 1668 to 1671.

389, 1. Maid Marian. Robin Hood's sweetheart in the old English ballads.

**392**, 1. Me, when the cold Digentian stream revives, etc. Taken from Horace, *Ep. I*, 18, ll. 104-112.

### BARBARA S-

**395**, 1. The London Magazine, April, 1825. Barbara Swas Fanny Kelly (1790-1882), a noted English actress with whom Lamb was well acquainted.

2. Arthur. A character in Shakespeare's King John.

396, 1. Duke of York. A character in Shakespeare's Richard III.

397, 1. Mrs. Porter's Isabella. See note 207, 1, My First Play.

398, 1. Mr. Liston. See note 295, 2, On the Aeting of Munden.

2. Mrs. Charles Kemble. An English actress.

3. Macready. William Charles Macready (1793-1873), a celebrated English tragedian. Ile was especially strong in Shakespearian roles.

### THE TOMBS IN THE ABBEY

402, 1. The London Magazine, October, 1823. In connection with this essay read Washington Irving's Westminister Abbey in the Sketch Book.

2. R— S—, Esq. Robert Southey. (Lamb's note.) 405, 1. Nelson. Horatio Nelson (1758-1805), the most noted of England's admirals. He defeated the combined French and Spanish fleets at Cape Trafalgar, but was fatally wounded in the battle. (See Southey's Life of Nelson.)

2. Shame these Sellers out of the Temple. A reference to the expulsion of the money changers from the temple at

Jerusalem by the Christ. (See Matthew XXI, 12-13.) 406, 1. Major André. John André (1751-1780), an Eng-lish officer in the American Revolution who was executed as a spy.

### AMICUS REDIVIVUS

406, 2. The London Magazine, December, 1823.

3. Where were ye, Nymphs, etc. Quoted from Milton's Lycidas, 11. 50-51.

4. G. D. George Dyer, a close friend of Lamb.

407, 1. Who bore Anchises. The Trojan hero, Zeneas, carried his father, Anchises, out of Troy when that eity was destroyed by the Greeks.

408, 1. Monoculus. Note Lamb's humor in the choice of this name which means having one eye only.

2. Cannabis. Hemp. Lamb has hanging in mind. 410, 1. Tremor cordis. Trembling of the heart.

2. Sir Hugh. A character in Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor.

411, 1. Abyssinian traveler. James Bruce (1730-1794), a Scotch explorer who traveled extensively in north east Africa.

Naiads. Beautiful nymphs of human form who pre-2.sided over springs, fountains, and wells.

3. Cam. See note 47, 1, Oxford in the Vacation.

4. Aristotle (384-322 B. C.), a celebrated Greek philoso-pher. According to legend he drowned himself in the strait of Euripus which separates the isle of Eubea from the mainland.

412, 1. Clarence in his dream. See Shakespeare's Richard III, Act I, Sc. IV.

2. Christian beginning to sink, and crying out to his good brother Hopeful. See Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Part I.

3. Palinurus. The pilot employed by Æneas, the hero of Virgil's *Æneid*.

4. Charon. See note 338, 3, To the Shade of Elliston. 5. Arion. A famous Greek poet who, according to legend, played so sweetly upon his harp that the dolphins of the sea flocked about to hear him.

6. Dr. Hawes. The founder of the Royal Humane Society. 7. Dismal streams of Lethe. Lethe, one of the rivers of the infernal regions, of which the souls of the departed drank to produce forgetfulness. (See classical dictionary.)

8. Ophelia twice acts her muddy death. Sce Shakespeare's Hamlet, Act IV, Se. VII, ll. 164-195. 413, 1. Asphodel. The flower of Elysium. (See note 337,

3, To the Shade of Elliston, also classical dictionary.)

2. Æsculapian chair. Æsculapius, the physician god.

SOME SONNETS OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

413, 3. The London Magazine, September, 1823. Sir Philip Sydney (the name is commonly written Sidney) (1554-1586), a celebrated writer, soldier and courtier. Ile is best known for his romance Arcadia.

414, 1. Masque at Ludlow Castle. Comms, a masque by Milton which was presented at Ludlow Castle, Wales, in 1634.

2. A later Sydney. Algernon Philip Sydney (1622-1683), an English patriot. He was excented for complicity in the Rye House Plot.

3. Circum præcordia frigus. Chill about the heart.

415, 1. Tibullus. Albius Tibullus (54-18 B. C.), a Roman elegiae poet.

2. Author of the Schoolmistress. William Shenstone (1714-1763), an English poet.

3. Ad Leonoram. To Leonora.

416. 1. Dian. Diana. See note 81, 1, New Year's Eve.

417, 1. Stella's image. Stella, Lady Penelope Devereaux,

daughter of the Earl of Essex. Sydney loved her and after her marriage was inconsolable, giving expression to his grief in the sonnets of Astrophel and Stella.

418, 1. Mars' livery. Mars, god of war. (See elassical dictionary.)

419, 1. Aganippe well. A companion-fountain to Hippoercne on the slope of Helicon, Greece, sacred to the Muses. .

2. Tempe. A valley in Greece, noted for its beauty. 420, 1. Floure-de-luce. The lily; the national flower of France. The word is usually written flcur-de-lis.

2. Lewis. Louis X1 (1754-1793), King of France.

421, 1. Æol's youth. Æolus, god of the winds.

2. Parnassus. See note 46, 4, Oxford in the Vacation. 422, 1. W. H. William Hazlitt (1778-1830), an English essayist and eritie; author of Table Talk, Characters of Shakespeare's Plays, etc. 11e and Lamb were well acquainted. 423. 1. Friend's Passion for his Astrophel. An elegy by

Spenser on the death of Sydney.

### NEWSPAPERS THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

425, 1. The Englishman's Magazine, October, 1831. This essay was first published under the title On the Total Defect of the Quality of Imagination, Observable in the Works of Modern British Artists.

2. Abyssinian Pilgrim. See note 411, 1, Amicus Redivirus.

426, 1. Gnat which preluded to the Æneid. Culex or the Gnat, a poem long attributed to Virgil.

2. Duck which Samuel Johnson trod on. Dr. Johnson is reputed to have written the following stanza when but three years of age:

> Here lies good master duck Whom Samuel Johnson trod on; If it had lived it had been good luck, For then we'd had an odd one.

427, 1. Flower of Cytherea. The red rose which was sacred to the goddess Venus.

2. Autolyeus-like in the Play. See Shakespeare's The Winter's Tale, Act IV, Se. IV.

3. Flight of Astræa. Astræa, mother of Nemesis, was the goddess of justice; she returned to heaven when the earth became corrupt.

428, 1. No Man's Land. A name formerly applied to a district in south Africa; also the name of a small island off the coast of Massachusetts.

429, 1. Aquarius, that watery sign. Aquarius, the water bearer, one of the signs of the zodiac.

2. Baechus. The god of wine.

3. Basilian water-sponges. Basilian, an island of the Sulu Archipelago south east of Asia, noted for its sponges.

4. Mount Agne. A volcano in Central America which discharges water.

5. Capulets. A family in Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet at strife with the Montagues.

430, 1. Revocare gradus, superasque evadere ad auras. Quoted from Virgil.

To retrace one's steps, and to escape to the air above. Encid. Bk. V1, 1, 128.

2. When the mountain must go to Mahomet. Mahomet, to convince some of his followers of his supernatural powers, once ordered Mount Safa to come to him. (See Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.)

3. Like him in Bel's temple. Bel, one of the most important of the Babylonian gods. (See *Isaiah* XLVI, 1 and *Jeremiah*, L. 2.)

434, 1. Mr. Bayes. See note 185, 4, The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple.

435. 1. Sir J-s M-h. Sir James Macintosh. (Lamb's note.)

#### BARRENNESS OF THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY IN THE PRODUCTIONS OF MODERN ART

**435**, 2. The *Athenavum*, January and February, 1833. This essay was originally divided into two parts.

**436**, 1. Ariadne. A celebrated painting by Titian (1477?-1576), a great Venetian artist, portraying the wooing of Ariadne, the daughter of the King of Crete by Bacchus, after Theseus had deserted her.

2. Satyr. A spirit of the woodland, half man and half goat; an attendant of Baechus.

3. Guido. Guido Reni (1575-1642), a noted Italian painter belonging to the Bolognese school.

4. Theseus. One of the most famous of the Greek heroes.

He was rescued from the labyrinth by Ariadne, who fled with him only to be deserted. (See note 436, 1, above.)

437, I. Raphæl. See note 159, 3, My Relations.

438, 1. Gardens of the Hesperides. The abiding place of the Hesperides located on an island in the Atlantic. (See note 370, 2, Sanity of True Genius.)

2. Polypheme. A one eyed giant, the chief of the Cyclopes. (See note 370, 4, Sanity of True Genius.)

3. Poussin. Nicolas Poussin (1594-1665), a French historical and landscape painter.

439, 1. Hercules aut Diabolus. Hercules or the devil. (See note 233, 2, A Complaint on the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis; also classical dictionary.)

2. Ab extra. On the out-side.

3. Fête champêtre. A picuie or a country garden party.

4. Watteauish. Jean Antoine Watteau (1684-1721), a French painter best known for his pictures of country seenes.

440, 1. Belshazzar's Feast. A painting by John Martin (1789-1854), an English historical painter.

441, 1. Eliphaz. A character in the Book of Job. Lamb refers to his vision as given in Job 1V, 13-15.

442, 1. In the same hour came forth fingers, etc. Quoted from the Book of Daniel V, 5-6.

443, 1. As Joseph did the dream of the King of Egypt. See Genesis XL1, 25-37.

2. Veronese. Paul Veronese (1528-1588), a noted Italian painter. Among his masterpieces is his Marriage at Cana.

445, 1. Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, etc. Quoted from the Book of Joshua, X, 12.

2. Angerstein's. John Julius Angerstein (1735-1823), an English art-collector.

446, 1. Dryad. A rural deity or nymph of the forest. 2. Naiad. See note 176, 1, The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple.

3. Julio Romano (1492-1546), an Italian painter and architect, pupil of Raphæl.

448, 1. Demiurgus. Creator; a name applied to a skilled workman.

2. Vulcanian Three. Vulcan, whose forges were located under such volcanoes as Etna and Lemnos, was aided in his work by the Cyclops — Brontes, Steropes, and Pyracmon. (See note 370, 4, Sanity of True Genius; also classical dictionary.)

449, 1. Quixote. (See note 105, 3, All Fools' Day.)

2. Rosinante. Don Quixote's war-horse. (See note 1, above.)

3. Actæon. See note 307, 3, Blakesmoor in II-shire.

450, 1. Goneril - Regan. The unnatural daughters of Lear in Shakespeare's King Lear.

451, 1. Guzman de Alfarache. A romance by Mateo Aleman (1550?-1610?), a Spanish novelist.

### REJOICING UPON THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE

452, 1. The London Magazine, January, 1823.

2. Ash Wednesday. The first day of Lent.

453, 1. Shrove Tuesday. The day preceding Ash Wednesday.

2. Lady Day. The day of the annunciation of the Virgin Mary, Mareh 25.

3. Twelfth Day. The twelfth day after Christmas. (See note 41, 2, Oxford in the Vacation.)

4. Erra Pater. An astrologer frequently mentioned in the literature of the Elizabethan period.

455, 1. Herodias' daughter. See Matthew XIV, 3-11. 456, 1. Candlemas. See 68, 1, The Two Races of Men.

457, 1. Boutefeu. An incendiary. 458, 1. Septuagesima. The third Sunday before Lent.

2. Rogation Day. One of the days of Rogation Week which is the second week before Whit-Sunday. (See note 114, 1, A Quaker's Meeting.)

459, 1. Eve of St. Christopher. July 24; observed in honor of the saint, who according to tradition, once bore the Christ upon his shoulders.

#### THE WEDDING

460, 1. The London Magazinc, June, 1825.

461, 1. Admiral. Admiral Burney. (Lamb's note.)

2. Cousin J-. John Payne. (Lamb's note.)

463, 1. Diana's nymphs. Diana was usually attended by nymphs as she hunted in the forest. (See note 81, 1, New Year's Eve; also classical dictionary.)

464, 1. Iphigenia. The daughter of Agamemnon, commander of the Greeks in their attack on Troy, who was sacrificed by her father to gain the favor of Diana.

465, 1. Pilpay. An Indian wise man and court scholar.

### THE CHILD ANGEL

467, 1. The London Magazine, June, 1823.468, 1. Loves of the Angels. A poem by Thomas Moore (1779-1852), an Irish poet and song writer.

470, 1. Ge-Urania. Ge, a Greek goddess, the personification of the earth. Urania, the goddess or muse of Astronomy. (See elassical dictionary.)

471. 1. Tutelar Genius. Guardian spirit.

#### OLD CHINA

The London Magazine, March, 1823. 472. 1.

Cathay. The mediaeval name for the Chinese em-473. 1. pire.

2. Speciosa miracula. Brilliant wonders.

474. 1. Beaumont and Fletcher. See note 320, 3, Detached Thoughts on Books and Readings.

475, 1. Lionardo. See note 135, 2, Imperfect Sympathics. 476, I. Wilderness of Lionardos. Adapted from Shakespeare ..

I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys. Merchant of Venice, Act. III, Sc. I, Il. 127-128.

2. Izaak Walton. See note 72, 6, The Two Races of Men. 3. Battle of Hexham and the Surrender of Calais. Com-

edies by the English dramatist George Coleman (1762-1836). 477, 1. Children in the Wood. See note 208, 3, Dream-Children.

2. Rosalind in Arden. See Shakespeare's As You Like It. 3. Viola at the Court of Illyria. See Shakespeare's Twelfth Night.

479, 1. Mr. Cotton. Charles Cotton (1630-1687), an English poet. The quotation "lusty brimmers" is from his poem on the New Year.

480, 1. Crœsus. A king in Asia Minor famed for his wealth.

2. Jew R-. Nathan Mayer Rothschild (1743-1812), a poted London banker.

### CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD

481, I. The London Magazine, August, 1822.

486, 1. Tartarus. See note 61, 2, Christ's flospital Five and Thirty Years Ago.

Joseph Andrews. A novel by Fielding. (See note 323, 2.4, Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading.

3. Complete Angler. See note 72, 6, The Two Races of Men.

487, 1. Correggio. Antonio Correggio (1494-1534), a celebrated Italian painter of the Lombard school.

#### POPULAR FALLACIES

493, 1. The New Monthly Magazine, 1826.

494, 1. Hickman. A reference probably to some pugilist of Lamb's day.

2. Harapha in the Agonistes. Harapha, wrestler of Gath, a character in Milton's Samson Agonistes.

3. Almanzor. A character in Dryden's tragedy Almanzor and Almahyde.

4. Tom Brown. A Seoteh poet and philosopher (1778-1820).

496, 1. Mandeville. Sir John Mandeville, the reputed writer of a fourteenth century book of travels.

502, 1. Terence. See note 61, 5, Christ's Hospital Fire and Thirty Years Ago.

2. Senator urbanus with Curruca. A senator of the city with a warbler. (Curruca is an old name of several species of warblers.)

3. Hudibras. A satirieal poem directed against the Puritans by Samuel Butler (1612-1680), an English writer.

4. Dennis. John Dennis (1657-1734), an English critic and dramatist.

504, 1. Robin Hood's shot. Robin flood, the most cele brated of English out-laws. He is said to have lived in the twelfth century.

2. Swift's Miscellanies. See note 185, 2, The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple.

505, 1. Cremona. A town in northern Italy near which Virgil was born.

506, 1. Nimium Vicina. Too near.

2. Plotinus (204?-270?), a celebrated Neoplatonic philosopher.

507, 1. Every spirit as it is more pure, etc., Quoted from Spenser's An Hymn in Honor of Beauty, Stanzas 19 and 21.

508, 1. Apelles. See note 342, 1, Ellistoniana. 518, 1. Dante's lovers. For Dante, see note 57, 1, Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago.

521, 1. Pindaric Odes. Swift, like many other famous

prose writers began his literary career by writing poetry. His best poems are his *Pindaric Odes*.

522, 1. Seylla. In classical mythology a beautiful maiden who was changed by the enchantress Circe into a monster composed of barking dogs and serpents. She made her home along the shore of the Strait of Messina opposite Charybdis and seized mariners who attempted to pass.

2. Merry. Robert Merry (1755–1798), an English writer. He was a member of the English Della Cruscan Academy in Florence.

525, 1. Persic. Relating to Persia.

528, 1. Hesiod or Ossian. Hesiod, a celebrated Greek poet of the eighth century B. C. Ossian. A semi-historical Galic poet of the third century. (See note 27, 6, The South-Sea House.)

529, 1. Phæbus. See note 81, 1, New Year's Eve.

532, 1. Mysterious book in the Apocalypse. See the Book of Revelation, VI, seq.

535, 1. Qui se credebat miros, etc.

Who believed that he was listening to wonderful tragic actors Gladly sitting and applauding in the empty theater.

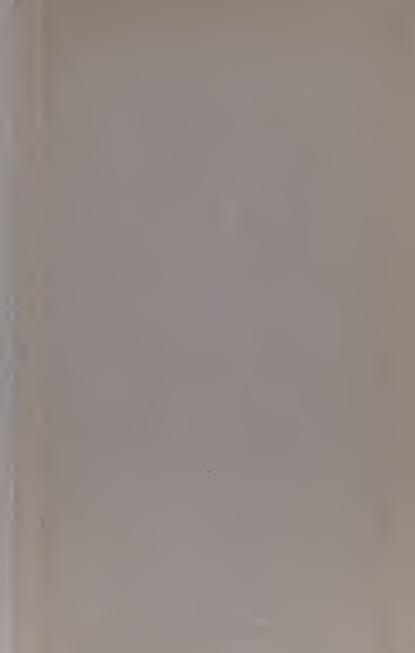
2. Pol, me occidictis, amici, etc.

Why, my friends, you have killed me,

Not saved me; for such pleasure has been taken away from me,

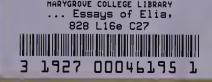
And a most delightful delusion forcibly removed.

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MAY 2 2 '50	34	5'70
MAY 3 1'50	JAN 2 2 '62 DE	15'71
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